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Contents for December

Art and Poetry

Cover—The First Christmas—Franklin Booth
Verse—Little Noise o' the Dark—Lolita Miller—Drawings by Grace G. Drayton 17
Christmas Poster Stamps—Grace G. Drayton 24

Editorial

What We Have to be Thankful For 5

Fiction

The Hanging of the Crane—Lilian Ducey—Illustrations by W. B. King 6
The Majolica Jug — William Hamilton Osborne — Illustrations by John Newton Howitt 8
The Forgotten House—Serial—Third Instalment—Maximilian Foster —Illustrations by Arthur I. Keller 11
When Ladd's Ship Came In — Alice Louise Lee — Illustrations by F. C. Yohn 18
A Shadowland Christmas — A Holiday Entertainment — Eleanor Colby—Drawings by the Author 20
Alias Private Hobbs—Molly Elliot Seawell—Illustrations by W. D. Stevens 22
The Episode of the Smuggled Diamonds—The Eleventh "Octavius" Story—Frederic Arnold Kummer—Photographs by The Edison Company 25

Special Articles

Honor—His and Hers—Charlotte Perkins Gilman 10

Home-Making and Household

A Dozen Christmas Gifts Any Child Can Make—Winnifred Fales .. 27
Small Space Savers—May Denton 28
Christmas Gifts for Music-Lovers—Herold Vincent Milligan 29
Flannels for Baby—Helen P. Milton 30
Daughters of the Golden Treasure—Peggy Key Scott 31
Holiday Books for Old and Young—Jane Lee 34
Christmas Cookery — Elise Ward Morris 36

Fashions and Fancy Work

Long as to Sleeve and Wide of Skirt Are Winter Models 41
Evening Gowns and Wraps 42
Exquisitely Lovely Are the New Evening Gowns 43
Popular Features of the Latest Fashions 44
New Styles Favor Redingotes and Wider Skirts 45
Of Many Types Are Street Wraps 46
Practical Costumes for Stout Women 47
Chic Blouses and New Circular and Plaited Skirts 48
Showing the New Silhouette for Young Girls 50
Dance Frocks and Capes to Cover Them 51
Misses' Redingotes, Circular and Plaited Skirts 52
Winter Frocks and Coats for Small Girls 53
Designs to Meet Every Doll Need 54
For Many Uses 55
Modes of the Season 56
Unusually Smart Styles 57
Last-Minute Gifts 58
Embroideries for the Home 59
Smart Winter Clothes for Stout Women—Margaret Bryce 60

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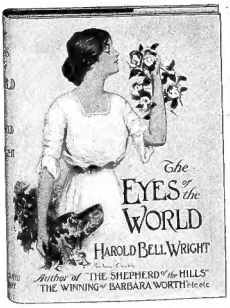

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Pictorial Review

Edited by Arthur T. Vance

December
1914

What We Have to be Thankful For

THE December PICTORIAL REVIEW will be in your hands before Thanksgiving Day, and, filled as it is with Christmas features, it carries a two-fold greeting. Never before in the history of the magazine have the editors felt that the combination of Thanksgiving and the Christmas spirit of Peace and Good Will was so timely, so appropriate, so vital.

America, gazing across the seas on battle, carnage, all the hideousness of modern warfare on sea and land and in the air, on the destruction of cities and the ravaging of peaceful, rural communities, can well say from the bottom of its heart:

"For Peace and Good Will, Good Lord, let us be deeply thankful!"

NOT only are we separated from the horrors of war by three thousand miles of ocean, but, following the wisdom of Washington and Jefferson, we have preserved ourselves from the entanglement of foreign alliances. The United States thus has escaped the price which civilized Europe must pay that half a dozen countries may plunge into warfare.

Some industries have been crippled. Here and there the cry of the unemployed may be heard. But what conditions can be found here to compare with the wails of widows and children, the revolt of the thousands who have given the men of their families to the God of War, and the unceasing requiem for soldier-dead, echoing through all Europe?

The year which has seen the grain fields of Europe stricken by the blight of war has blessed the United States with the banner crops of the century. Our bankers are in a position not only to save themselves and our financial system but to aid farmers and manufacturers, and to meet the needs of the people. Our statesmen are legislating to help trade.

For the fruits of the land and for ships to safely sail the seas, Good Lord, let us be deeply thankful!

SUPPOSE some of our sons and daughters, for whom we had ambitious plans last Spring, have had to cut down their college luxuries. That for the first time, some of our younger children have had to learn the value of money. Lincoln, Garfield, Blaine, others of our great men, were not above making their own way, but of late years we parents have been managing differently for our children. So after all, this year's experience will not hurt our young people. And how easy it is to close our eyes and see smoking schoolhouses in those towns and villages on the other side of the Atlantic; school-masters and university students marching, bivouacking, shooting and dying, side by side; the education of those lands set back a generation; cathedrals razed, palaces and art galleries, museums, historic tombs pillaged that a new empire may arise from the ruins. And, in America, children thronging the schoolhouses, science marching peacefully onward, art maturing and a Thanksgiving Day proclamation read in a hundred thousand churches, safe from the ping of bullets, the bursting of shells, from all the dread horrors of War.

For the right to give thanks in home, school and church, Good Lord, let us be deeply thankful!

PERHAPS for the moment your husband is working his factory on part time because he cannot import raw materials to continue manufacturing.

But the situation is not at all hopeless or irretrievable. Our little stores are all intact, the chimneys of our factories all point upward to hope and better times when we adjust ourselves to the new conditions. But across the sea, many little shops are smoldering; many factories are razed.

Our shopkeepers and manufacturers may have new problems to solve, but they are solving them; they are already learning the new conditions of trade, learning how to produce their own raw materials, and business will go ahead full swing, with broader markets than ever before. But in those lands across the sea, there will be pitifully few men to resume business, and they must bear the heavy burden of taxation to pay for the kingly game of warfare.

That the shadow and not the grim reality of war has touched us, Good Lord, let us be deeply thankful!

WERE we becoming a nation of materialists? Had we forgotten at times that national greatness is founded on individual as well as national morality, business, political and personal? Did we need to be checked in our pursuit of success, power, wealth, to consider our national ideals?

Then for this awakening, for the realization that might is not right, that the rights of the people are higher than the rights of kings, that in general disarmament lies the world's safety, Good Lord, let us be deeply thankful!

The added cost of necessities, to say nothing of luxuries, economy in the family circle, these small war shadows which have escaped from the grimmer European conflict to settle on the United States, are not without their social or economic value. As a nation, we had become just a little reckless. Prosperity had smiled on us for so many generations that we believed ourselves especially favored. Ours was the land where a job would always turn up, where the shrewd man or woman could always make "big money," where the golden apple of good fortune might roll at our feet at the very next turn of the country road or the city street.

The land of great opportunities, we called ourselves, and to many of us the opportunities have come too easily. We have fallen into the habit of doing things in the easiest way. Oh, yes, we have made a great show of energy and vim and resourcefulness, but for all this, we have grown very dependent on other nations for our raw materials.

For several generations we have been seeking the easiest way of securing raw materials, offering the typical American excuse that time is money, or that raw materials can be produced more cheaply abroad because of the small wages there. We have not seen in this an almost criminal neglect of opportunity and the productive possibilities of our own land.

The war found manufacturers utterly unprepared and much of the recent talk of dull times among factory workers was due, not to the lack of demand for the manufactured article nor to the lack of money to buy it, but to the lack of raw material with which to manufacture it. This has set manufacturers, statesmen and economists thinking along right lines—the importance of encouraging not only infant industries, but also the production of the raw material from which the manufactured article is produced.

For this awakening to the protection and encouragement of industry, Good Lord; let us be deeply thankful!

SOME of us may eat chicken on Thanksgiving Day instead of turkey, but we will give thanks just the same, for in war-bound Europe those who once were served by chefs and powdered men-servants are passing in line to receive the crums which fall from the government table known as the commissary.

Some of us who have grown purse-proud and perhaps a little vain of family appearances feel the annoyance of economizing, but our wives feel differently. The protection and love of husband, sons, brothers, mean more when this blessing is denied five million women in Europe. There has never been an hour in the past fifty years when the sentiment between husband and wife, between lovers and sweethearts should burn so clearly, so fondly and with such a spirit of thanksgiving as it does to-day.

For love, and those we love around us, Good Lord, let us be deeply thankful!

IN the past twenty-five years we have talked much about the Monroe Doctrine, indulged in considerable sentiment about Pan-American alliances, and turned proud attention to the Panama Canal and the development of Central America, but the fact remains that Germany and England have controlled the South American trade. To-day there is marked awakening on the part of shipping firms and manufacturers. They see their opportunity to regain the ground lost to Germany and England and, unquestionably, there will grow out of this war depression a new and stronger volume of trade with our South American neighbors.

All these conditions are worthy of the consideration of the American wife as well as her husband. Her rapid development during the past few generations, her keen interest in the cost of living, in market conditions, in laws which govern the supplies for her home, and the steady approach of that day when she will vote, all make her eager to study conditions brought about by the European war.

An American man, who recently returned from Europe, remarked that he was amazed at the intelligent discussion of the war, its causes, its armies and the scenes of its battles, by American women who had never traveled abroad. The American woman is reading everything obtainable on the war, and more especially is she posting herself on the reasonable or unreasonable increase in the cost of living.

The American woman no longer wails, she seeks a remedy. The manner in which she has risen to meet the economic crisis of the past four or five months is surely something for which the nation may well be proud.

For this practical, keen intelligence of the American woman, Good Lord, let us be deeply thankful!

UNINTERRUPTED prosperity and success carry their penalties. With the increase of material riches comes, sometimes, a loosening of our hold on the finer and sweeter things of life. Family ties hold lightly. Rich gifts take the place of kindly words. We turn our faces toward lights that glitter artificially, and forget the Lone Star of the Christ-child, burning clearly, steadily over the field of our youth.

Not the depression which comes with war, the petty economies and annoyances, but a spirit of thanksgiving for protection from graver evils will make men and women more thoughtful of Thanksgiving Day and Christmas this year. The war "extra" will remind the city man of the crippled old uncle "back home" who fought in the sixties. The business woman, who has given up the best of her years to acquiring a good position and economic independence, will remember the little mother, the garrulous old aunt in her village home, who sent a husband or a lover off to the war, who scraped lint and wound bandages for Civil War heroes. So she writes an old-fashioned, friendly letter to the little woman in the home town, and she goes home for Thanksgiving or Christmas instead of joining the gay house-party with which she mingled last year.

There may be less buying of expensive presents for Christmas, 1914. There will be more stitches set in home-made gifts. There will be kindly letters where once expensive candy or flowers sufficed. There may be less giving of baubles but there will be a greater outpouring of love and the Christmas spirit.

For this renewal of old custom and tender sentiment, Good Lord, let us be deeply thankful!

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"That's the Only Christmas Gift I've Got for You,' the Man Breathed Huskily as He Kissed Her"

The Hanging of the Crane

By Lilian Ducey

WHEN Alice Ridgeway walked out of her handsome apartment-house home overlooking "The Drive" she meant never to return. What she said to her husband then, was the quiver of a soul in hot rebellion.

"There isn't a thing in marriage to compensate a woman for enduring a man's tyranny!"

"Or to compensate a man for relinquishing his freedom!" Richard Ridgeway replied, equally heated, equally rebellious.

And then heads high, they glared at each other. However, as Alice moved toward the door, her husband retorted.

"Remember you're doing it," he pointed at her.

"Remember you've driven me into doing it!" she flung back over a haughty shoulder.

The next moment the closed door was between them.

At the end of six weeks though, the man's wrath had banked its fires sufficiently for him to look back upon the fact that she was his wife and that a man owed something to a good woman. And he wrote her a note explaining that he had returned to his bachelor apartments, but that he would keep the home intact so that should it ever be her wish that they take up their life together again, everything would be in readiness.

It wasn't the sort of note to conciliate a woman of spirit, and Alice, who had been his secretary before she had been his wife and knew his every mood, could imagine the effort he had put forth to write it. So she tore the note into infinitesimal bits—vindicatively. Then she tossed them to the four winds, for she was walking to business when she read it. Yes, she was a business woman again. Fortunately she had had no difficulty in securing another secretaryship. And she slipped easily back into the yoke of service that meant freedom.

It was curious though, that in spite of the fact that she had resumed her place in the business world with such a slight effort at readjustment, she should have found it so difficult to slip out of her cloak of wifehood. And she acknowledged this truth to herself. Looking in the glass one evening she said: "I feel like a chicken with its head chopped off—and sometimes I'm the head, and sometimes I'm the body. I I wonder will I ever be myself again."

Weeks followed weeks. She began to think that eventually she would be herself again, when Thanksgiving Day suddenly intervened and sounded a tocsin to her soul. It is curious how the advent of a home-hallowed day of this sort will affect those without a home. The eyes that have looked upon the world with rose-hued glasses suddenly become astigmatized by that tiny germ of *Heimweh* and lose their entire perspective of life.

"Yes,' She Gave the Little Hand in Hers a Loving Squeeze, 'Of Course We'll Have a Tree. Indeed We Will. We'll Have Lots of Toys—Turkey—Everything'"

TO her intense surprise, Alice found herself fairly groveling in the dregs of her homelessness. In the clutch of an emotion bigger than her own desires, her distorted vision made the day a ghastly nightmare and caused the telephone to be a temptation almost impossible to resist. But whether this urge to her spirit was due to the tugging at her heart-strings or her home-strings, Alice herself could not have told. However it was mighty enough to make her afraid of that inner self which seemed to know no law. And so, with foreshadowing thoughts of Christmas, she decided she would not spend another home-hallowed day thus lonesomely, but would give her mother a surprise visit, explaining her appearance as best she could—her husband's absence on a business trip, or if the revelation seemed opportune, the truth.

Anent this decision, she purchased her Christmas gifts accordingly; not whimsy things and flimsy that would carry through the mails, but beautiful gifts of cut glass for the women of her family, dolls for her sister Grace's children, boxes of cigars and well chosen books for the men.

However, the winds of Fate are often stronger than our wills. It was the day before Christmas that Alice received a "night letter" from her mother. The telegram was a burst of distraction. Grace, the sister, had been taken to the hospital at the time of writing. An operation was to be performed on Christmas Day. Yet it seemed a shame to rob the little ones of their holiday, for the operation while immediately necessary was not a very dangerous one. Still they were all distressed, and so were sending the children on to New York in care of Mrs. Clark, a friend of the people next door. Would Alice be sure to meet them at the train and make them as happy as she could? The rest of the letter gave details as to the trip. They were to arrive in New York Friday morning at ten o'clock.

AND it was Friday morning, as she was just starting for business that Alice received this. She looked at the clock on her dresser. In an hour she was due at the office. An hour later the children would arrive. It was a moment for quick decisions. But her mind would not deal with anything but the bare facts—they were on the way and she must meet them.

It was as she looked about her at the room as if to find a solution to the predicament she was in that the normal working of her mind began again. A swift, pertinent thought shot through her brain. But she put it instantly from her. No, she couldn't do *that!* Yet what could she do! What kind of a Christmas would the children have, cooped up in her boarding-house? No, she *must* find some other way.

She watched the clock while every pulse in her head thumped with hard thinking. Anything but *that.* But try as she would, no other solution presented itself. At last in a sort of desperation words flew to her lips.

"I'll have to! There's nothing else I can do. Oh!" she flung out her arms in a gesture of irritation. Then she added: "But he need not know. And—Well fortunately I've saved enough to see us through for a few weeks."

And so at exactly ten-thirty, for the train had been on time, Alice, a little niece at each side, was slowly walking toward the apartment-house to which she had never expected to return, a sensation of extreme mortification possessing her. She felt like a thief, and she did not relish the feeling. But the children buzzed questions which she had to answer.

"Yes," she gave the little hand in hers a loving squeeze, "of course we'll have a tree. Indeed we will," she was answering questions as fast as she could bring her mind to grasp them. "We'll have lots of toys—turkey—everything!"

They entered. Another question! This one had to be answered.

"No, Uncle Richard isn't here. He had to go away on business."

Then for a few moments not even their questions pierced Alice's consciousness. She was walking through the rooms, and as she went, she patted a cushion here and there, pressed hangings for an instant to her lips. She wanted to rest her cheek on every wall, but couldn't well do that. And the little chattering magpies kept tumbling questions at her right and left.

The holiday preparations began almost at once. There was *so* much to be done. And Alice, with the earnings of only the past few months, knew that she was not in a financial position to engage help even if it had been possible to do so at this eleventh hour. So she bent all her energies toward accomplishment; for a tree had to be purchased, also its glittering accessories, and toys, and the larder provisioned. All afternoon she worked over the little home, putting it in holiday attire, cleaning and dusting.

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In Which the Children Play Santa Claus

Illustrations by W. B. King

"As Alice Moved toward the Door, Her Husband Retorted, 'Remember You're Doing It'"

And the little ones helped—and hindered. They had a glorious time exploring their new abode. And then when evening came she bundled them into bed and they were soon sleeping like little cherubs. Alice gently kissed the children, then quietly went out of the room, leaving them to dream of the wonderful gifts that dear Santa would put on their beautiful Christmas tree.

Some of the elation of the busy day fell from her as she turned to arrange the toys in anticipation of the morning. Ghost memories of the past began to shadow forth. She sat on the arm of the Morris chair to survey the tree and as she did so it actually seemed as if she must feel an arm go round her—must feel herself being drawn to some one's knee. Her eyes fell on the couch, and it was almost unbelievable that they did not find some one stretched there blinking at her through clouds of tobacco smoke.

SINCE arriving, she had not entered her husband's room, except to casually glance in and then close the door. But now obeying an irresistible impulse she went toward it.

Everything was just as he had left it four months ago. A soiled collar lay on the dresser. Hanging on the clothes-tree was a striped shirt which she had always particularly disliked. On the chiffonier were some crushed cigars and a folded newspaper, all bearing witness to the fact that they had been removed from his pockets. And Alice felt as if she had suddenly walked from the sunshine into a mausoleum. She brushed the broken cigars onto the newspaper and carried them off to the kitchen. Presently she was using that same newspaper to drop the parings on as she stood before the kitchen table getting her vegetables ready for the morrow. It was while she was doing this that her eyes followed absently the different headlines on the paper. Zero weather for to-morrow. Zero weather! Why it was in August she had gone! Amazed, all her faculties began to concentrate themselves. She looked at the date—*November twenty-fifth.* Then he had been here since—since——

She neglected to articulate that thought but hurried on. November twenty-fifth! That must have been— Yes, it was. He had been here the day before Thanksgiving! Many things rushed through her head. Why had he come? How odd for him to do that. Or had the home-going day reminded him that he possessed a home also and driven him there? And if so, what had he expected to find? She held her senses numb against a sudden quivering throb to her pulses as this swept through her mind. And just then the door-bell pealed an imperious summons.

Alice's hands flew to her breast in surprise and remained there as eyes wide she stared at the hall door. But before she had time to move toward it, she heard a key fitted in the lock. The door opened, and some one—a voice she knew said:

"May I come in? May I?"

But Alice could not speak. The knife dropped from her hands. Her hands dropped too, and clutched the table for support.

"Alice!" He who had come, entered, shut the door behind him and came quickly toward her. "I saw the place all lighted! I was passing. You even put a tree in the window. Oh, my girl! Did you know I did the same thing for you Thanksgiving eve? And waited all night and half of Thanksgiving Day! Alice——"

Here his voice caught in his throat and stopped as his arms went round her.

For a moment, Alice swayed by some force that recognized only her rioting nerves and blood that had no thought of coolness, let him gather her close. She even buried her face in his shoulder, with the abandon of a weary wayfarer long denied a resting place. But suddenly, as she remembered she drew herself away.

"Dick! It's a mistake——"

"A mistake, it's been," he took her up eagerly without following her meaning. "A hideous mistake. Don't you suppose I haven't felt it too? It was horrible to the last—when I cooled down, just before Thanksgiving. A day like that makes it clear what home means—ought to mean. Why didn't you come? And I didn't even know where to find you—without asking the man on hall duty. And—and somehow I couldn't bring myself to doing that."

In spite of herself, Alice found she was yielding to him again—more than that, was feeling a wild impulse to throw herself upon his heart. And for the moment everything else paled into insignificance before this great, elemental yearning which possessed her. When he pressed his lips to hers she gave back full measure for her heart had suddenly leaped to them. Yes,—it wasn't only the home that she thrilled to, but him, an indissoluble part of it.

"You—you're—" she began a stammering explanation. Oh, it was hard. But the truth had to be told. And so between his kisses, she mumbled the words: "You're mistaken in me, Dick. I'm horrid. I—I wish I could say I had been thinking of you—when I came back. I wish——"

BOTH hands on her shoulders, he held her off and looked into her eyes, gathered them to his. But as if what he saw there belied her words, he suddenly laughed tenderly.

"Who were you thinking of?"

"I'll tell you," she answered seriously. And at the earnestness of her tone some of the light dropped from his face. "Come."

In the living-room he suddenly stood as if he had frozen in his tracks. The quick intake of his breath made Alice turn her head in amazement. He was gazing in astounded wonder at the tree with the toys heaped about it.

"Dotty and Betty, Grace's little girls, are here with me," she answered the question in his eyes. "I—they—Grace is ill, in the hospital. They arrived this morning. Mother sent them on with a friend, not knowing—that we—that we—" Instead of finishing the sentence she had begun, she exclaimed a little shamefacedly: "You see there was nothing else for me to do, but to bring them here. I—I couldn't possibly have taken them to that boarding-house, Dick."

"I see," the man spoke slowly, the color rising to his face. "I see," he repeated again, and a little steely glitter that Alice had learned to know so well, shot from his eyes.

Amazed, Alice searched his face. She hadn't expected he would get angry. But he was. And she knew him so well. If he couldn't warm his heart at the hearth fire of love, he was always ready to singe both his and hers in the flames of anger. "Dick,—" she began in surprised expostulation, but before she got any further, he had turned round and walked into the kitchen where he had left his hat. The next instant he was gone.

Alice rushed to the door.

"Dick!" she called him pleadingly. But her only answer was the click of the elevator door.

For an instant Alice stood white and still, wondering what to do. Then quite suddenly, the expression of her face changed. Odd lights flashed over it that seemed more like an amused mother look than anything else. And she rushed to the window.

"Dick! Who-e-e!" she called lustily.

However, the stolid figure on the pavement below either heard not or pretended not to hear.

Alice watched, but he never even looked back. And after he was out of sight she went back to her unfinished task in the kitchen, an ache in her breast where her heart should have been. More than once she sighed. What a boy he was—a firebrand!

(*Continued on Page 61*)

"'I Saw the Place All Lighted! I Was Passing. Oh, My Girl! Did You Know I Did the Same Thing for You Thanksgiving Eve? And Waited All Night! Alice——'"

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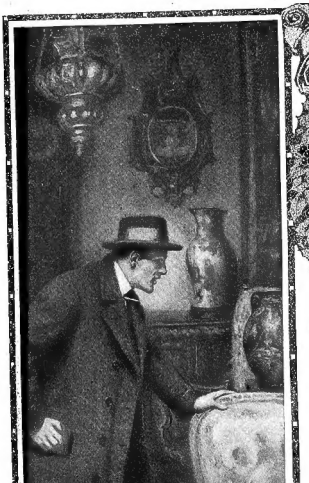

"Then Suddenly—He Saw It. It Was Perched Upon a Teakwood Stand. Joe Eggleston Felt the Blood Rush to His Face. He Could Feel His Eyes Brighten with Pleasure. 'The Very Thing,' He Said to Himself"

The Majolica Jug

By William Hamilton Osborne

Illustrations by John Newton Howitt

"I Just Yanked Little Joe Eggleston Out of That Shop, and Made Him Put His Yellow Backs into the Bank Again. He Was Mad as Hops, but I'm Joe's Manager, and He May as Well Know It Now"

YOU can always tell a home-made bundle when you see it. Kitty Wynne knew it was home made the very instant that she opened the front door. It was not only home made—it was huge. The messenger who bore it seemed a midget in comparison. Diminutive as he was, however, he spoke as one having authority.

"Yer got ter handle it with care," he said.

Kitty Wynne assured him that she would. She signed for the package, bestowed upon the messenger a little holiday tip and her very best holiday smile, and shut the door behind him. Then she glanced critically at the bundle. Unquestionably it was a hat-box—a tremendous one—square as a house, big as a house. The messenger was right about its being handled with care—it said so in a dozen places. But it was not these things that made the color creep into her face. It was something else—she recognized the writing.

"It's from Joe Eggleston," she told herself.

Still handling it with care she crept up to her room, dropped it gingerly upon the window-seat, drew up a chair and feasted her eyes upon it. Yes, there was no doubt that it was from Joe Eggleston. Pleasurable little thrills assailed her as she realized this fact.

Now what could Joe Eggleston have given her that was in a hat-box, wrapped in a home-made way, that had to be handled with care? It could not be a hat—Joe hadn't started in to buy her hats yet. And yet, why the hat-box if it were not?

Kitty Wynne crept to her door and closed it noiselessly. She was one of those many young persons brought up from childhood upon delightful domestic maxims—and this was one of her mottoes: "It will turn to ashes if you open it too soon."

Kitty pondered deeply as she contemplated the hat-box. The question was whether you are bound by mottoes of this kind after you have become engaged. For a space of at least ten seconds she stood uncertain, torn by conflicting emotions, then she seized a pair of scissors and approached the box. She clenched her small hand.

"You turn to ashes if you dare," she said threateningly, as she cut the heavy string.

In another instant she had the cover off and was diving into a mass of tissue-paper, soft, yielding, bewildering—but unusually baffling.

"Whoever did this up," said Kitty to herself, "handled it with care all right."

She was quite correct. Somewhere in the center of that huge, white, snowy ball there was a nucleus, for she could feel it, but its wrappings clung to it like cabbage leaves to a cabbage heart.

"I can feel it turning to ashes," she wailed to herself.

But it was all imagination; it did not turn to ashes. It did not turn to anything except the thing it turned out to be.

"Aha," thought Kitty, as her engagement ring chinked against something solid, "I've got you, have I?"

No sooner had she said it than she drew back almost in affright. Her eyes widened.

"Got what?" she demanded of herself.

There was a catch in her voice—a gasp of ghastly disappointment.

"A vase," she moaned. "And such a vase—a measly, measly vase!"

IT was a vase—or more properly, perhaps, a pitcher. A red and yellow thing splashed with daubs of brilliant red here, of brilliant yellow there, and on its side some strange disfiguration—dismal, depressing—a glaring wooden picture of two wooden gladiators fighting each other to the death.

Kitty Wynne broke down. "It's horrible," she wailed. "I wouldn't take it to a dog fight," she concluded, viciously, thereby carefully distinguishing herself from the rank and file of ladies who are in the habit of carrying red and yellow vases and such truck to dog fights.

In the library, the next morning, Kitty's father surveyed from a safe distance the bewildering jumble of Christmas offerings. He regarded them not in detail but as a whole.

"Very fine," he mused, impersonally, "very fortunate, all of you. Don't ask me to look at them," he protested. "Remember this is a holiday for me, too. Only one thing I'm interested in—only one, my dears." He turned to Kitty. "What did young Eggleston come over with?" he asked.

Kitty pounced upon him like a young tigress. "Father," she remarked genially, bubbling over with Yuletide joy, "this is your corner of the table. Here is a very expensive shaving brush that Billy bought you out of your allowance; I helped him select it. And here——"

Her progenitor backed away with renewed alarm.

"No, no," he repeated hastily, "don't make me look at things, I tell you. I am only curious to know how handsomely Eggleston came down. They'll be asking at the club this afternoon."

At this juncture the maternal Wynne took a hand—or rather two hands—in the investigation. She poked suspiciously among all the presents on the table—particularly those of small appearance, done up in white paper.

"I've been looking for it everywhere," she said. "Kitty, why don't you help? It seems to me you're not at all enthusiastic."

There was a rustle from a far corner of the room. The younger Wynne detached himself from a box of chocolates and scampered to the table.

"I'd like to know myself what the Johnny gave her," he announced.

It was at that juncture that Amy Sands arrived—her vigorous young body clothed in wonderful, new furs, her eyes sparkling, her young face glowing from the frost.

"I don't care whether you've had your breakfast or not," she bubbled. "We haven't had ours, but I said I was coming over and I came. For goodness' sake don't look at my furs; don't ask any questions till I get one thing out of my system. Kitty, what do you think that Benny Ackerson gave me?"

Kitty had seen them from the start. "The earrings," she exclaimed.

"Right, the very first time," went on the irrepressible Amy. "Did you ever see such lovely, long, dangling, pearly things?"

SHE slipped them from her ears and handed one to Kitty and the other to the Judge.

"Pearly is the word for them," assented Kitty's father.

"I never saw such beautiful pearls," exclaimed Kitty.

Amy flung down her muff, clenched her right hand and pounded her left hand with it.

"I don't care what you say, Kitty," she cried, jubilantly, "the fellow I'm going to marry is a prince. Benny Ackerson is just a prince." She readjusted her earrings and then caught Kitty by the arm. "What did Joe give you?" she asked.

Kitty gulped, but made a neat recovery. She smiled jauntily.

"Nothing," she answered.

"Nothing?" echoed everybody.

"Oh, come now," added the Judge, "everybody'll be asking me at the club this afternoon."

Kitty still smiled jauntily.

"He picked it out," she went on, "the stunningest gold chain

"'A Vase,' She Moaned. 'And Such a Vase—a Measly, Measly Vase!'"

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I ever laid my eyes on; three times around, Amy, and studded with rubies. I put the kibosh on it right away. We're going housekeeping in the Spring and I won't let Joe spend a cent till then. I said 'get thee behind me, Satan,' to the man behind the counter, and I just yanked little Joe Eggleston out of that shop, and made him put his yellow backs into the bank again. He was mad as hops, but I'm Joe's manager, and he may as well know it now."

Fifteen minutes later she was once more in her room looking herself squarely in the eye.

"What a liar you are, Kitty Wynne!" she whispered. And then she slumped down into a chair and cried. "Think of those earrings and that measly old vase."

She had barely composed herself when her mother knocked on the door, saying that Joe Eggleston was down-stairs.

Kitty pulled herself together, bathed her eyes and tripped gaily down the stairs, humming something about two little honey bees. Joe was waiting for her in the hall. He was alone, of course. The Wynne family always made itself unusually scarce when Joe stood waiting in the hall, whether he was coming or going. This was due to the fact that there was apt to be an exchange of courtesies on such occasions.

"Merry Christmas," said Joe.

"Two little honey bees," hummed Kitty. And then "Merry Christmas," she said, too.

Then followed the formal exchange of courtesies and then Kitty, without another word, seized Joe by the hand.

"Follow me," she said, dragging him behind her up the stairs.

"Where are you going," he protested.

"Up to my room," said Kitty.

"Won't they object?" said Joe.

"Nope," answered Kitty, "because they won't know anything about it. I've got something to show you."

SHE dragged her reluctant suitor across the threshold and pointed to an object on her dressing-table.

"There, you old dear," she exclaimed, "that's just where it's going to stay. I'll see it the first thing when I wake up in the morning and the last thing when I go to bed. I can kiss it when I'm fixing my hair and pat it when I'm manicuring my nails. Your first Christmas present to me, Joe," she went on glibly. "It's a dear and you're a dear to give it to me." She looked at herself in the mirror. "What a merry little liar you can be," she thought.

Joe shook his head. "I'll tell you," he explained. "You said you wanted something for the—for our house——"

"Two little honey bees," hummed Kitty Wynne. "Yes, yes," she said, "go on."

"I thought," went on Joe, in apparent apology, "that I'd begin on this. It's the only heirloom my mother left me."

Kitty made a little face at herself in the glass. "Yes, yes," she said, "go on."

"She prized it very highly," he proceeded. "It's majolica, you know."

Kitty made another face in the glass. Majolica—she had heard somewhere of majolica vases—it had always sounded to her as it sounded now—like tidies—lambrequins—bangs.

"A very fine and sensible gift, dear," returned Kitty, dragging him energetically out of the room. "And now we'll go down-stairs and see the folks." At the head of the stairs she stopped. "You go on, dear," she exclaimed, "I need more powder on my nose. You brushed it off."

She darted back into her room, caught up the majolica pitcher and thrust it into the darkest corner of her closet amid a bewildering array of lingerie.

"It's the last time you'll see the light of day," she said to herself.

IT was a year later. Two honey bees, one of them a big honey bee named Joseph Eggleston, and the other a little honey bee named Kitty Eggleston, were standing in a compartment of their hive gazing upon a suitcase. It was a very new suitcase to be sure. The little honey bee made a little face at herself in the mirror, then she looked at the big honey bee.

"Now, if you don't care," she said, "I'll change it, but if you do care, I won't."

The big honey bee eyed the suitcase ruefully.

"I didn't know," he said, "that you didn't want it. I knew you really needed one. Both yours and mine nearly went to pieces on our wedding trip and I've heard you say that you'd have to get a new one."

"Of course," pouted Kitty, "we do need a new one, but not for a Christmas present. Things that you need you've got to get anyway. I'm sure you're going to mind," she said.

"Not at all," he hastened to assure her. "I don't mind in the least. What is it that you're going to change it for?"

Kitty shook her head. "I don't know yet," she said.

Her husband shook his also. "If you had only told me what you wanted," he suggested.

"I don't know what I want," she answered. "It's only that you kind of expect that people are going to give you things that sort of hit the spot."

"I see," said Joe, contritely, "and the suitcase doesn't."

"It isn't that," went on Kitty, "but—well, I really don't want a suitcase—not for Christmas—don't you see? And you're sure you don't mind if I get the money and buy something else?"

Eggleston laughed. "Of course not. Go right ahead. I've been mighty unfortunate about selecting presents for you. There was the majolica jug—you never had that out."

"Oh," returned Kitty hastily, "I'm saving that until we can afford to pay for careful servants."

Eggleston nodded soberly. "I guess you're right," he said. "I wouldn't want that broken. It's majolica, you know."

THE next day Kitty took the suitcase back to the place from whence it came.

"I've got to turn this in," she said, with a guileless little smile. "I had no less than three given me for Christmas."

The dealer raised his eyebrows. "Why do you bring this one back?" he queried. "You ought to keep this. This is the best of the bunch."

"How do you know?" said Kitty. "You don't know what the others are like." Which was quite true, for there were no others for him to know about.

"I know they're not a marker to this one," he returned. Kitty smiled again. "Then you ought to be glad to get it back again," she said.

"You really want to get rid of it?" he queried.

"I surely do," said Kitty.

"Very well," said the dealer. He stepped behind his cash desk, opened a drawer and counted out some money. "There you are," he said, as he handed it to Kitty.

Kitty took the money and started from the store. In an instant she was back.

"There must be some mistake," she said, fingering the bills.

"How?" queried the man.

"You gave me thirty dollars."

"Right," answered the dealer. "That is what I sold it for."

"Thirty dollars," repeated Kitty. "The idea of paying thirty dollars for a suitcase! I shouldn't think of paying over ten."

She was jubilant that evening as she met her husband at the door. "What do you think of me?" she exclaimed. "Same as ever," answered Joe.

"Don't you see any change?" she queried.

Eggleston shook his head.

"Are you blind?" she cried. "The chain—look at the chain—look at the chain I bought!"

Joe looked at it. It was a gold chain that went around three times, studded at intervals with rubies.

"Or nearly rubies," as Kitty explained, "and the chain is really fourteen carat. I'd rather have it than ten suitcases any time."

Joe examined the chain disdainfully. "What did you pay for it?" he asked.

"The price of one suitcase," she returned.

Eggleston shook his head. "Can't buy ruby chains for thirty dollars," he said. "Why didn't you tell me you wanted a chain and I'd have bought you one."

"Hadn't the slightest idea you were going to spend thirty dollars on me," she returned, "and besides, this is just the kind of chain I wanted. Maybe you wouldn't have picked out one that looked so nice."

"Joe," She Whispered in Contrition, 'You've Got Two Antiques in This House Instead of One. One,' She Added, 'Is an Old Majolica Jug and the Other Is a Stupid Old Fool'"

Eggleston laughed a bit uncomfortably. "Seems to me you're kind of sore on my selections," he suggested. "Next time I'll try to see that you can't complain."

Next time Kitty saw to it that there was not any chance to complain. Early in the following December she took him by the ear and had a quiet little confab about Christmas.

"I'll get you anything you want," protested Joe, "only say the word."

"I can't say the word," repeated Kitty, "because I don't know, but don't you think the best way after all is not to buy a present for me——"

"It wouldn't be Christmas, would it?" faltered Joe.

"Not to buy a present for me," went on Kitty, "but just give me cash, then I can buy it for myself."

Joe was game. He gave her cash for Christmas. That was their second Christmas in the little hive. The third Christmas he gave her cash. The fourth he gave her cash. The fifth and sixth he gave her cash, and the seventh he gave her a lot of cash, for he had a lot of cash to give. Out of the nettle Failure, Joe Eggleston had plucked suddenly and unaccountably the flower Success.

"Now," he said to Kitty, "we'll move out to the colony over on the hill."

Everybody in Gardner who succeeds moves out to the colony over on the hill. Everybody that moves into the colony over on the hill can move anywhere else in the social world.

The Egglestons bought a new house in the midst of that social paradise, stocked it with new furniture and spent a great deal of money on it. And still the money kept on coming in.

On the occasion of their first Christmas in the house on the hill, Eggleston literally astounded Kitty by the size of the check he handed her. It was so very large that Judge Wynne, who still lived down in Gardner, spent a whole afternoon and evening at the club, telling all about it. He was tickled to death with his son-in-law, but Kitty was not at all pleased with the check. She did not try to hide her feeling in the matter.

"Joe," she remonstrated, "you always give me money. You don't seem to enter into the spirit of Christmas at all. A woman doesn't care for money; she'd rather have her husband spend a week buying her ten dollars' worth than have him spend five minutes writing her a check for a thousand dollars."

Joe held out his hand. "Give me back the check," he said, "and I'll spend a week to-morrow."

But Kitty tucked the check away. "I'll keep it this time," she announced, "but next Christmas you've got to buy me something—something nice."

"Ten dollars' worth," suggested Eggleston.

"Yes," faltered Kitty, "or even more than that, but it's got to be your present and you've got to spend time picking it out."

IT was before the time rolled around again that a tremendous and disturbing fact was borne in upon Kitty Eggleston. Their house was too new and their possessions were too new. The fact is that the hill colony accepted Kitty Wynne with open arms.

"But," she complained to Eggleston one night, "everything they've got up here is old—old as the hills. Take Mrs. Llandgraf, she hasn't a thing—not a stick of furniture that's less than a hundred years old, and ours is hardly a hundred weeks. Let us buy something very old," she said.

Eggleston smiled indulgently. "My dear," he said, "there's nothing I'd like better, but old things cost a mint of money. Pearl earrings and ruby studded chains aren't in it with the price you've got to pay for an old chair or a grandfather's clock."

"I don't care," cried Kitty, "I wish we had something old."

He started suddenly. "Your majolica jug," he suggested. "You never had that out and now is your time. That's *old*."

Kitty shivered and shook her head. "I—I'm going to bring that out—and set it up," she faltered, "When I get a lot of other old things to keep it company."

"It's a devilish good beginning," protested Joe.

"Let's—get—something else—to keep it company," persisted she.

She shivered once again. The majolica jug—she hated even to think of the majolica jug. She couldn't talk about it.

Meanwhile Joe Eggleston, ever and anon, by hook or crook, was taking in cold, hard cash, hand over fist—it came spasmodically, but in goodly wads, and kept on coming. So in fact did still another Christmas season.

"This time, honey bee," he said to the attractive Mrs. Eggleston, "you leave everything to me. This time I'm going to buy you something worth while. I'll take a week to it—a month if necessary. I'm going to scour the earth for something for you—something old."

HE started in. He began with little old New York. He found plenty of things that were old, but he was a bad buyer, was Joe Eggleston—or else a very good one. He never could make up his mind. A hundred times during those few weeks he took an option on a dozen chairs, on twenty high-boys,

(*Continued on Page 40*)

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Honor—His and Hers

Discussing the Difficulties in Making Parallels Meet

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

Author of "Man-Made World," "Human Work," etc.

DID you ever watch a child solemnly hopping along the sidewalk, now with prodigious leaps, now with steps as short as a railroad walker's, and grievously distressed if some chance jostle spoils the purpose of all this effort—which is *not to step on the cracks?* Sometimes, in country districts, where rail fences edge the road, the requirement is to touch wood all the way.

Children take an absorbing pleasure in these arbitrary undertakings, and, if prevented, experience a sense of wrong.

As another illustration, do you perhaps recall the keen delight in a well-played game of whist (or bridge, it must be nowadays) and the sense of overwhelming guilt which falls upon you when you are so unfortunate as to revoke?

Games of all sorts offer to the conscientious player a field of "little ethics" in which he may have all the pleasure of doing right without too much sacrifice and effort, all the quick shame of doing wrong without too deep remorse or fear of punishment.

"That was a sporting thing to do!" cries the Englishman in praise, and to condemn an act, he sadly shakes his head and says: "It isn't cricket."

As if humanity had not enough real troubles of its own, learning the necessary lessons of how to behave, we have set up worlds within worlds of arbitrary laws, wherein "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" rule as solemnly as if the thing done were of any imaginable consequence.

Among all the amazing games we have invented, our highest and most idolized is the thing we call "honor." There is nothing in the Bible about honor—that is the specialty we call "the honor of a gentleman," or even the quite exclusive value we attach to the quality named "honor" for a woman.

A "man of honor" may do things, which, done by a woman, would dishonor her completely. Similarly "an honest woman" may without blame do what would shame forever that man of honor.

Any man who has ever done business with women, average "feminine" women, is aghast at their lack of business honor. And in their treatment of one another, their feeling toward eavesdropping, looking at other persons' letters, "knocking" the absent, or even taletelling—we see marked differences in the two codes. Take it all in all, the man has a far broader, and, in some cases, higher sense of honor than the woman; but some of his special manifestations are very queer indeed.

The sense of honor is very far removed from the sense of duty. Because a man's honor is involved in some grave business failure, he promptly kills himself; he cannot live and face his shame; but in this sensitiveness he quite loses sight of the results to his wife and children.

After All It Is a Matter of Custom

IN nations whose ideas and traditions are different from our own we find interesting variations in honor. The Chinaman is extremely delicate in this regard, and resorts to strange methods to "save his face"—that is, his honor. So does the Chinese woman. When the misery of her lot, or some unbearable insult or obloquy heaped upon her becomes really past endurance, she is allowed to go upon the housetop, or to some public place, and cry her wrongs aloud—to save her face.

In a recent popular story we are given an instance of a woman whose one overmastering sense of right lies in the direction of saving her child from disgrace. For this purpose she takes advantage of a helpless invalid, ruthlessly sacrifices him, lies to every one—all for her one end. No man of honor could conceivably do these things.

One of the causes of the superior attitude of men toward women, is found in this distinction. Yet she has her criticisms to make, also.

A strikingly representative feature in man's "code of honor," now out of countenance in England and America and gradually decreasing on the Continent, is seen in the custom of dueling.

Here are two gentlemen. One of them, for purposes of his own, slaps the other in the face, calls him a liar, spits at him, does some childish trick or other, which should be met, you would think, by a penalty for malicious mischief, and by being dropped from decent society for such conduct—unless indeed it were well deserved. Or, among ruder spirits, you would think it might be met by promptly knocking down the offender, or by any effective answer in kind.

But not so works the code of honor. The gentleman slapped, feels himself smitten not upon the smarting cheek, but upon that exalted inner surface—his honor.

Well, let us grant that much. Then, if reason still works after this concession, one would expect the injured one to promptly damage the other gentleman's honor similarly; or, if very deeply outraged, even to kill the offender.

Not at all. According to the code of honor, cards are exchanged forthwith. "Here is my card!" says the Insulted Gentleman sternly, and "My second will wait upon you, sir!"

His second, meaning a second gentleman, deeply sympathizing with the affront, does wait upon him; the Insulting Gentleman also gets himself a second, who, even if not sympathetic, wishes to uphold the code.

Then these two gentlemen with great pomp and circumstance, sometimes attended by a surgeon to repair their damages, solemnly fight one another with swords or pistols or what-not.

His Honor Avenged, He Dies Happy

THE crowning mystery is this. Suppose the Insulted Gentleman should get killed as well as insulted. Does that worry him? Not at all. He shakes hands with his adversary and dies happy—his *honor* is avenged.

This sacred mystery of the "logical sex" is quite beyond comprehension by women, who, poor things, have not a "nice sense of honor." How should they have?

Another vivid instance of the working of this code is in the attitude of a man of honor toward his creditors.

He owes money, we will say, to his servant, to his landlady, to his tailor. These are plain ordinary debts, money owed for value received. His servant has served him, his landlady has lodged and fed him, his tailor has clothed him. They are all poor people who need the money, people whom he agreed to pay when he engaged their services.

But also this gentleman owes money he lost at cards. This gambling debt is called a debt of honor—why, it is difficult to see. The reply is prompt, the explanation being that the law backs up the first creditors; they can collect by process of law, but that the gambling creditor has no legal recognition—cannot collect by process of law—and therefore payment is "a matter of honor."

To a woman, still lacking in that nice sense above mentioned, even this explanation lacks weight. Of course the law does not recognize gambling debts—why should it? For once the law shows sense. These are not sums of money owed for value received—no value has been received. This gentleman merely said: "If this card comes up red," or "if the dice throw sixes," or some such utterly immaterial thing happens, "I'll give you so much money." Foolish man! Why should he? The other man gave him nothing; there was no sense in the transaction; it was as utterly childish as the walking on cracks, or not on cracks, or touching wood all the way.

"But," he insists, "I have to do it because I don't have to do it—don't you see? The law cannot make me—therefore I must." The mystery remains. Suppose he merely didn't—what would happen? This terrible penalty—they wouldn't play with him any more!

O TEARS of infancy! Could there be a stranger result of this strange code, that debts owed to poor people who have fulfilled their side of the agreement, who have given their goods and services, debts which hold first claim by every dictate of "common honesty" should be thus ignored in favor of "debts of honor"; debts for which nothing tangible was received by the person or persons who incurred the debt.

Very ticklish, very sensitive, very queer indeed is the honor of a gentleman. He must not lie—the word of a gentleman is as good as his bond. Unless—here comes in that vexing complication of a woman's honor—unless there is a woman in the case, and then he must "lie like a gentleman."

He must not take advantage of a disarmed enemy; he must not "hit a fellow when he's down;" he must "take one of his own size;" he must give warning before attack—a thousand delicate restrictions hedge the violence of a man of honor.

But he may deliberately kill a little, unarmed woman, without warning, if "his honor is assailed."

In modern days, when the duel is no longer respected but frankly called absurd, when even gambling is not quite as honorable as it was, we find the most piquant varieties of man's honor in the different professions.

Again the labored restrictions of the childish game, the things that must be done and must not be done, the impressive compulsions and restrictions; there are, it is true, "tricks in all trades," and it is also true that there is honor among thieves.

There is a separate code for each line of work; the lawyer must not advertize, the doctor must not "betray professional confidence," the captain must go down with his ship. How this last is justified by any use to the ship, to the captain, or to the traveling public, is not explained.

The code of the medical profession shows healthy signs of change. Since the law, representing the public good, stepped in and ordered the registration of births, of deaths with their causes, and of a growing list of contagious diseases, the patient begins to find that he can no longer hide his sins behind the veil of professional confidence.

A Woman's One-Sided Sense of Honor

A WOMAN'S honor is more easily discussed. It is quite simple, consisting in one virtue, chastity. If she is chaste, she is honest—though a kleptomaniac. If she is true to her husband she is an honorable woman, though false to all besides.

As the Union soldier put it to his sister in Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah," when she, a Northern girl, prayed not only for her Confederate lover's life, but that his side might win: "That is right, my sister! A woman's heart has no country and no flag! Pray for the man you love!"

One could not ask for a more perfect expression of this great distinction. For a man to be false to his country and his flag is the height of dishonor—but a woman is credited with no such allegiance—she is "bound in honor" to a man.

So in the ancient days she changed her religion in marrying, as queens often do still, ceasing to worship her father's gods and beginning to worship her husband's; while to-day she changes her citizenship as lightly as she does her name—and adopts his.

A woman's honor is inextricably connected with her sex—and with nothing else. It is also of a crudely physical character, pertaining so absolutely to her body that she may be "dishonored" by sheer force—or when drugged and quite unconscious—hopelessly dishonored without any conscious act of her own.

A vivid illustration of this view is given in a story in a recent magazine, where an English girl kills herself to escape attack from a wandering Pathan, and her father, finding her merely dead but not "dishonored," murmurs in her ear—"Oh, my dear—I thank God!"

There was no hint of any guilt on the part of the

(*Continued on Page* 61)

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The Forgotten House

Third Instalment

By Maximilian Foster

Illustrations by Arthur I. Keller

The Adventures of Nancy Approach A Mystifying Climax

A WILD impulse came instantly to pursue the marauder—to regain by force of arms the stolen album. Nancy sprang forward, the cry almost on her lips; then terror prevailed. For what if the creeping figure lurched up the stair again, and divined the watcher spying on her? She slipped across the floor to her bed, quaking as the springs creaked to her weight, and dragged the covers around her. She shivered. She was chilled from her long vigil at the door—frozen by her terrors, too. And what could be done now? The album was gone, the one thing she counted on as a link between the known and the unknown—gone, never to be regained.

That was a wakeful night at Mrs. Munger's—for the girl; perhaps for others, too. Along toward the dawn Nancy's heavy eyes closed in fitful sleep; she tossed among the pillows, starting at every sound, her uneasy drowsing troubled with dire visions. Then a knock sounded on her door; it was Maggie, warning her that it was half past seven.

Mrs. Munger's closed door stared at Nancy as she came down the stairs; Mrs. Munger absented herself from the breakfast table. But Miss Freedlark was present with an early morning, unaffected sprightliness in quick contrast to Nancy's pale dejection. Indeed, her confidence reached the point where she no longer made any bones of hiding her employment in the house. "You know, my dear, it wouldn't surprise me in the least if I was to be with you quite a little while." This confession she accompanied by another of her bony smirks. "Yes, and, by the by, you and that friend of yours, the one that was with you yesterday, some day when I am not busy, you and she must come and take me for a ride in her pretty carriage. What did you say was her name?" asked Miss Freedlark, spryly.

There was no way by which Nancy could very well dodge so pointblank an attack. Her eyes, roaming about helplessly, caught a swift glance from Maggie, the waitress.

"Mush?" demanded Maggie, and thrust the dish under Miss Freedlark's face.

"Eh—oh—what—say? I haven't finished what I have."

AS Nancy gulped the last of her coffee, she was aware of Maggie poised behind Miss Freedlark with her face spread in a wide and delighted grin.

Drifting down the hall, Nancy wandered into the drawing-room. Hopelessly certain that Mrs. Munger held the whip-hand at every turn, convinced that her own efforts were in vain, she was ready to give up the struggle—all the more ready when she remembered her oppressor's significant words of the night before, the warning that if Nancy persisted, there would be an awakening such as she had never dreamed. But why had Mrs. Munger stolen the album? And how had she learned its secret hiding-place? Nancy caught her breath. Had the Freedlark woman been responsible? Nancy, listlessly ruminating, was turning away from the window through which she had

"Mrs. Munger Slammed the Door, and with a Groping Hand Outstretched To Support Her, She Fleeted Her Back against It. 'Give Them Up!' She Choked, 'You Took Them—Give *Pie* Back *My* Laidlaw Papers'"

been staring morosely, when a taxicab rattled up to Mrs. Munger's door.

Mr. Gaylord again, and once more in an unChesterfieldian hurry! He sprang up the stair, gained the floor above, and giving an imperative knock, loudly announced himself to the lady immured within.

Astounded to the point of dismay, Nancy reached her room. Who was this Mr. Gaylord, and what were his rights, indeed, that he should thrust himself like this into the midst of Mrs. Munger's privacy and repose? Day by day, hour by hour, the coil of mystery had thrown itself into a tangle now far beyond any effort of hers to unravel. But whatever it was, she realized instantly now, and with a decision which admitted no further temporizing on her part, that this house no longer offered a shelter under which she could remain with dignity—no, nor with decency.

But how could she escape undetected? Miss Freedlark was watching below; she would see Nancy and her bag, and at once sound the alarm. But—she must take that chance. Her bag was in the storeroom; she must get it at once. Opening her door, Nancy hurried down the hall, her footfalls as guarded as Mrs. Munger's had been when she had come prowling through the night. She reached the storeroom; her hand was already turning the knob, when up through the well of the stairway there came the muffled rumble of a voice raised high in exasperation. It was Mrs. Munger's voice, and it thrilled with reckless anger.

"—sheer idiocy! I said so when you made me ask him!"

That was all. The words, fragmentary, disjointed in their sense, broke off, as if the owner of the towering voice had been discreetly warned. "Sheer idiocy!" Yes, it must have been that, if Mrs. Munger's angry accusation held any weight. But what was sheer idiocy, and why was it that because some one had been asked? She was still rummaging after the bag when she heard Mrs. Munger's door open, and the sound of Mr. Gaylord's drawling voice. "Do you think I'd be here, if it was? Ta - ta! You're making a mountain out of a mole-hill, that's all."

With these ambiguous words, Mr. Gaylord went on down the stairs, and the stiff thwacking of Mrs. Munger's cane resounded.

NANCY listened a moment and then went on. She found it lying wedged in between a bureau and the wall. It required all her strength to drag it out, and panting with the exertion, she lifted it up and went back to the hall. There stood Mrs. Munger. She had both hands on the cross-bar of her stick, and was leaning forward to watch her.

"What are you doing?" she asked in a tense voice.

"I—I'm—I was looking for my bag."

"So I see," remarked Mrs. Munger, with no expressed interest in the reason that had led Nancy to look for it. "You are also intending to go out—to skip out, I should say." Then she raised her stick and pointed to the stairs. "Drop that bag and go down those stairs," she ordered, each word uttered with a slow and ugly, separate distinctness that betokened the nature of her mood. "Do you hear?"

Nancy bent her head and went.

"One moment!" called Mrs. Munger, as if in afterthought; "where are your hat and coat?"

The girl raised a trembling hand and pointed to her room.

"That's all. Now go on. I've got work for you!"

Mrs. Munger's heavy tread dragged along the upper hall; Nancy heard her close the opened door, and the key grated harshly as she locked it. Then after a final rattling of the knob, as Mrs. Munger made sure the door was securely fastened, the thump

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of the cane renewed itself. Mrs. Munger reappeared, a grim smile on her face. She gripped Nancy by the wrist, and Nancy, dazed and unresisting, went with her. Together they gained the room above. Mrs. Munger pushed her inside and followed. "Sit down!" she commanded, and Nancy fell upon a chair.

HER face was deadly white. She was breathing stertorously, her huge frame shaken by it.

"You're going to defy me, are you? You're still determined to keep on?" Mrs. Munger dragged her brows close together and leaned closer to the girl. "Well, listen!" she cried, growling out the words. "I won't tell you what you're trying to find out—no; for I've tried to shield you from that for years. My God! but I've been patient with you! But I'll tell you what I *will* do. Say the word—tell me you want me to, and I'll *send for him!* I'll send for that young whipper-snapper, I'll tell him what I know about you—who you are—and whether you have a name or not! I'll tell your young Mr. Philip Harding all that he wants to know—*and more!*" shrilled Mrs. Munger, stamping the floor with her cane. "Then if he has the face to tell it to you, let him—aye, let him, do you hear?" she croaked; "though to my belief, I don't think you'd ever see him again!"

"Oh!" gasped Nancy, in a frozen voice.

Mrs. Munger lifted herself by her stick. "Come, is it a go?" she demanded thickly; "shall I send for him?"

Nancy huddled down in her seat, and held fast to the chair's wide arms. Mrs. Munger's jaws were clenched together; there was no moment's weakening pity in her determined eyes. "Hurry up!" she ordered, stamping the floor again with her cane; "I'm waiting for you to decide!"

"Oh—oh, Mrs. *Munger!*"

The girl pressed both hands to her face crying her appeal, yet knowing before she uttered it how hopeless it was.

"All right, then," answered Mrs. Munger, stepping back, as if to go; "I'll send for him. I'll tell him what you and he have dragged me into telling. Maybe he'll be willing to give you his own name. Yes!" cried Mrs. Munger, laughing scornfully. "Maybe he will, and then—well, maybe his mother will be willing to let him. Suit yourself; I've had my say."

Before Mrs. Munger could reach the door Nancy was there before her.

"No!—no, no—you must not! I won't let you do it. Give me time to think—just a little time. Oh! oh, Mrs. Munger! Can't you see what it means to me?"

Leaning against the door, she threw out her hands in appeal, hunting—though with no degree of hope—for some sign of compassion in the unfeeling, mocking eyes.

"Oh! so *that's* the way you feel about it, is it?" inquired Mrs. Munger, seeing clearly that it was indeed. "You'd like to know it yourself, but you don't want *him* to be told? Don't fool yourself, my girl! Young men don't moon around these days like kitchen heroes, marrying the first nobody they come across. Ugh!" she grunted with a gust of scourging contempt; "to think of you two gawking fools trying to drive me into a corner, and making my life miserable. Oh! good Lord," grunted Mrs. Munger, and threw up her hands in disgust.

Nancy waited until she had finished. "Give me a little time to think—you will, won't you? Let me see him once again, Mrs. Munger, and then you may do what you wish."

Mrs. Munger walked leisurely to her table and helped herself to a caramel. "Um-mh!" she mumbled, reflectively chewing while she spoke. "What was it you and that young cub had all figured out? Tell me; I'd like to be in on the joke." She grinned almost good-naturedly at Nancy.

But Nancy only shuddered a little and made no effort to reply.

"Huh! A nice mess you'd have made of it, too, if I'd let you go on," continued Mrs. Munger. "But I wasn't going to let you—well, I guess not. I wasn't so simple that I'd let you go on willy-nilly without saying something. No, not after all the years I've spent trying to save you from it," she added. "Why, look at here," she demanded hotly; "do you know where you'd be if I hadn't been kind to you, and put myself to a lot of bother for your sake? You'd be down in the kitchen washing dishes with the servants. That's where you'd be!"

Nancy looked up at her sadly. "Possibly; you seem to know, Mrs. Munger. But I'm not going to ask your kindness much longer. The other night I told you I'd stay here until I learned who I am. My mind has changed since then. I'm going away as soon as I can. You won't be bothered with me any more."

Mrs. Munger threw back her head, and looking at Nancy through half-closed eyes, smiled mockingly. "You're going to leave? Well, we'll see about that, too." With this admonition, Mrs. Munger helped herself to another bonbon, glared at Nancy as if about to say something more, and, changing her mind, thumped out of the room.

Nancy picked up some sewing and began to work—only half conscious of what she was doing. Work is a sovereign balm for trouble; yet there was no balm in that work of hers. Mrs. Munger's plum-colored brocade was little improved by that half-hour's effort. In the midst of it, a shrill whisper interrupted.

"Miss Nancy!—are ye in there?"

Maggie's head obtruded itself cautiously inside the door. "Where's *she?*" asked Maggie, a warning finger on her lip. "Quick!—there'll be a lady at the door for ye!"

A lady at the door! Then there dawned on her who that caller must be! It was Mrs. Harding! What had happened to bring her to Mrs. Munger's? Nancy flew down the stairs! But it was not Mrs. Harding. The front door stood open, and there was Virgie Deane.

The instant she saw Nancy, she urged her, with a wild beckoning, to hurry faster. Nancy hurried. Through the open door she could see the Deane brougham at the curb, its footman standing beside it, trying to compose his wondering features into their usual air of solemnity. Nor could one dispute his right to amazement, since his mistress, wildly urging haste, was dancing from one foot to the other in excitement.

Without wasting time in salutations, she grasped Nancy by the arm. "You've got to come with me; Phil's nearly frantic. He said to tell you he'd found out something—I don't know what it is. Oh, if Mrs. Munger caught me!" cried the girl, and began hopping from one foot to the other again.

Nancy suffered herself to be dragged to the brougham, bareheaded and without a coat. "Back to Mrs. Harding's, Scanlon!" breathlessly cried Miss Deane to the footman, and pushed Nancy headlong into the carriage. "Hurry, Scanlon!" she ordered, and snatched the door out of the man's hand. "Mercy!—has he gone to sleep?"

But the footman, with an amazed grin, was really hurrying. Miss Deane gave a helpless sigh. "Oh! look there! I told you they'd follow us!"

At the head of the steps, stood Miss Freedlark, her mouth opened, and her eyes fixed stupidly on the brougham.

"Oh, wait—wait! You there! Oh, coachman! coachman!"

"Drive on, Higgs!" called Miss Deane as she thrust her head out of the window, and Higgs drove on, as ordered.

MISS DEANE, unaware of the thoughts in Nancy's mind, chattered about all sorts of things.

"You should have seen Phil's face when I got there. Mother had sent me with a book she'd promised Mrs. Harding, and when I drove up, Phil had just hurled himself down the steps. He had his hat jammed down on his head, and I think he fully intended to descend on Mrs. Munger's, horse, foot and artillery!" She twinkled with merriment again at the memory. "Then, all in a breath, he told me what had happened—about their watching you, I mean; and he declared—no, that isn't it—he declaimed—that's the *word!* He declaimed—right like this: 'I'm going to see her if I have to tear down Mrs. Munger's door!'" To make her mimicry more impressive, Miss Deane struck an attitude, one hand in the air, the other thrust into the breast of her smart little jacket. "Phil is such a silly old goose when he gets excited; and when I suggested I'd go after you myself—you know, it's all my own idea—why, he nearly lost his reason. He told me if I only would, he'd love me forever. Humph!" scoffed Miss Deane, disdainfully; "he can keep his love until I ask for it. But anyway, that's how I came to abduct you, and if Mother ever finds out—well!"

In this strain she kept on until the journey's end, losing no chance to rouse Nancy from her fit of dumps. As Nancy looked up, however, and saw Mr. Appleby's house, her heart leaped in her throat, beat quickly, and then subsided, a leaden weight in her breast, as she wondered what was to come.

Young Mr. Harding, apparently, had passed an anxious hour. At the first sound of wheels in the street, he looked out, and then came running down to the sidewalk. "Why were you so long?" he demanded.

"Well, I like that!" retorted Miss Deane. "You ought to be glad to see us alive, instead of complaining about the time. No—I'm not coming in now! Mother said she'd meet me at Aunt Olivia's at quarter of ten. I hope she will—it's only eleven now. Good-by!"

In the hall Phil closed the door behind him, halted irresolutely, and then led Nancy into the darkened drawing-room.

"Before we go up to Mother's room," he said, standing before her, "tell me what has happened."

Nancy told him. She withheld nothing; no detail of the night and morning's happening,—the watch that had been set on her, Mrs. Munger's departure with the bandbox, her return, and the midnight alarm of Mrs. Munger's coming like a thief to prowl in the dark of the storeroom. She told him, too, of Mrs. Munger's whispered sobbing, of her terrible passion of grief or trepidation, or whatever it was, and there he nodded.

"Yes! I don't wonder at it. You remember the advertisement? Well, I think somebody else besides you and me is on Mrs. Munger's trail!"

Nancy dully raised her eyes. "Why?"

"Because I've had an answer to the letter I wrote. It was a man who sent it; I can tell that from the handwriting, though it was plainly disguised. He wrote me savagely to keep my hands out of the affair. It was a plain warning that if I didn't, I would stir up a mess that would make me sorry for interfering."

"Phil, Mrs. Munger knows who I am. She has admitted it at last, and it's—Phil, can't you see?—it's something dreadful. I can't bear to think of you hearing it all."

"NANCY, listen to me!" He came close to her. One hand held her by the shoulder, and she stood without trying to free herself. "You are going up to see Mother; she's waiting to say something to you. I don't know what it is, but they've admitted—she and Uncle Phil—that they have proof who you are. From their admissions, I'm almost certain you're Randolph Laidlaw's daughter. Something turned up last night that makes me sure. Uncle Phil came in late, and he and Mother sat whispering together for hours. Afterward, Uncle Phil went up to his room, and rummaged around a while. I could hear him pulling out the drawers of his desk, and poking among the boxes of papers he has in his closet, and then he came down again. He had a letter in his hand, and he gave it to Mother without saying anything. She read it through, and then looked up at him and nodded. I could hear her say to him; 'Yes,—that's who she is. I don't think there's a doubt left.'" Phil paused, and his hand tightened on Nancy's arm.

"Look up at me now," he said, and held her so that he could see her face. "Nan,—whoever you are!—whatever they've found out!—Nancy, dear, it doesn't make any difference to me. I won't let you go, no matter what happens."

He was very close, his eyes fastened on hers, and as full with feeling as they had been during the moment in the Park. Slowly his hand dropped from her shoulder, and unresisting, she let him draw her to him. It was the last time now! It was the parting! This time she made no struggle against it. For what did it matter? There never again would be a time when she would have more than the memory of it and the pain the memory would bring. But now—he pressed back her head, and already she felt his cheek brush hers. She clung to him, weak, desperate, fearful, at the thought of losing him.

"Listen!" he whispered; "you know what I've told you—that you are mine, no matter what happens."

Then she looked up, as he bade her. Her arms reached out, and she clung to him, reckless of everything—desperately forgetting even the pain it would cost her, when only the memory was left. "Phil!—Phil!—Boy! Boy!" she murmured, and her lips touched his, all her love given to him in that one first—and last—signal of her longing. "Phil—good-by!"

He smiled at her again, lightly and confidently. "Not *good-by*, because you're *mine* now!"

If Mrs. Harding had any suspicion of what had happened in the room below, her face gave no hint of it. She arose from her seat by the window when her son knocked, and came forward, her hand outstretched, and a kindly smile on her lips for Nancy. Perhaps the faintest bewilderment showed in her face when she saw that Nancy was without either hat or jacket; and Phil laughed as he pinched his mother's cheek.

"Virgie and I abducted her, Mother," he chuckled; and then

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

Mrs. Munger, a mysterious old woman has a young companion whom she calls Nancy Robinson. Nancy cannot learn her real name. She has vague recollections of living in a certain brick house, and finding a book containing the name R. Barnaby, and an old photograph album, she determines to solve the mystery. Phil Harding playfully sends her to his home, which answers the description of her dream house. Mr. Appleby, Phil's uncle, directs her to a house on Bend Street. Mrs. Munger comes out of the very house she seeks. Thoroughly frightened, Nancy rushes to Mr. Appleby's and learns that Phil's uncle, Sidney Harding, lives in the Bend Street house. An advertisement promising a reward for information of the Barnaby heirs, upsets the Munger household. Phil, who is becoming interested in Nancy, answers it. Mrs. Harding evidently is withholding information and wishes to see the album. At midnight, Nancy is suddenly awakened. Mrs. Munger weeping, steals down-stairs, the old photograph album clasped in her arms.

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explained himself to the wondering Mrs. Harding. "My dear," she cried, turning to Nancy, "what have they been doing to you in that house?"

Nancy told her briefly. "It wasn't really so very dreadful," she said, with a wistful little smile; "Mrs. Munger, you see, had begun to suspect what I was doing. In fact, she knew fully that I was trying again to see you, though I can't tell you how she found it out, unless she saw me coming here, yesterday morning. Anyway, she hired a woman to watch me—a Miss Freedlark; and though I'd suspected before why she had been brought into the house, I wasn't sure until this morning."

"I call it dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Harding, indignantly. "Phil, I wish you would call your uncle."

Phil departed, and Mrs. Harding turned hastily to Nancy.

"My dear, I must say something to you that I felt a delicacy in telling you before my son. You remember what I said yesterday about the Laidlaws? Both Mr. Appleby and I thought it necessary to tell you because—well, Phil virtually compelled it. He does not understand how serious a condition it is. I believe he regards it as sort of an adventure, but, remember, my dear," said Mrs. Harding, still more hurriedly, as she heard Phil and Mr. Appleby coming along the hall; "I have a sincere and natural interest in you now. Mr. Appleby will tell you why. You will let me be your friend, won't you? No, don't try to say anything yet. You must wait; he will tell you."

Naturally the question that had come leaping to Nancy's lips was the one she had asked so often—of herself, of Mrs. Munger,cMiss Maria, and even of these strangers. But Mrs. Harding had turned away and now was staring thoughtfully through the window.

"Good morning, Miss Robinson," Mr. Appleby, visibly ruffled, had edged into the room, his eye fixed on his nephew in a kind of bumptious indignation. "See here, sir!" he cried, suddenly boiling over, and wagging his finger wrathfully; "didn't I warn you not to interfere?"

MR. APPLEBY danced up and down before him. "What do you mean by answering that advertisement? Speak up! Tell me at once!"

Both Phil and Nancy stared in open astonishment.

"Uncle Phil, was that your advertisement? Well, I never!"

"Yes, I put it in. What's that to you, sir? How dared you answer my advertisement without my permission?"

Phil felt no desire to laugh at the absurdity. He looked at his uncle thoughtfully, and then at Nancy. "It may sound almost like a joke, sir," he answered quietly; "I wished to find the Laidlaws as well as you! And so I answered the advertisement."

"Hey?" It was Mr. Appleby's turn to look startled, too. He glanced nervously at his sister. "Laura, has Miss Robinson been told—about last night, too, I mean?" Mrs. Harding silently shook her head, and once more Mr. Appleby bit his lip.

Phil waited. As neither his uncle nor mother seemed inclined to go on, he himself spoke.

"Mother—and you, too, Uncle Phil; don't you think you should tell what you've found out? Now, didn't Randolph Laidlaw leave a daughter?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Appleby, gloomily, "he did!"

"Come," said Phil urgently; "is it about the Laidlaw fortune? I suppose you've heard that all the money's gone—that she's a pauper. What's the odds? I don't think she cares a snap of her finger about the money."

"No—not about the money!" whispered Nancy, her eyes desperately searching Mr. Appleby's face for some clue to the truth.

"Is that it, Uncle Phil?"

Mr. Appleby wet his lips. "No—that is not it," he answered painfully. "No—but I have seen Miss Margaret Laidlaw. I have seen her, and I have also seen Randolph Laidlaw's daughter. It's all been a sad mistake. Miss Robinson is not she, at all.

"Miss Robinson," said Mr. Appleby, gloomily, his chubby face wrinkled with concern, "I need scarcely say how much it distresses me to have to tell you this. Sit down, I beg of you. You may as well hear it all. We ourselves have always wondered what had become of the Laidlaw child, and when you told about yourself, and about all the curious happenings at Mrs. Munger's, we naturally enough jumped to the most natural conclusion in the world. But," continued Mr. Appleby, slowly and with impressive regret; "we never should have said a word to you about these Laidlaws until we were certain of our facts. I shall never forgive myself for it.

"But you see," he continued earnestly, "my sister and I knew you suspected some connection between yourself and that old friend of ours, Randolph Laidlaw, so there wasn't much choice left to us. At all events, we thought it best to let you know we were investigating, and we also wished to warn you against the shock of too great a disappointment. My sister here—I think she spoke to you about it, yesterday?" Mr. Appleby looked at Mrs. Harding, and then energetically bobbed his head.

"Well, I put in the advertisement, and yesterday I got an answer—not yours, sir! The idea! Impudence!" Mr. Appleby got up, thrust his handkerchief into his coat tails, and plumped down into his chair again. "It was from Miss Laidlaw herself. She lives in West Tenth Street, just this side of Greenwich Avenue; and at quarter past eight last night I went up to the house—she's been living there since Randolph Laidlaw died, you know—and the long and short of it is, that I saw her, and she showed me his daughter.

"Last night," said Mr. Appleby, mopping his brows again, "I went up to the West Tenth Street house. It was a plain, brick dwelling, rather modest, I thought for the Laidlaws. The fact is, all the Laidlaw fortune is gone. Humph!" Mr. Appleby cleared his throat nervously, embarrassed again, since Phil's dead father had been accused of stealing this Laidlaw money. "Well, I rang the bell," said Mr. Appleby, "and as I stood in the vestibule, I could see some one dimly through the glass, moving at the further end of the hall. They took a precious long time, too, about letting me in and I had to ring again

"THEN the door was opened, and in the hall I saw an elderly woman—slight, a little stoop-shouldered, and, as far as I could make out, quietly, but well-dressed—black silk, you know, and a piece of lace over her shoulders.

"'Madam,' said I, after I'd taken a look at her; 'you'll pardon me, but—hm-m-mh!—is this Miss Laidlaw or Mrs.—?' Then I stopped, you know, because I disliked bringing in that—er—ahem! I mean that fellow's name—well, Sidney Harding, if I've got to say it. 'I prefer to be called Miss Laidlaw,' she said dully; 'you doubtless know the reason why.'

"Yes, I know well enough. 'Well, madam,' said I politely; 'of course you'll want to know why I put in that advertisement.' Humph! She just nodded at me dully, just about as cold and dumb as an oyster. 'Yes, ma'am,' said I, a little ruffled now, because I could see she was determined not to say anything until she found out what took me there. 'Well, Miss Laidlaw,' said I, and started in to lead up gradually to my real business—this business about you, Miss Robinson. I told her, 'I've come about the old matter of the papers. Yes, ma'am.'

"'The papers?' she exclaimed, sitting up, astonished: 'What papers do you mean?'

"I told her. 'Don't you remember the papers Mr. Laidlaw wrote us about? Just before he died, he sent word he had some papers to hand to my brother-in-law. I've come to ask whether by any chance you ever happened to find them.'

"No; it appeared she hadn't found them—or so she said. 'Mr. Appleby,' she said, half getting up out of her chair, 'I don't know anything about your papers. You might have written this to me—I have sickness in this house, and I didn't know it was about the papers you wished to see me. Is that why you came? Is that all?'

"I begged her to sit down again. 'Miss Laidlaw,' said I, dropping my voice, 'maybe your sister knows where those papers are. Will you tell me where I can find her?'

"Humph! 'Mr. Appleby,' said she, loudly and pretty nervous she was, too, I could see, by the way she hung on to the chair arms, 'why have you come here to rake up an old trouble? What have *you* got to do with it?' It was as if she'd really guessed I was

"With a Shudder of Distress, Nancy Raised a Hand to Her Cheek, and Breathed Deeply. 'Mrs. Munger My Mother?—She!—*My Mother!*"

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only beating around the bush. You see I knew nothing at all about her sister. I didn't know whether she was there in the house with her, or where she was. It was just a leap in the dark. Says she: 'Mr. Appleby,'—angry and resentful, too, as she had every right to be at my interrogation—'Mr. Appleby, I don't know where my sister is. I haven't seen her for years.' Humph! 'Not for seventeen years,' she went on; 'I don't know what's become of her. You have no right to meddle!' she cried, raising her voice at me. 'You have no right to drag up my trouble like this.'

"I HADN'T; that was a fact! But—'One moment, madam, if you please,' I said politely. 'You don't know where she is but I think I do; only I'd like to make sure.' Well, Miss Laidlaw got up out of her chair and then sat right down again. 'You have found her?' she cried, and I could see that no matter how the two had fallen out, she'd like to know well enough.

"'Madam,' said I, once she'd caught her breath, 'have you ever heard of a Mrs. Munger?' 'Mrs. Munger?' she stopped a moment. 'No, I never heard the name. Even if it is my sister, she can't possibly have your papers. My stepbrother and she hadn't spoken to each other for months before he died.'

"That was news to me though it all became clear enough, when I heard why the sisters separated. 'Madam,' I asked her, 'is your sister a large, dark-faced woman who walks with a limp?'

"She sat down again and began to think. 'A limp—a dark woman with a limp?' she repeated. 'I don't know,' she said, 'how am I to remember when I haven't seen her for years?' Then she struggled up in her chair and threw out her hands. 'Oh, Mr. Appleby, is this Mrs. Munger—do you think she's the one? Oh, let me go and get her back to me. I want to get her back—I do—I do. I want to get her back and keep her, just as we were when we were happy together—just as we were when we were two young girls—oh, Mr. Appleby! I've prayed God to bring my sister back to me, as she was, when we were two girls together.'"

NANCY looked up swiftly. "Tell me, please," she said hurriedly; "what did Miss Laidlaw look like?"

Mr. Appleby thought for a moment. "She was a medium-sized woman, a little bent over, and very pale." Nancy nodded, and Mr. Appleby went on. "She was quite near-sighted, as I've said, and then——"

"And spectacles?" inquired Nancy, quickly.

Mr. Appleby shook his head. "No, but I thought she'd forgotten her glasses. Why?"

Nancy disregarded the question. "Was she very plainly dressed—dowdily, in fact? And did she have dull, light brown hair?"

Mr. Appleby, puzzled, shook his head again. "No, on the contrary, she was nicely dressed. The lace on her shoulders was quite fine, I should say, quite old and expensive. As to her hair,—why her hair was very gray—almost white, in fact. Then she wore a magnificent diamond brooch at her throat, and her rings—well, they were beautiful. I got a good look at them when she reached out her hands at me, begging to get her sister back. Why do you ask?"

Nancy sat back in her chair with a little gesture of defeat. "It isn't anything, Mr. Appleby. I wondered whether I'd ever seen her."

"Well," said Mr. Appleby, going on with his story, "of course I felt no doubt now of who Mrs. Munger was, and Miss Laidlaw seemed to think so too—or, rather, she made no further effort to dispute it. 'Mr. Appleby,' said she, 'how did you find out all this?' She was pretty worried about it now, hating to talk of her trouble, you see, yet wanting to hear all about her sister. 'How did you find out?' she asked, and I told her, lowering my voice because I'd heard some one in the next room. But Miss Laidlaw told me to go on; the person was only a nurse and wouldn't understand what we were talking about. 'Well, ma'am, in rather a strange way,' said I and I told her all about the curious happenings at Mrs. Munger's; how she'd moved out of the house behind us when we came along, and about the album you'd found in the garret, and the book with the Laidlaw name in it; only I didn't tell her about you, you understand, Miss Robinson. I was holding back that business about the Laidlaw child, so that I'd have some sort of a climax—Hm-m-mh!—it was a climax, but not just the kind of a climax that I'd anticipated.

"'My dear madam,' said I, leaning back and grinning at her like a fool, 'the person who told me this, and the one who has the album, is Randolph Laidlaw's daughter.'"

Mr. Appleby screwed his face into a rueful scowl. "Huh! It was ridiculous!—absurd!—a piece of imbecile tomfoolery!" he grunted, with another wry face; "I ought to have been ashamed of making such a clown of myself!

"'Randolph Laidlaw's daughter!' repeated Miss Laidlaw, looking at me, as if I'd lost my wits; 'Randolph Laidlaw's daughter! did you say?'

"'Yes, ma'am; she's living with Mrs. Munger!' I answered, nodding and smiling, and ready to enjoy her amazement. But instead of what I expected, Miss Laidlaw gripped her hands together, and sat back staring.

"'Mr. Appleby,' said she, in a curious voice, 'Randolph Laidlaw's daughter is here in this house with *me!* I don't know what you mean! Why, the child has been in my charge ever since my stepbrother died!' And so she had! So she had!" exclaimed Mr. Appleby. Thrusting his hands into his pockets Mr. Appleby sat back with a gesture of finality. It was his signal the tale was told, so far as he was concerned.

When he finished, Nancy sank her chin into her hand, and thought; or rather, she tried to think. The others silently detached, waited, all three with their eyes focused on her. "So you saw her, then? You saw Randolph Laidlaw's daughter?"

Mr. Appleby slowly nodded. "Yes,—I saw her. She has been an invalid all her life—a cripple. Poor thing, poor unfortunate child; she may be dead even now, for when I saw her, she was not expected to live. Poor Miss Laidlaw, too! She stood with the tears streaming down her face when she took me up to see Randolph Laidlaw's daughter. I felt sorry for the woman. 'Pon my soul, I did."

"Is there anything else—anything you haven't told me yet? If there is, I'd like to hear it. Above all do you know who I am?" she demanded, in a whisper shrill and distinct.

"My dear child," he said ponderously; "after the Laidlaw sister went away to make a home for herself, she had a child—a daughter. Miss Margaret told me so just before I left her. I leave you to form your own conclusions."

A spot of color burned brightly for an instant on the girl's cheeks, and then faded as the pallor crept up in her face. "A daughter!" she murmured, her eyes widening at him. "A daughter! Mrs. Munger—a daughter?"

With a shudder of distress, Nancy raised a hand to her cheek, and breathed deeply. "Mrs. Munger *my mother!*—She!—my mother! Oh! but then how could she have treated me so? How *could* she!"

"My dear, dear child," said Mr. Appleby, pityingly; "when the Laidlaw sisters parted—when Mrs. Munger went away, why—well, my dear young girl, the fact is, she ran off with her sister's husband—with Sidney Harding. I'm afraid the man is your father."

SO Nancy had learned; here, at last, was the solution—the key to her perplexities of Nancy *Who?* and Nancy *What?* All her dreams were rendered now in an answer that was itself a nightmare more grotesque and embittering than even the hopelessness of being left in doubt. She arose to her feet, her mouth drawn in the struggle of trying to hide the pain of it, and steadying herself by her chair, the girl drew a hand across her brow.

"I understand, Mr. Appleby. It's quite clear to me." The little gilt clock ticking on the mantel, with a preliminary whir, struck the hour on its chime, and she turned her eyes to it confusedly. "I must be going now. I must get home—back to Mrs. Munger's. That's really my home, after all. She'll be expecting me, and I've been away a long while now."

Mrs. Harding got up from her chair, and spoke to her softly. "You mustn't go like this, my dear. I wish you to stay and let me talk to you. Please stay a little while, at least."

"No," said Nancy.

"But, my dear—besides, you have neither hat nor coat; you must wait to let me send you home in a carriage." She looked at Phil, as she said this; and the young man, understanding, nodded back at his mother. When the door closed behind him, Nancy looked up again.

"You can see how it is, Mrs. Harding. I must go back to Mrs. Munger's and begin all over again."

THE older woman tried to say something, but Nancy smiled and shook her head. "No, I've been carried on into dreaming I was like other girls, and now I've got to learn I'm not. You see, I've never had the childhood they have, and when your son came I began to think that maybe I'd have something to make up for all I'd missed when I was a little girl. I could afford to let all that go, because this new happiness was going to be so great that I'd forget all I had missed. It seemed too wicked to think I should be allowed to taste such joy, only to have it all taken away from me. But it's so—it's so. Now I must go back to Mrs. Munger's."

Phil returned in time to hear Nancy's last remark.

"Mother," he said, quietly; "we can't let her go back to that house. You know what you yourself think."

Mrs. Harding sighed gently. "Miss Robinson—Nancy, if I may call you so, since my son wills it, you must stay here with us now. It will not do for you, after this, to return to Mrs. Munger's."

Nancy raised her eyes. "No, Mrs. Harding," she said, "I am very grateful; but I must get back as soon as I can."

Mrs. Harding drew a deep breath; it was plain the girl had not clearly perceived her meaning.

"My dear, you do not understand. You are to stay here always—to live here until you and my boy have made a home for yourselves. He has asked it; but oh, Nancy, Nancy!" she cried, rising and stretching out her hands to the girl; "you will try to make him happy—you will, won't you?"

Nancy walked swiftly to her, and took the two outstretched hands.

"I understand—but I cannot!" she answered quietly; and at this Phil started with a gesture of protest.

"Nancy!"

Mrs. Harding leaned forward, and laid her hand on Nancy's shoulder. "My dear," said she, softly, "I think if it ever happens you become my daughter, I shall be proud of you. Your answer now is not final, I am sure. You will change your mind."

"No," said Nancy; "I shall not change it. I cannot ruin his life. I love him too much."

"I know you do," said his mother, gently; "but it is not that. I know my son, and that is the reason why you will marry him. He will never give you up."

Mr. Appleby, silently drawing in his upper lip, got up and drifted to the mantel. After elaborately staring at the clock, and then as elaborately consulting his watch, he twitched at his forelock thoughtfully, and wandered to the door where Nancy was standing.

"Good-by, Mrs. Harding," said Nancy, restrained now, and only a little pale; "I am going."

MRS. MUNGER was at home and waiting. She sat in her bedroom, her eyes fastened before her on vacancy, her outstretched hand clinging to the handle of her cane. A dull, portentous fire burned in her heavy-lidded eyes; she was breathing deeply while she ruminated; and now and then a thick, grunting murmur rumbled in her chest.

As the door opened, her heavy eyes turned to it, and a silence followed. Then afterward:—"So you have come back," said Mrs. Munger, the words uttered with a slow rumbling like thunder answering to the light darting from her eyes. "You've come back, have you?" she repeated with a grim but determined heaviness.

Nancy closed the door, and leaned against it, with her hand still on the knob. "Yes, I have come back," she said unintently. "I have come to ask you whether you'll let me stay here now?"

"*Hey?*" Mrs. Munger's brooding darkness launched itself away. Then as a light seemed to break in on her mind's shadowing uncertainty, her features gradually composed themselves into a fixed, disparaging leer. "Ho!" she croaked, slowly rising, "and so you've heard something, hey? They've told you!" she cried, knowing it; "and your young whippersnapper's turned you adrift? Oh ho! Is that it, eh?"

It seemed to Nancy as if in that pregnant moment all her past life with Mrs. Munger raised itself to stream by in a vivid parade, every detail of it crying a new claim to rouse her to undying bitterness. For this was her own mother—the woman who had borne her, and the knowledge of it added a new shame to the misery she already felt—shame for the mother who could have treated her child like that!

"Well—are you going to tell me?" jeered Mrs.

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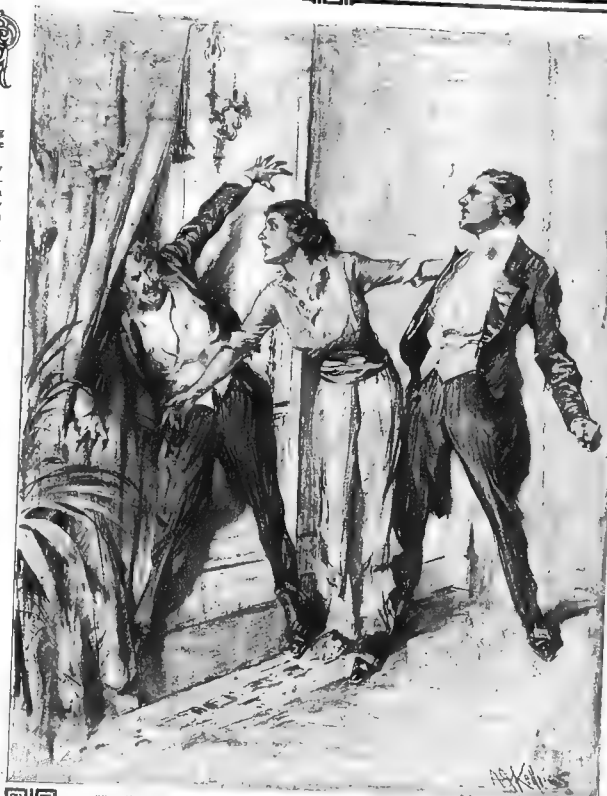

"No—No, No! It's Abominable, and You Can't! Can't!' She Cried, Fiercely Sobbing It. 'Don't You Realize Who He Is? I Tell You, You Shall Not! Let Him Go!'"

Munger, tilting her head on one shoulder.

"No! why should I?" answered Nancy in a tone of weary dullness. "You know what I have been told,—and why should I speak of it to you? It shames me even to think of it. All I ask of you is to let me stay here where I belong. Perhaps some day I shall be able to reason it all out, but now it seems so unbelievable that I can't bring myself to think of it. I understand all —everything, of course, but what you've done to me all these years. I suppose, though, it's only the way women like you must treat their children. I want you to understand, though, that you'll never be anything except *Mrs. Munger* to me. I can't ever think of you—or ever call you—by that other name *—never!*"

A faint color gathered in Mrs. Munger's flabby cheeks and then spread in a flood to her brow and neck. Then her eyes shifted to the floor, and went cruising away into the far corners, darted aside and came drifting back. Guilt wrote itself in every line of her face; her eyes stole back to Nancy, and, once meeting the girl's clear look, they leaped away again.

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Munger, shamefully. Then her stick clattering loosely against the furniture, she fled from the room as if pursued.

Nancy had indeed come home.

Promptly at eight o'clock on the Sunday evening following, the drawing-room at Mrs. Munger's again began to fill itself. As before, the guests came singly as a rule, yet in such increasing numbers that it became more and more apparent that the night's entertainment had been planned with a far greater elaboration than the hostess had ever before attempted.

In view of the trying circumstances that had gone before, any other woman less decisive than Mrs. Munger might have postponed her entertaining to a more agreeable moment. But there was the old, familiar hostess; there was the same old "So good of you to come," as each guest entered the drawing-room.

"Oh—Mr. Alfuente," Mrs. Munger's dull eyes awoke with a little gleam of remembrance, and instead of releasing the not too tidy musician's hand, she clung to it long enough to get her vague thoughts into order. "If you haven't anything for to-morrow morning, come up here and see me. I want to talk about music lessons for that—that girl. Say twelve o'clock, about, if that suits you." The Signore, who would have expressed his pleasure, had she given him time, felt himself gently propelled onward by the hand that still held his; and Mrs. Munger turned to the next newcomer.

"So good of you—" She stopped as her eyes raised themselves. "Huh! so you got here, did you?"

Miss Freedlark was there, her pale fawning eyes playing a duet of cheerfulness with her grinning teeth. Before she had a chance to reply, however, the hostess had turned indifferently to greet the next in turn. And Nancy was there, dowdily attired as of yore, with her hair snaked back into a knot like a housemaid's done up for the morning.

Again the room had filled to the walls. Again each picture held its close and anxious critic; the usual maneuvering resumed itself to inspect Mrs. Munger's numerous articles of virtu. The butler appeared again at the door and announced in a loud voice: "Mr. Gaylord!"

Nancy's eyes leaped up swiftly from her hands. And, as the lean, hawk-like visage of Mr. Gaylord disclosed itself, elegantly stroking a whisker with his finger-tips, the last tint of color in her face faded and left her pale and wide-eyed. The cool eyes quizzically took in the floral decorations and the room's crowding guests.

"Well, madam—and how goes it?"

Mr. Gaylord dropped leisurely into the chair at Mrs. Munger's side, and looked at her idly. "Quite an evening for the herd, isn't it?" he observed genially, his eyes resting with a meaning smile first on the guests then on the room's decorations. "And something, to eat for them, after they have pranced." He smiled a little more broadly. "The simple pleasures of the peasantry," said Mr. Gaylord, and rippled with laughter at the thought.

Again the leaping fire in the dull eyes; Mrs. Munger bit her lip. Had it been Miss Maria, instead, Miss Maria would have wept. But Mrs. Munger, biting her lip, only shook a little, and when she looked back at him, her nostrils had widened ominously. "If you don't like it, then," she remarked, with a slow and threatening rancor, "what brings you here so often? Oh—you want to know what I mean? Well, I tell you I'm tired of your sneers. Tired of the way you've come here and stuck up your nose for years. Now, if you don't like it, clear out and let me alone. I'll keep on paying up, but you needn't come here."

Mr. Gaylord looked up with a quick start of surprise. "Oh, come, now," he expostulated.

"I mean it!" she answered, her jaw undershot and her slumberous eyes now crackling sparks like a static discharge. "I've stood it as long as I'm going to."

He looked into her face sharply, and then threw a swift glance around the room. "What's wrong with you?" he demanded under his breath; "have you told me all that's happened? Look here!" He stared at her an instant, a searching look, alert and suspicious. "What really went on the other night? Are you holding anything back?"

"I've told you all there is to tell. It's settled and I'm not going to talk of it any more. But you mind what I say." She scowled at him full in the face as she said it. "You'll be civil when you come here—or you won't come at all." Lurching to her feet, she stared past Mr. Gaylord to the corner of the room, and there her eye suddenly lighted on Nancy.

THE girl sat with her fingers still clasped together, and her gaze fastened on the man by Mrs. Munger's side. One would have had difficulty to read what lay behind her dense expression; but as Mrs. Munger arose, Nancy lifted her eyes from the man and turned them on the woman. A shudder started through her slender frame, leaving a deepened pallor on her face. For in that moment the full realization came to Nancy, and she knew, sensing with an utter submission to despair, the misery of her condition.

Mrs. Munger, unaided except by her stick, heaved her way across the room. "Play us a little something, won't you?" she asked, and there was that same uncertainty and downright uneasiness in her tone now that had marked her recent speech to the girl. Nancy went to the piano.

When the music came to an end there was a burst of polite applause; and as through a fog, hazily, Nancy saw Mrs. Munger again bearing down on the piano. At her heels, the rumpled musician followed.

"Here you, girl—" Mrs. Munger paused uncomfortably, realizing apparently that her tone was the old, surly, commanding one of the time when she frankly domineered. "I mean—will you see that Mr. Alfuente has what he wants?"

She went back to her chair after that, ignoring Mr. Gaylord, who, by this time, had so far recovered himself as to be able to look around him coolly; and leaning on her stick, sat back with a gentle sigh. "Tired?" asked Mr. Gaylord, casually; but as Mrs. Munger didn't answer, he smiled idly, and then with a less confident scowl, went at his finger-nibbling anew. "Oh, suit yourself!" he sneered and said no more.

How Nancy survived the evening's ordeal, even she could not have told. It dragged interminably, and as Mrs. Munger arose to give her supper signal to

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her guests—to those whom the genial Mr. Gaylord had so genially likened to our dumb friends—her eye again wandered toward Nancy. "Play!" signaled Mrs. Munger's lips, as she jerked her head toward the piano; and again Nancy drifted across the room, but as she went by the perturbed Mr. Gaylord, with an almost imperceptible movement, she drew her skirt aside to keep it from touching his outstretched boot.

The guests, streaming away in Mrs. Munger's wake, flocked through the double doors leading to the dining-room; the room was emptied, yet Mr. Gaylord remained, still tugging furiously at his whiskers. A look of covert wonder and dismay, perhaps fear, seemed to have ousted every other expression from his usually scornful features. "If—" he muttered under his breath; and then saying no more, Mr. Gaylord wandered off at the heels of the guests. .

The girl's head sank forward dispiritedly, and the music came to an end. There were no tears in her eyes as she rested her forehead on her arm; she had not been able yet to find in her arid misery the woman's solace of tears. But why weep when there was nothing to be gained from it? Tears were not a thing to salve a wo like hers. Hour by hour, she might pour out whole torrents of grief, and the flood might rise up around her until she stood in a briny ocean of tears; yet when the tears were shed and there were no more left to weep, there would be still that same implacable shame of wo that neither time, nor tears, nor grief ever could assuage.

"Nancy!"

She heard the whispered name, still leaning forward with her face buried in her arm. For the instant, she believed it only an echo sprung from her disordered thought. "Phil!—Phil!" she whispered; and then forgetting all her resolution, the decision of her poor, frail little will—the resolve that they must never see each other again, Nancy forgot utterly what she had so decided must be, and clung desperately to his hands. "Oh, Phil!" she whispered brokenly; "I can't stand it much longer."

He was quiet for a moment. "Nancy, why wouldn't you see me this morning—and yesterday—and the day before? You wouldn't even answer my letters."

"No—I know." She sat back from him, listless and dreary again. "To live here and to have always to face what I know, is bad enough, but, Phil—go away, Phil—and please, please don't come back again. I won't be able to stand it if you don't let me forget."

He waited until she had grown calm again. "Dear, listen to me. Come away from this place. Come away with me, to-night, and be married." But Nancy had begun shaking her head wildly as soon as his lips formed the words.

"And face your mother when I've dragged you down to me?" she questioned, forcing out the words. "No, Phil; not that, either for your sake or mine. For the sake of both of us, I can't do it. Don't ask me to tell you so again—ever—ever, Phil. Because if you—why, what is it?"

SHE broke off, looking up at him wonderingly, perhaps a little frightened, for so far from looking at her, he had raised his head to stare across the room to the corner where heavy draperies hung over a door. Through the curtains a face peered idly for a moment, and then a man slipped forward into the room.

It was Mr. Gaylord, and he did not see the two at the piano,—or if he did, he did not realize.

"Phil! *What is it?*"

A palm at the piano's side hid Phil Harding as he stood upright; the man thoughtfully pacing the room's other end could not see him. In the boy's face was wonder, startled and bewildering; then his hands clenched themselves together at his side with a start of understanding. Waiting a moment, he walked swiftly and noiselessly across the floor; and at that moment Mr. Gaylord had turned, still thoughtfully, to stare at the wall before him. Something was troubling Mrs. Munger's usually cool and confident friend. The young man going toward him, reached out a hand and gripped Mr. Gaylord by the shoulder.

"Let's have a look at you," said Phil Harding, whirling around his astonished captive until they were face to face. "So it's Mr. Sidney Harding, is it?—my dear Uncle Sidney!"

In that sudden juncture of alarm and rage, the hawk-like face lost its usual habit of scornful aplomb, and convulsed itself into an ugly scowl. "Hands off, you young cub!" snarled Mr. Gaylord; or, more properly speaking, Mr. Sidney Harding. For it was he, indeed,—Mr. Sidney Harding—who had so long paraded under the alias of Mr. Gaylord. "Hands off, I say! How dare you lay hands on me!"

His nephew, having satisfied himself as to Mr. Gaylord's real identity—this Mr. Gaylord whom he had for days suspected in Nancy's chance references to him—at once flung him loose with a gesture that drove Uncle Sidney floundering against the wall. "You young rascal!" the man growled, and Phil laughed at him mirthlessly, with a scorn that sent the blood mounting into the hawk-like face. "You young rascal! I'll make you pay for this!" Nancy looked on helplessly.

For until to-night the girl had never so much as dreamed the real significance of Mr. Gaylord's presence in that curious household. Then Mr. Gaylord, announced suddenly at the drawing-room door, had as suddenly revealed himself to Nancy in his true relation both to her and Mrs. Munger. For, in so many words, Mr. Gaylord was her father.

But Phil had known—or, rather, he had guessed. "So it's my dear Uncle Sidney, is it?" he laughed scornfully, "who has been setting his friend, Mrs. Munger, on my trail? Speak up, Uncle Sid; what *is* the swindle?" He stepped nearer as he spoke, and the contemptuous laugh went out of his face, and left him white, his jaw squared determinedly. "Answer me!" he gritted out.

Then the man leaning against the wall said something beneath his breath. What happened afterward was very swift. But quick as was the swinging forward of one form against the other, Nancy was almost as quick.

"No—no, no! It's abominable, and you can't! Can't!" she cried, fiercely sobbing it. "Don't you realize who he is? I tell you, you shall not! Let him go!"

The boy, white and shaking, flung the man away from him again. "Did you hear what he said? The dog!" he growled. "It was about my father."

Nancy pushed him aside. "You must go—go home, Mr. Gaylord," she whispered, panting with terror and excitement. "Get your hat and coat, please, and go quickly. The others will be coming in here. They must not see you."

Mr. Gaylord—or Sidney Harding, if you choose—gave his nephew another mocking sneer and went out. The hangings dropped behind him, and then Nancy turned to the boy.

"Phil—oh, my heart's breaking!" she wailed, and buried her face in her arm, when for the first time the tears came streaming, abjectly and with no courage left to restrain them.

"Will you go with me now—to-night?" he asked. Out in the hall footfalls sounded on the stairs; the door slammed as Mr. Gaylord departed. Then Nancy raised her face.

"Give me a little time to think, Phil. I can't drag you down like this, when you have everything before you. Let me try to reason it out. I know it's wrong—wicked of me; but I'd like to think of it a little while. Just to think of it, Phil, if nothing else. Go now, won't you?"

MONDAY—a bright April morning—and the day after Mrs. Munger's notable Sunday evening. In West Seventy-fifth Street, the first housemaids after the dawn had just begun their early labors of sweeping off the stoops, when a gray, patient, weary figure alighted from a Columbus Avenue car. In the slight form, stoop-shouldered, frail, and dowdily attired, one detached something familiar; and though the features were obscured by a thick veil there was a hint from behind gold-framed spectacles, of uneasy, tired eyes. They were red-rimmed eyes, too—forlorn and pitiable; for this was Miss Maria, who had come home at last.

Early as the hour was, Nancy had already risen. Now, wan and slow, she came down the stairs in Mrs. Munger's at that exact and precise moment when the other figure, also slow and wan, dragged herself up the stairs, outside.

Mounting like one that treads a ladder to the gallows, Miss Maria blindly fumbled for the bell; and then, after she had rung, what little strength she possessed seemed to leave her. Pushing back her veil, she leaned against the wall of the vestibule, and gagged with a sob that racked her from head to foot.

"Why—Miss Maria!"

The gray figure turned dumbly and swayed into the hall. She looked at Nancy dully, in her eyes that fixity of expression one notes in the staring orbs of a sleepwalker. And, shaking out a sob that seemed at last to break open the springs of grief, the hot tears pouring down her face, she clutched at Nancy's hands. "Oh, be kind—kind to me!—just a little kind!" she wailed, and clung to the girl. "Oh, Nancy! I haven't always been wicked and cruel. No—no, no!" wept Miss Maria, in a choking voice. "I've been a little good—a little kind, too, haven't I, Nancy? Tell me I haven't always been cruel and wicked!"

"What is *this?*" gurgled a thick, freezing voice. "Maria!"

In the emotion of that strained moment neither had heard Mrs. Munger stumping down the stairs. She stood now above them, a hand on the balusters, the other gripping her cane; and her face was white and angry.

At the first word, Miss Maria turned. With outstretched hands, she plunged toward the thunder-faced woman on the stairs.

"Oh, Judie—Judie! It's all, all over! My baby's gone. She died at midnight. Be good to me—a little kind. I had to come to you! Oh, Judie, Judie!—because my heart is broken."

The wrath died instantly out of Mrs Munger's face, she appeared to understand. "Gone?" she cried in an undertone. "Oh!" said Mrs. Munger, in a rumbling voice that was almost, if not quite, a groan. "*Gone!*" she repeated, and with that still echoing hollowly in her throat, Mrs. Munger hobbled down the few remaining stairs; and with the first show of tenderness and compassion Nancy had ever known her to reveal, she reached out her arms and drew the wailing, clinging Miss Maria to her breast. "My poor, poor girl!" uttered Mrs. Munger; and then a single tear gemmed her puffy eyelid, and like at least one drop of the gentle rain of Heaven, fell in its quality of mercy, twice-blessed, on the head buried in her arms.

"THERE! there!—Hush!" soothed Mrs. Munger. "Come, now; I'll take you up to your room," she said; and putting a stalwart arm around the other's shoulders, she waved Nancy away with a fierce toss of her head; and turned slowly to the stairs. Step by step upward, her hand gripping the rail, Mrs. Munger climbed, lurching powerfully at every tread, and with each lurch, dragging Miss Maria with her. "Poor, poor girl!" croaked Mrs. Munger; and then the two passed from sight around the bend of the stairs.

But as Nancy turned away, she heard one last wail break sobbingly from Miss Maria's lips. "Oh, Judie—*dear* Judie! Now say you'll give it up! Say you're willing now!"

Upstairs, in her room, Miss Maria had been put to bed; and Mrs. Munger, sitting beside the sufferer, had ordered a tray sent up for herself. Two hours passed, and then Mrs. Munger emerged, bearing the tray in her hands.

"Order my carriage at once," she said, "and be quick about it!"

"Shall I stay with Miss Maria while you're out?" asked Nancy, patiently.

"No," grunted Mrs. Munger, crisply. "Keep out of here."

In a very few moments Mrs. Munger, attired in a black turban, a black wrap, black gloves, and a sable veil, came down the stairs. She looked at Nancy roughly, grunted, and pushed on toward the door, and went out on her way.

"Well," murmured Nancy, reflectively. Biting her lip again, she slowly climbed the staircase. "I will!" she said with determination, going up; and ten minutes later, when she appeared in hat and jacket, "I will!—I *just will!*" she repeated coming down. "I'll hear what she says, anyway."

If Nancy, at the precise moment she came down the steps of Mrs. Munger's, had thought to look toward the distant avenue, her eye might had descried Uncle Sidney, alias Mr. Gaylord, but she looked neither to the right nor left. She slowly descended the steps; a few minutes later, apparently to his great relief, she turned the corner on her way to the Seventy-second Street station of the "L" road without seeing him. A Sixth Avenue train was

FIVE BIG SHORT STORIES IN JANUARY

ON page 3 of this issue, announcement is made of our plan to distribute $3,000 in cash bonuses to the authors of the best short stories published in PICTORIAL REVIEW during 1915. You are to decide who gets the prizes. The contest begins with January, with five stirring, strong, human stories by well-known authors.

THE January fiction is just a sample of what we are going to have from now on. For instance, there is a thrilling story of the European war by Molly Elliot Seawell that will win your breathless interest.

FROM now on PICTORIAL REVIEW will publish each month from five to eight short stories by the best, most famous writers in the English language—which, with the four big serials to be published during the year, make an aggregation of fiction mighty hard to beat.

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just drawing up to the platform as she arrived there. She boarded the train and got off at Eighth Street station.

Nancy's mission was an adventurous one. Since the hour when Mr. Appleby had described his interview with Miss Laidlaw, and at the same time had revealed not only the fact that Miss Laidlaw was Nancy's aunt, but that Mrs. Munger was Nancy's mother, the girl had been trying to make up her mind to call on her new-found relative. But why?—some one will ask. Why? Well, deep down in Nancy's mind was a thought that she might throw herself on her aunt's mercy, and beg for shelter under a roof, which after all was, at the least, respectable. So armed by her decision, Nancy plunged down into Tenth Street, and almost instantly looked around her with astonishment.

Like a blaze of light, remembrance flashed through her mind! She knew! That day Miss Maria had brought her away from Mrs. Munger's to play with a crippled child. This was the house, and that child must have been the Laidlaw child! But *why* had Miss Maria brought her here? And *what* had Miss Maria to do with it? Nancy looked up sharply at the silent windows; they were closed and their shades were tightly drawn—all but the window of that one room where the stricken child had sat—drooling, blind-eyed in its vacuity of mind. *That* window was now raised a narrow six inches or so, and its lowered curtain flapped slowly back and forth. Marching straight up the steps to the door, she rang the bell.

FOOTFALLS sounded within the quiet house—a heavy tread that marked time to a *thump, thump, thump,* as if some one knocked in answer to the peal of the bell. The noise kept on, growing more distinct, and then she heard other footfalls moving briskly on the basement stairs; they paused and it seemed to Nancy that she heard a voice mumble out an order to the approaching servant. Afterward a door closed in the near-by passage; the knob rattled, as a hand sprang the catch, and Nancy drew in her breath.

"If you please," she said nervously, "I would like to see Miss Margaret Laidlaw."

"She's not here, ma'am," said the maid, speaking from behind the half-opened door, and still clinging to the knob.

"Not in? When will Miss Laidlaw be at home?"

Without answering, the servant drew in her head, and conversed in even more lowered tones, apparently with some one standing behind her.

"Just a moment, ma'am," said the servant and with no further apology or explanation calmly closed the door in Nancy's face. Then through the glass dimly, she saw a form flit across the hall; and just as she had made up her mind that Miss Margaret Laidlaw stood inside and that she had reasons for not wishing to meet her sister's daughter the door was slowly opened, and the servant reappeared.

"Please to come in, ma'am," she said, and made way for Nancy to pass.

The little parlor into which she was shown was long and narrow, its further end lost in darkness. Down the middle a long table stretched; and as Nancy's eyes strained through the gloom, she saw vaguely at the table's other end, a heavier bulk of shadow, immobile and large. Some one was standing there, a hand resting on the table's edge, and across the sombrous space between, a ghostly face stared fixedly at hers.

"Oh!" exclaimed Nancy; "Miss Laidlaw!"—and then, as the figure lurched forward: "*Mrs. Munger!*"

It was, indeed, Mrs. Munger. She lumbered across the room and gripped the girl by the wrist. "So you've tracked me here at last, have you?" she hissed beneath her breath. "So you've snooped, and followed, and spied regardless, here to this house of death? Now, what in God's name *is* it you want to know?" she cried, forgetting all else in her blazing exasperation. "What do you wish to know?"

"I wish to know nothing from you," she answered. "It was enough when I learned you were my mother."

"Huh!" Mrs. Munger expressed no surprise; her grunt was half-way between a sneer and a snarl. "Well, isn't that enough to satisfy you?"

Nancy smiled wanly. "Yes, quite enough."

"Then what did you come here for?"

NANCY raised her eyes to the face pressed close to hers. "I came here to see my aunt, Margaret Laidlaw. I came to ask her to help me. I wanted her to give me a decent home."

On Mrs. Munger's face there grew a look, first of gaping stupefaction; then, as the girl went on, of a growing, derisive, unaccountable jocundity, largely in its merry and amazed contempt. A shout of laughter—that was as suddenly stilled, however,—burst unexpectedly from her lips; and she rocked back her head, and gazed at Nancy with her jaws working frantically together. "Oh, ho!" tittered Mrs. Munger, in a thick, throaty giggle, "so you wanted *her* to take care of you? Ho! ho! and well, miss!" she cried, suddenly beginning to lick her lips, "since it's a home you wish—oh, I think I'll die of it—well, we'll go right to our home on the instant! Come!" she ordered, and there all her impious laughter died out, and left her face screwed up into an ugly frown. "Come along now!" she said, and tightened her grip on Nancy's wrist. "Ask her for a home!—and oh, to think a daughter of mine should be such a fool!"

They went out into the street, Mrs. Munger still clinging to Nancy's wrist. Hobbling to the crossing, she raised her stick, and began furiously signaling to a carriage that stood half-way down the block. Presently, the drowsy coachman saw the beckoning figure, and picked up his lines; and as the equipage drew near, Nancy recognized it and the lame and halt roans with their jingling pole chains.

"Home!" growled Mrs. Munger, and thrust Nancy inside. Home again—and what a home, indeed! Licking her lips and wheezing, Mrs. Munger grasped her cane, and edging forward in her seat, she had the door opened before the brougham had come to the curb.

"Get out!" she growled. Leaning on her stick she heaved up the steps, fished in her reticule for a passkey, waved Nancy inside, then following, slammed the door behind her.

"Now, my girl," said Mrs. Munger, darkly, "we'll talk it all over. You're my daughter—yes! And you know who your father is, too—huh! Very well, then!" she observed, unlocking the door of her private room; "mother and daughter'll go in here, for a while, and talk this over from start to finish. I'm going to tell you all about it!" she cried in a mocking voice, brutal in its slumbering wrath, "because I want to get it all clear in your head. So now—now——"

MRS. MUNGER stopped, drew in her breath, while her jaw slowly fell. She stood with her fingers still on the knob, the door opened, and her eyes riveted on the room inside. A momentary spasm in her throat passed, leaving her jaws grinding together fiercely; and Mrs. Munger hopped forward and raised a terrible cry.

For there stood Mrs. Munger's desk with its lid pried open and broken; and there was her safe with its door swinging wide; papers littered the floor; over all this devastation, a fallen inkwell had splashed a torrent of black which had been ground in deeper amid the ruin by some ruthless heel.

Again Mrs. Munger's voice raised itself, echoing through the quiet house. She flung herself on her knees, snatching at the papers. "Gone! Gone! Lost!—Stolen!" She raised her lamentation almost to the keyed-up stridency of a howl. "Stolen—Gone!—Gone!" she wailed.

"Mrs. Munger!" gasped Nancy.

Then her eyes rolled around till she saw the girl at the door; and a terrible transformation spread over her convulsed and twitching features. With a quick movement, she reached out a claw and dragged Nancy into the room. Panting now, hoisting up her breath with an effort, Mrs. Munger slammed the door, and with a groping hand outstretched to support her, she planted her back against it. "Give them up! Give them up!" she choked, "you took them—give me back my Laidlaw papers."

Outside in the hall, there was a scurry of feet; some one drummed frantically on the panels; an equally frantic voice begged Mrs. Munger to open; and to add to the uproar, the door-bell, with a shrill, startling insistency, began to clatter in spurts.

Nancy clenched both hands at her side, and bent a frightened look at the swaying woman.

"The Laidlaw papers! How did *you* get them Mrs. Munger?" she cried.

Mrs. Munger made no answer to Nancy's question. Into her face had suddenly come a brick-red glow, flinging its signals widely. "You can't g-go—leave the room—t-till I—I—my papers." One hand reached up, wandering to her throat. "Why, I—I—I feel so——"

"Mrs. Munger! Mrs. Munger! You are *not* my mother! You have not told me the truth. Where did you get the Laidlaw papers?"

AGAIN a fierce drumming on the panels, and Miss Maria's piercing voice, crying: "Let me in! Judie —Judie! Let me in!"

For one instant Mrs. Munger stared at Nancy blindly, her eyelids fluttering. "I—I—why, I cannot—uh!—what——"

Then moaning once, she swayed, recovered herself, and then with a groan, pitched forward on her face. Mrs. Munger's promised stroke had come.

Poor Nancy! As the heavy, staggering figure swayed forward, the girl had put out a hand to catch Mrs. Munger before she fell. But her arm owned not strength to support a bulk like that; she had been thrust backward by the weight. Recovering herself, she raised her voice in a cry of alarm, and then fell on her knees beside the prostrate woman. The girl made one ineffectual effort to drag Mrs. Munger's form away. Then she reached over and turned the key; outside, all were shoving against the panels, and the door slowly moved inward.

Miss Maria, aroused from her bed by Mrs. Munger's shout, had sprung down the stairs without waiting to rearrange her attire. "*Judie!*" she cried, as her eyes fell on the stricken figure. "Oh, Judie!—are you dead?"

Nancy had taken Mrs. Munger's head in her lap. "Get a doctor—some one! Quick!" Maggie stood in the doorway, her mouth agape, and over her shoulder peered the startled face of Signore Alfuente. He had come, it appeared, to keep his engagement with Mrs. Munger, arriving at the crucial moment of that encounter in the private room.

Miss Maria's eyes suddenly had grown hard. "What happened?" she demanded, and then she raised an accusing finger. "You did this. You're to blame! You've killed my poor sister—it was you!"

Both Maggie and the Signore had departed, the musician comprehending at last what was required of him.

"She's not dead," said Nancy, struggling to keep her wits; "you can hear her breathe."

Miss Maria shoved Nancy away. She took Mrs. Munger's vast figure in her arms, and rocked her like a

(*Continued on Page* 38)

Little Noise o' the Dark

A Bedtime Jingle for Little Tots

By Lotta Miller

I've got some goody news to tell—just hark!
I used to be afraid of the Noise o' the Dark,
It hid in the shadows of our old house
And watched like a pussy cat watches a mouse,
To frighten wee folks when they went to bed
If they were bad—that's what every one said.

Oh, Noise o' the Dark
You scared me—just hark!
When I crept in bed
I covered my head!

But once I was sick and I dreamed one came
To pay me a visit. 'Twasn't wild, but tame
And little and round and furry and fat
And cunning and cute like my own pussy cat.
It jumped on my bed and said in my ear—
"I never would hurt you, so please have no fear."

Oh, Noise o' the Dark
I like you—just hark!
No more when in bed
Will I hide my head!

Then I heard more noise in the dark, and oh!
It seemed that there must be a hundred or so
Of little darks each with the tiniest gun
Which they kept a-poppin' at me just for fun.
But I didn't jump when they shot them all,
For the bullets were soft and ever so small!

Oh, Noise o' the Dark
I'm not scared for hark!
I heard you just say
No harm'd come my way.

The whole troop soon scampered out of the room
Just as though they'd been swished away with a broom.
And I opened my eyes and laughed right out
'Til Mama asked me what it was all about.
I told her no more would I cry for the light
When I went to sleep in my beddie at night.

No, Noise o' the Dark
I'm not scared—for hark!
I know you just play
Because you are gay.

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When Ladd's Ship Came In

An Old-Fashioned Christmas Story

By

Alice Louise Lee

Illustrations by F. C. Yohn

THE afternoon before Christmas, Robert Sternway, manager of the Central Pennsylvania Lumber Company, sat in his office at the upper camp, frowning at the weather and filling the air with tobacco smoke. The sky was overcast, and snowflakes were driving before the rising wind. Outside, lanterns were flashing back and forth, and men were shouting to each other in speech which bore the impress of German, Pennsylvania Dutch, or slangy United States.

Suddenly the door of the office was flung open and a shaggy head appeared in the opening. A lantern was held high to enable the caller to see the manager's head above the desk, while a guttural German voice commenced, "Can *Ich*——"

Sternway waved his cigar "Yes—get out! Parsons will be at Pineville the day after Christmas at three o'clock to get the men. See to it that you gather yourself in there then!"

The man grinned. "*Ja, Ich* come. See! *Kinder*," he held up a bulging flour sack for the manager's inspection.

Sternway nodded. "Some of your whittling I suppose. Well, take this and buy candy for the *Kinder*." He tossed a silver dollar toward the door.

"Danks," came with a jolly laugh as the dollar was caught and the door closed.

Sternway sighed. "Only half a dozen of 'em with no home to keep Christmas in—half a dozen and I," he added with a glance around the unfinished room.

A few minutes later a big lumber wagon, loaded with men and drawn by two heavy black horses left the barn and took the rough river trail to Pineville, the nearest railroad station, ten miles away. The men were scattering to their homes for Christmas. In front of the office they raised a shout that echoed through the camp.

"Three cheers for Sternway! Merry Christmas!"

The manager threw open the door and yelled back, "Good for ye, boys! Have one yourselves!"

Then, as the wagon rumbled out of sight Sternway stood a moment looking moodily about. The camp lay in a clearing on the banks of the West Fork just above the falls. On all sides rose the wooded hills. Below the office, among the stumps was the cook house, and beyond, the bunk houses, the barns and the blacksmith's shop. Near the edge of the clearing stood a few squatty shacks inhabited by the men who preferred a draughty dirty home to a warm, overpopulated bunk house. One shack belonged to the German, Jake Anderson, who was riding away in the lumber wagon. Jake spent his evenings whittling.

Sternway shut the door, lighted his lamp and drew the shades, but he could not shut out the loneliness. In one corner of the room a one-legged parrot sat on a perch. Sternway attempted to arouse it, and received a nip on the hand. A big, bob-tailed cat lay beside the hot stove and refused to wake up. A great Dane was sprawled beside the desk. He consented to open his eyes, but his gaze was so reproachful that his master allowed him to go to sleep again. Home was, to Sternway, the room which contained the one-legged parrot, the bob-tailed cat and the great Dane. Very few people suspected him of an occasional longing for another sort of home.

Throwing himself into his chair behind the desk, he looked at the clock and frowned. "Four hours to kill!" he muttered pulling discontentedly at his iron-gray mustache. He had killed half an hour by means of a magazine and a cigar, when footsteps sounded outside and the door rattled under an uncertain knock.

"Who the devil!" Sternway muttered. Not a man in camp would be guilty of rapping at his door. He took the cigar from his mouth but did not move his feet. "Come in!" he shouted.

The door swung back admitting a man whose head and shoulders only were visible to the manager over the high top of the desk. He wore a gray cap, snow powdered. It was a good cap, but the hair over which it was drawn was uncut and the face beneath it covered with a three weeks' growth of reddish beard. On his back was bound a small pack.

"Good evening," said the man. "Are you the manager?" His tone was thin and weak.

"You've struck it right this time," returned Sternway in his big, hearty voice, "Have a chair. Did you walk from Pineville?"

HE nodded but disregarded the invitation to sit down. He advanced slowly toward the desk, fumbling in his pockets.

Sternway saw that his fingers were numb. He saw, also, his overcoat was light in weight and pinned up about the neck to conceal the absence of a shirt collar, as well as to add warmth.

Producing a three weeks' old newspaper, the man laid it on the desk with shaking hands, and pointed to an advertisement which Sternway had long since withdrawn. "You want men."

Sternway hesitated, cleared his throat, and slowly shook his head. "I did want men," he returned with a significant emphasis on the "did." "Every place has been filled these two weeks. In fact," he spoke reluctantly, "we have more men now than we can use to advantage. The camp is new. We're just beginning to clean off these hills—next year we can use twice our present number."

An expression of bewilderment settled on the thin face. "Next year—no—I must have money—now. I—I thought—if I could get work—" he came to a stop, his head bent, looking down behind the desk.

"If you had come sooner—" the manager began.

"I couldn't," interrupted the man hoarsely. "I started soon enough but—I couldn't get here any sooner—I walked."

"From where?"

"Shedd's Corners, near Scranton."

"Scranton—Oh! You're in the coal strike!"

The other nodded. He did not look up. "I run an engine. There's six men for every place around there, and I thought there's always work in plenty in a lumber camp." He swallowed and moistened his lips. "I've got to earn money."

STERNWAY drummed on the arms of his chair repeating musingly, "Walked, eh?"

The man's lips moved a moment before he could control them. "Yes, walked and worked our way. That's what took the time." He raised his heavy lids a moment, his gray eyes scanning the manager's face. What he saw there evidently encouraged him to continue, although haltingly. "I will do anything, anything that'll bring money. I—I owe a man. I've got to have money, and I thought—thought that if you'd hire me, you'd advance——"

Instantly Sternway's face hardened. His manner became brusque. His feet dropped with a bang to the floor. His judgment was formed. He gave a short, dry laugh. "Advance nothing. I'm through with that. Wouldn't advance you a red cent if I could take you on, which I can't." He arose with an air of finality.

"You can stay in camp to-night of course. I wouldn't turn a dog out in such a night, ten miles from nowhere. Go over to the cook house and fill up. Tell the cook I say he's to let you in the bunk house for the night and give you your breakfast, and—"

The speech came to an abrupt end. Sternway, coming around the corner of the desk, intent on showing the man the way to the cook house, chanced on an object he had no idea the room held.

"By the Lord Harry!" he exclaimed, "Who's this?"

"Ladd," the man replied, "Ladd Harvey. He's the reason I couldn't get here before."

What the manager saw was a morsel of a boy hugged against the back of the desk and swallowing valiantly in the vain attempt to prevent the tears from rolling over his freckled cheeks and a nose which, as yet, consisted mostly of a small upturned end. Five might have been the sum total of his years. He wore a cap with flaps fastened over his ears by a rubber beneath his chin. His coat had been ample for a four years' growth of boy, but made tight connections over a five years'.

What Ladd saw was a big, grizzled man with deep set eyes and a furrowed face that softened and changed and curiously worked, the moment his eyes encountered the shy, anxious child eyes.

"By the Lord Harry!" repeated the manager. "You carried the child all the way from——"

He interrupted himself. Stooping over he swung the child up to his shoulder by a pair of pipe stem legs to which the brief leggings did not add much size. The touch of his hands, the friendly solidity of his shoulder, the expression on his upturned face, suddenly stayed the child's silent tears and brought a smile of delight. It had been a long time since any one had played with him.

"Hello, up there!" said Sternway, "what's the weather report?"

Ladd clung to the grizzled head to balance himself, and dug his worn heels with a fearful

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joy into his captor's broad chest. All that he understood of the question was the word "weather."

"I wath cold," replied the child.

He was pulled down into the manager's arms.

"By the Lord Harry!" ejaculated Sternway again, "and hungry?"

"Yeth," fearlessly.

"He had a dinner," said the father quickly. There was an emphasis on the pronoun.

"Come along," said Sternway roughly. His tone was rough to hide an emotion which the child, held against his broad breast, felt without understanding. It merely robbed the heavy voice and big presence of all terror. Across the clearing he strode, hatless and minus his top coat, Ladd in his arms.

"Light enough now," he thought, "but at the end of a ten mile stretch of unmade road and in the teeth of this wind—Jupiter!"

After him stumbled the father staggering and swaying, almost spent. His body was numbed by fatigue and cold. His mind was numbed by the long strain of his quest and its failure. The snow, beating in his face, blinded him. His feet were so heavy they hit against every obstacle in the rough path. In the cook house at the long pine table he sat, dull and inert, unable to take a thought for the morrow. The only sensation that was alert was hunger. He ate ravenously, falling asleep with his last cupful of coffee untouched, his elbow on the table, his head on his hand.

The boy, on Sternway's knee, ate with the healthy abandon of childhood, and his appetite was soon appeased. In the presence of Sam, the jolly round faced cook, his shyness returned, and, despite Sam's best efforts, he could not be drawn from the stronghold of the manager's arms.

"Wall," drawled the cook at last, "I know every blamed animal that can git loose tags at your heels but I never seen you with a kid before."

Sternway laughed like a boy and tumbling the child's hair with a gentle hand, put his mouth close to a small outstanding ear and began to whisper.

"Yeth," assented Ladd shyly. "But Father alwayth watheth me. Will you?"

Sternway laughed again. "Guess between us we can make you clean." He turned to the cook and nodded at Harvey. "He's all in. Get him to the bunk house. Ladd promises to stay with me."

The father arose unsteadily. "I—I'll take him with me. He's a good boy, and he seems to take to you, but I'm afraid he'd talk you blind."

STERNWAY brought his hand down on the table with a joyful thump. "Don't let that worry you for a minute. You turn in and sleep for the next twenty hours. We'll get you up in time for the Christmas dinner—eh, Sam? We're going to eat a Christmas dinner here to-morrow with chicken and all the trimmings——"

There was an agitated movement in Sternway's arms. Ladd wriggled himself free and slipped to the floor where he stood with small feet far apart, his coat open, a shock of silky tow-colored hair tumbled about an excited face.

"Ith to-morrow Chrithmath?" he demanded shrilly.

"It certainly is," returned Sternway.

The child turned reproachfully on his father. "You thaid," he accused, "that Chrithmath wathn't comin' thith year."

Ladd's father leaned against the table. His lips worked silently. He pushed back his unkempt hair with a trembling hand.

"It—it can't come this year to you, Ladd. That's what I meant," he said.

The excitement died out of the child's eyes. A wave of acute disappointment swept over his little freckled, tear-stained face. His tousled head sank dejectedly. The manager cleared his throat loudly. The cook disappeared into the kitchen. The father raised his eyes apologetically, miserably to Sternway, and opened his lips as though to make an explanation, but, thinking better of it, bent down and whispered,

"Ladd, Father's brave little man, you shall have a Christmas when Father's ship comes in."

Sternway heard the whisper and cleared his throat again until the wonder was that he had any throat left.

Ladd's quivering lip stiffened. "Then to-morrow won't be Chrithmath," he returned lingeringly.

"Not for Ladd." The father's whisper was broken. He swallowed and stood upright. He did not look at Sternway again.

"Sam," roared Sternway in a voice which would have indicated a devouring rage to the uninitiated, "where are you? Didn't I tell you to take Harvey to the bunk house?"

Sam, nothing daunted, leisurely appeared, and the cook house was presently deserted. All that remained of its late occupants was a pair of tiny red mittens. These lay on the floor near the door and were lifted occasionally by the skirt of the fierce blast that whipped and twisted the pines, and rushed across the clearing, bearing in its mighty arms a stinging cloud of snow.

When Sam returned to the cook house he tossed a small bundle on the table, shivered, filled the stove with wood and finished washing the dishes. Then he took the bundle across the clearing to the manager's quarters. Opening the door without the ceremony of rapping he stepped inside and backing up against it, grinned until his mouth threatened to engulf his ears.

HIS face red and perspiring, Sternway was down on his hands and knees, crawling over the floor, while a small rider beat his sides with animated heels. In a corner the bob-tailed cat hissed frantically. On its perch the parrot, balancing itself on its surviving leg, ruffled out its feathers and squawked. The only dignity in the room was represented by the great Dane who sat near the red-hot stove, his tail curled safely around his feet, his head aloft, his gaze following his master wonderingly. In the middle of the floor lay the manager's massive gold watch, the apple of his eye. Near it was a wilted collar and a tie.

"Say," announced Sam raising his voice, "here's a bundle he sent to ye for the kid."

Ladd slid to the floor panting, dishevelled, delighted. Sternway sat back on his feet and mopped his face. He caught the bundle which Sam tossed across the room.

"Ith my nighty," said Ladd. He looked expectantly at Sternway. "When I have it on I'm wathed."

The manager arose laboriously. "Sam," he said sternly, "I expect some day you'll grin until you have lockjaw. An ounce of prevention—you know the rest!"

Sam's shoulders heaved. He thrust his hands into his pockets and leaned harder against the door. The manager sat down behind his desk and was at once overrun by Ladd.

"Be a nel'funt now," coaxed the boy, his hands on Sternway's knees.

Sternway glanced at the grinning cook and said firmly:

"Ladd, I won't be an elephant—not now, I must get you ready for bed."

"Will you be a nel'funt to-morrow?"

"I—well, I'll see where the mercury stands," Sternway answered cautiously and then raised his voice at Sam. "See here! If you'll swallow that grin and go get a pail of hot water to wash this youngster in, I won't dock your wages till next month. Hustle, if you know what that means."

A pail of hot water, a foot tub, and Ladd assisting and issuing wondering directions and protests finally satisfied the ideas of both man and child as to cleanliness, and Ladd, clad in a long faded night-dress, sat before the fire in Sternway's arms, his little head in the hollow of Sternway's shoulder, his small feet held in Sternway's broad palm.

"I ith glad," he said in sleepy contents "that we're goin' to stay here."

Sternway moved uneasily and made no reply.

The child's head searched a moment for an easier resting place and found it just beneath the man's ear. Then he continued, "It wath cold to get here, but I ith glad we come. Ain't you?"

Sternway's arm tightened about the boy. "Yes, Ladd," he muttered.

"An' we'll play nel'funt 'n' perth to-morrow—" Ladd paused suddenly. "Ith it Crithmath for you to-morrow?"

Again Sternway moved uneasily. "Y-yes," he answered haltingly.

Ladd was still so long that Sternway was sure he had gone to sleep, but suddenly a little voice said wistfully, "If Fatherth thip comes in I can have Chrithmath, too." His tone became hopeful. "I gueth it'll come in to-night—that thip. An' to-morrow will be Crithmath for me 'n' for Father 'n' for you 'n' for the dog 'n' the cat 'n' the——" His voice trailed away into the silent Land of Nod and he slept shielded from hardships by the wonderful optimism of childhood.

Half an hour later, the manager stood in the

(*Continued on Page 64*)

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A Shadowland Christmas

A Holiday Entertainment for School, Church and Home

By

Eleanor Colby

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

THE SHADOW QUEEN
DOCTOR MERRYHEART AND HIS ASSISTANTS
THE HEART CHEF AND ASSISTANTS
THE SHADOW CHARACTERS
THE ICE KIDDIES (TWO GROUPS OF TEN)

Description of Costumes

THE SHADOW QUEEN wears robe of gray cheese-cloth, sleeves lined with pink tarlatan. Her wings are of hat wire covered with tarlatan and spangled with silver "snow." (See picture.) If the entertainment is prepared hurriedly, she may stand at the back of stage and read long recitations.

THE ICE KIDDIES: Group one is of boys of nine or ten, padded. They wear white pajama-like clothes tufted with cotton and sprinkled with imitation snow. They carry suitcases covered with white cloth, containing pop-corn balls. Group two is composed of little fellows with no padding, dressed like the big boys. They carry wee suitcases and munch tiny pop-corn balls. They are supposed to be boys who appeared in group one, and who are melting away in our milder climate.

DOCTOR MERRYHEART AND HIS ASSISTANTS: The Doctor should be fat and jolly. His assistants wear ordinary clothes decorated with paper hearts. (See picture.)

THE HEART CHEF AND HIS ASSISTANTS: The Heart Chef wears a white suit and cap, with red bands. His apron is bordered with red hearts. Mustache is done with burnt cork. His assistants wear white dresses and caps. All carry bowls and spoons.

THE SHADOW CHARACTERS: Newspapers or curtains may be used for these costumes. Ragged edges of the poor children's clothes may be fringed bits of paper pinned to their real clothes.

Stage Setting and Properties

A sheet should be arranged as for ordinary shadow pictures. Icicles of white crêpe paper, dusted with mucilage and imitation snow should be suspended at top and sides. At right of stage is the "throne." This is an armchair covered with gray blankets and decorated with silver tinsel.

For the lighting an electric light is best but any strong light will do, if it can be quickly lighted and extinguished. There should be but one light; cross lights make blurred edges. The only exceptions are in the first and last shadowgraph where the paper elves are used. In those, candles are lighted.

When changing scenes, turn out lights behind sheet and turn on full lights in front.

Patterns of shadow elves can be made from the pictures. They vary from six inches to two feet. Scores may be cut from black tissue-paper. Paste by the tips of caps to a long strip of thin tarlatan, held just behind the sheet. By moving the tarlatan and slightly fanning the elves as the candles are shifted, a weird effect can be produced.

For the shadow "properties," no elaboration is necessary. Some boxes, a plank and wrapping-paper may be grouped to resemble roof. When Santa descends the chimney, he goes down step-ladder hidden behind shadow of the box representing chimney.

The Christmas-tree in the last act may be a real one with real presents to be distributed after the play, but a flat one of paper made on a light wooden framework does just as well.

PROLOGUE

Enter THE ICE KIDDIES (*group one*). *They recite in unison:*

Far off in the land of frost and snow,
Where the huge bergs tower and the icicles grow,
Where Old King Winter in palace of ice
Lives on snowflake cake which he thinks quite nice,
Mister Santa Claus has his wonderful shop
To take a vacation he'll never stop,
Because he has thousands of girls and boys
Whom he must supply with countless toys,
All the grown folks, too, he must remember,
Upon the twenty-fifth day of December;
So Santa is busy the livelong year,
And he often gets tired, which is not queer.
And since you cannot possibly go
Way off to the land of ice and snow,
We have brought his Christmas greetings here,
Greetings of love, and joy, and cheer!
'Twas a terrible trip and we might have fared ill
Had we not each taken a snowball pill.
Old Santa took them down himself
From a box he keeps on the pantry shelf,
And he gave us one for each of you.
They'll be good for your Christmas Heart, 'tis true.
So if Doctor Merryheart is here,
Will he please come forward and pass good cheer?

THE ICE KIDDIES *open their suitcases and empty contents into the "pill-boxes," really large cheese boxes, carried by* DOCTOR M.'S *assistants.* THE ICE KIDDIES *leave stage and* DOCTOR M. *reads a paper from* SANTA *giving the following directions:*

These Christmas snowball pills must be
Eaten with hearts from malice free.
Think a pleasant thought or one that's sweet,
The while your snowball pill you eat.
And before for the night you do depart,
You surely will get a Christmas Heart.

DOCTOR MERRYHEART *followed by his assistants goes down the aisles giving a pop-corn ball and jolly words of advice to each person. Then he returns, saying:*

I wonder where those kiddies are!
Surely they cannot have gone far!

Enter THE ICE KIDDIES (*group two*). *They fan themselves violently as they say in unison:*

After our journey of many a mile,
We planned to remain with you awhile,
But we are used to a house of snow,
And this place is too warm for us, and so
Before we completely melt from sight
We will bid you good cheer, and my good night!

Exit ICE KIDDIES *and enter* SHADOW QUEEN *who sways and waves wand as she sings the following words to the tune of "Oh, I Am the Little New Year, Oh Ho!" Any primary department can give you this music.*

Oh, I am the Shadowland Queen, oh ho!
Softly I come and softly I go.
Often at night when asleep you lie,
My Shadowland people are hovering nigh.
They show you the shapes of things that are
Happening near and happening far.
Haste! Out with the lights no my merry elves
Can show you how they employ themselves!

She waves her wand tapping it three times, and the lights shift. The paper elves' shadows appear. They dance and sway to the music which grows softer as the candles are blown out one by one and the elves fade away. The SHADOW QUEEN *seats herself on throne and gives these orders to her unseen workers:*

Listen, my elves, 'tis the Christmas time,
And in every spot and in every clime
There are sights and scenes that I wish to see.
That's why I have summoned you here to me.
Now, hasten quickly, my merry band,
And after the fashion of Shadowland
Show us how Santa spends his time
In his Christmas shop in that Arctic clime.

SCENE I.

Lights shift. SANTA'S *shadow appears. He is surrounded by sleds, dolls, books, and toys of every sort, and is busy with hammer, saw, scissors, et cetera.* MRS. SANTA *and the small* SANTAS *are helping. The faint sound of sleigh-bells is heard, the* SANTA *family take out armful after armful of toys. Then* SANTA *puts on his pack, kisses his family good-by, and starts on his journey. All is pantomime, the only sound being the jingle of the disappearing sleigh-bells. Lights shift.*

SHADOW QUEEN:

Thank you, my elves, but for your speed
We should have been too late. Indeed
Most of the gifts were stowed away
Before we came, in the big sleigh.
Now show us how the good Saint Nick
Can do his chimney-scaling trick.

SCENE II.

Lights shift. SANTA *is seen coming along a roof. Lights shift.*

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SHADOW QUEEN *continues:*

I never dreamed a man so fat
Could be so skilled an acrobat.
My elves, this jolly shadowgraph
Is making all these children laugh.

(*Lights shift*)

Now we should like to see Saint Nick
As with stealthy tread and motions quick
He crams the stockings that hang in a row
Near the chimney in the room below.
Hasten, my busy little elves
To shift the scene beair yourselves!

SCENE III.

Lights shift. SANTA *is seen filling a row of stockings. He moves stealthily but rapidly, sometimes listening with hand to ear, as he imagines he hears a sound. As he works, the* SHADOW QUEEN *says:*

My what a worker dear Santa is!
No hands can be half as busy as his!
In olden times when the world was small
They say that Santa did it all,
Visiting all of the various lands
And bestowing the gifts with his very own
hands;
But it gave him a siege of nervous prostration
And led to a splendid innovation.

(*Lights shift*)

Now while my elves prepare the next scene
I will tell you exactly what I mean.
For five months and a day Santa stayed in
bed
And there would have been no gifts, it is said,
If Mrs. Santa had not found a way
To get the work done for Christmas day
She said to her husband, "My dear, dear
man,
I have a perfectly splendid plan!
You know it's the Christmas Heart in you
That makes you do the things that you do,
And if every one had a Christmas Heart,
In the Christmas work they could all take
part.
We will start to-morrow, ere rise of sun,
To make Christmas Hearts for every one.
We will send them around by our messengers
swift,
And each one who receives this priceless gift,
Will want to make happiness for others
And to share his blessings with his brothers."
So she called her children, one and all,
And all through the Summer and late into
Fall,
The whole Santa family worked with a will
Making Christmas Hearts for all, until
On December first at eleven at night,
These magic hearts were finished, quite.

There is a knocking at the door and the SHADOW QUEEN *goes hastily behind the curtain, saying:*

I hear mortal's coming, and when they are nigh
We Shadowland people must always fly!

HEART CHIEF *and his assistants enter* HEART CHIEF *says:*

Of all the sciences and all the arts,
There is none like contouring Christmas Hearts
Unless they are mixed with laughter and fun.
They are soggy and tough and underdone,
And if any ingredient is left out,
It will spoil the Christmas Heart no doubt.

Song by HEART CHIEF. (*Tune, "Dixie."*)

Oh, the Christmas Hearts are all the style
To young and old they bring a smile,
They agree, don't you see, with every one.
They bring joy and happiness to all,
Never bring a grief at all,
And the work we won't shirk, for it's lots of fun.

CHORUS. HEART CHIEF *and assistants all stirring in time with the music:*

Oh, we put in lots of kindness,
And love that's true,
And plenty of unselfishness
And of thanksgiving, too.
And we stir, we stir, we stir with joy and laughter!
For joy, and mirth, and love are what we're after!

They repeat chorus going off of the stage and stirring as they go.
SHADOW QUEEN *reappears and says:*

Now that the Heart Chief has shown you the way
That Christmas Hearts are concocted, you may
Like to know how these hearts reach their destination,
For to every land and every nation
They go with their influence kind and sweet.
Making people more gentle and life more complete.
The strangest news that I can impart,
Is, no mortal has e'er seen a Christmas Heart,
For so secretly is the good work done
That no mortal has ever discovered one.
Perhaps some day you woke up with a start
And felt that you had the Christmas Heart,
But how you got it, you never knew,
So my elves will show the secret to you.
The shadow messengers shall appear,
And show you their methods so weird and queer.

SCENE IV.

Lights shift. Messenger boys with strings and strings of paper hearts, weird motions, dramatize in shadow pantomime the following song sung by a quartet behind the screen. Tune, "Sweet and Low."

Soft and light, Soft and light,
We on our mission go.
In the night, in the night,
Over the downy snow.
We go to the palace and cottage too,
Concealing our Christmas Hearts from view.
We have put one in you!
So Merry Christmas and Happy Christmas,
Good night!
(*They exit still keeping time to the music.*)

SHADOW QUEEN:

Now show us what happened to "Miser Jim"
After the Christmas Heart came to him

SCENE V.

OLD MISER *is seen. He brings in a rickety chair and a shabby stand on but ran away. He counts his coins. While he does this some one sings behind the scene this song to the tune of "Castly the Troubadour."*

See the old miser here, old Miser Jim,
He has no Christmas cheer. No one loves him.
He counts his pile of gold with jealous care,
All that his bags will hold, he will not share!

MISER *falls asleep.* SHADOW MESSENGER *tiptoes in and tucks a Christmas Heart into* MISER'S *vest and leaves.* MISER *stirs, wakes, rubs eyes, and mutilates. He takes a money bag, puts on coat and hat and goes out.*

SCENE VI.

MISER *sees children looking longingly into store window. He takes out money bag.*

SCENE VII.

MISER *is seen buying armfuls of toys.*

SCENE VIII.

MISER *gives gifts to the children. They dance and hug him in their glee. They run off and he meets poor old woman and crippled boy. They all go off together.*

SCENE IX.

MISER *brings* DOCTOR *to house of cripple.* DOCTOR *examines leg and apparently intends to cure it.* MISER *takes out goodies from basket. Everybody happy.*

SCENE X.

MISER *crosses the stage with bevy of happy children swarming around him. The music, which has continued very softly, grows louder and these words are heard:*

Children, with childish art, called him their
Jim,
After the Christmas Heart was placed in him.
No longer all alone, he comes and goes,
Every day, all the way, happier he grows.

(*Lights shift*)

SHADOW QUEEN:

Now show upon your shadow screen
How selfish little Miranda Green
Was, ere she had the Christmas Heart,
And what she did afterward, joy to impart.

SCENE XI.

Lights shift. MIRANDA GREEN *filling her toys around her. Ragged children come and stand longingly around. She gathers toys closer. Children go sadly away. She sleeps.* MESSENGER *brings her the Christmas Heart. She stirs and wakes. Her* MOTHER *comes in.* MIRANDA *motions to her toys and indicates that she wants to do something with them.* MIRANDA *and* MOTHER *put on wraps, take basket of toys and go out together. Lights shift.*

SCENE XII.

Lights shift. MIRANDA *and her* MOTHER *are seen filling row of stockings in tenement. They tiptoe out.*

SCENE XIII.

Poor children in nighties and pajamas find stockings and dance with glee. Lights shift.

SHADOW QUEEN:

One picture more we wish to see,
So, elves, please paint a Christmas-tree
Upon your magic shadow screen,
So that it plainly can be seen
How the Christmas Heart in fathers and mothers
Makes them want to give pleasure to all others.
No matter how tired they are themselves,
The hour is late, no haste, my elves!

SCENE XIV.

Lights shift. FATHER *and* MOTHER *trimming Christmas-tree.*

SCENE XV

Children dancing around Christmas-tree.

SCENE XVI.

SHADOW QUEEN *goes behind the curtain and the* SHADOW ELVES' *shadows again are seen weaving on the curtain as she says:*

Now with my merry shadow band,
I must return to Shadowland
I thank you for your kind attention,
And ere I go I want to mention
That if you have a feeling new,
Perhaps 'tis the Christmas Heart in you.
Doctor Merryheart will diagnose your case,
So to him I now will yield my place.
(*Her shadow bows a farewell and lights come on.*)

DOCTOR MERRYHEART:

Now grown-ups all, and children dear,
If you have a feeling that's quite queer,
If you feel your heart with love quite swelling,
And with generosity overwelling,
If happiness you long to impart,
You have a clear case of the Christmas Heart.
If you give this heart plenty of work to do,
It will no doubt remain with you,
All through the days of the coming year.
But if you neglect to do this, I fear
You will get what is termed in science and art,
Fatty degeneration of your Christmas Heart;
For a selfish child who does just as he pleases,
Is likely to get just such horrid diseases.
No more advice have I time to bestow,
For on my rounds I now must go,
And before for your homes you do depart,
Please accept a pretty little heart
Which will serve as a pleasant souvenir,
A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

DOCTOR MERRYHEART *and assistants distribute hearts. These may be heart-shaped boxes of candies and nuts or they may be big heart-shaped cookies, frosted and decorated with candles.*

[CURTAIN]

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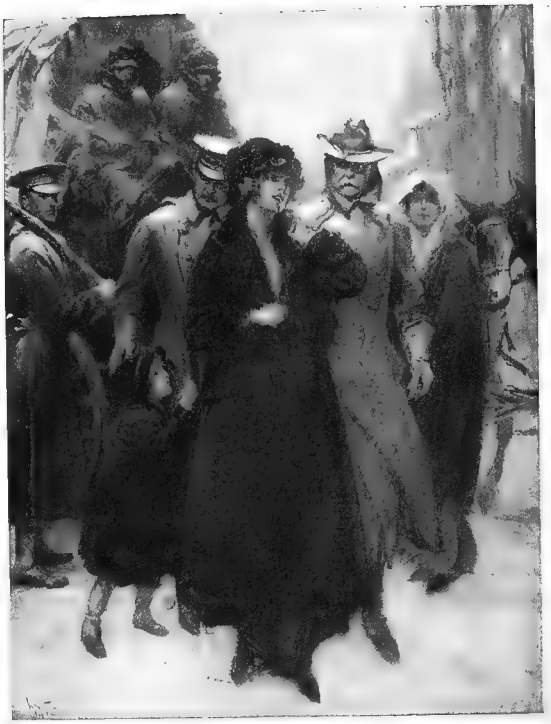
Alias Private Hobbs

The Story of a Small Boy, a Christmas Tree and a Soldier's Love

By
Molly Elliot Seawell
Illustrations by
W. D. Stevens



"'You Haven't Any Business Here,' He Replied Sternly. 'It's No Place for a Woman and I Did All I Could To Discourage the Officers' Wives from Coming. But, as You See, You Are Not the Only Mutineer'"

THE fortress was perched in a cleft of the great mountains of the Northwest; encircled by icy peaks in a vast white world of snow, and was blizzard swept on a November afternoon. Colonel Hardwick, the commanding officer, coming out from the little stone building, joined the junior captain, Dacres, who was officer of the day, and the two, breasting the wild wind, walked toward the quadrangle upon which the headquarters building faced.

"I've always said," snorted the C. O., pulling up the collar of his heavy military overcoat, "that this fort was no place for a woman. If I had a wife, I'd chain her up to keep her from coming here. I'm glad you had the nerve to stand your wife off."

"It wasn't so easy," answered Dacres. "My wife made an awful row about it, but finally agreed to wait until May."

"Right you are," replied the C. O. "I have a theory that men and women cooped up together, where they can see nothing but snow and ice are in a peculiar psychic condition. I always tell the non-coms. to be a little easy on the men in these Winters—the snow gets on the nerves of all of us I daresay."

The C. O. nodded, and turned into the headquarters building. Dacres plowing his way through the blizzard, recognized the sentry at the sally-port. It was Private Hobbs, his "striker," a striker being a soldier detailed when not on other duty, to attend an officer. Private Hobbs, walking up and down in the swirling snow might have stood as a model of a soldier, so straight and slim was he, so amazingly handsome, so admirably set up. Nevertheless, he clutched his musket awkwardly. The sight of Private Hobbs gave Dacres a disagreeable shock. It was of something queer in Private Hobbs that the junior captain was thinking at that instant. First, Private Hobbs looked and spoke and acted in a manner that suggested an officer rather than a private soldier, which in itself was disturbing. Then, he seemed quite unable to keep his eyes off the pictures of Dacres' wife, whose lovely face was seen everywhere a photograph would stick, in the three rooms and a kitchen which constituted Dacres' quarters.

That very day Dacres had opened the door of his bedroom suddenly and had caught Private Hobbs, standing before Evelyn Dacres' picture, his hands clasped above his head and something between a curse and a groan bursting from his lips. As quick as thought Private Hobbs had dropped his arms and had turned a pale but unmoved face on Dacres. The eyes of the two men met, suspicion in one and hatred in the other. Dacres had said no word, but he decided to have a word with Private Hobbs' sergeant, Sergeant Grimshaw, commonly known as "Old Grim," one of the best men that ever wore worsted chevrons. At that very moment Old Grim loomed up in the cloudy whiteness.

"Do you know anything about that man?" asked Dacres of the sergeant, jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward the sentry.

"Only this, sir," answered Sergeant Grim, bringing his teeth together with a snap, "that the fellow's a gentleman ranker—and you know what they are, sir."

"I've suspected it," answered Dacres. "The fellow knows a trifle too much about the habits of officers."

"He's the worst sort of a gentleman ranker, sir," said Old Grim. "He's wore a officer's uniform, or else you may call me a sailor, sir. I seen it from the first. When he's doin' guard duty and the guard turns out, the men reaches for their muskets instinctive-like, but this 'ere Hobbs comes to attention just as if he was the one to receive the salute instead of giv'n' it, and goes fumblin' around for his musket, and when he gets it he carries it most awful."

AS the sergeant was speaking, a faint sound of grinding wheels and tramping mules was borne upon the blast. It was not more than three o'clock in the afternoon but already, darkness and grayness were creeping down upon the snow-swept world. Old Grim put his hand to his ear. Dacres advanced a few steps to hear better. The sentry, his eyes fixed twenty paces in front of him, continued his steady march. The creaking and the grinding and even the stertorous breathing of mules, grew clearer and clearer. Suddenly, out of the heart of the storm, came a sound that seemed a miracle—a woman's laugh, crystal clear, rippling and happy.

Dacres stood as if turned to steel—that laugh came from the lips of his wife. He had thought her three thousand miles away, in the sunshine. And then a child's voice, shrill and merry, was heard faintly—and it was the voice of Jack, his five-year-old boy, and the mother and the little lad were laughing together and chattering joyously, as through the veiling and mysterious snow two covered wagons, each drawn by four mules, toiled up to the sally-port.

The sentry outside the fort challenged them. From the hood of the leading wagon Evelyn Dacres, muffled in furs and a fur cap upon her lovely, delicate head, peered out and spoke to the sentry.

"I am Mrs. Dacres, the wife of Captain Dacres," she said. "I have come with my child to spend Christmas with my husband."

It was as if the words roused the whole fort. Many ears had heard the wagon's approach and many eyes were watching the sally-port. All at once the quadrangle became alive with officers and soldiers, and even the few women at the fort threw cloaks around them and rushed out to see this new arrival.

Dacres sped toward the sally-port, and the C. O. was not far behind him. The wagons drove inside the quadrangle and from the first one sprang Evelyn Dacres, into her husband's arms. After her scrambled Jack, done up like a little Eskimoan his furs, and clung to his father's legs. He got a rapturous kiss from Dacres after Evelyn had withdrawn from her husband's arms, and the C. O. in turn kissed her as he had done when she was a child, for he had known her before Dacres knew her.

"Of all the—" the C. O. began but stopped, not knowing how to end the sentence. But Mrs. Dacres finished it for him.

"Blooming idiots," she laughed. "I know what you want to say, and I know what you and my husband think, but when it got to be toward Christmas time and Jack commenced to ask me what he would do without Papa, I couldn't stand it any longer. And here we are with just a few little things to make ourselves comfortable, because I intend to stay at this post just as long as Captain Dacres does, unless you are cruel enough to send me away, and I know you will never do that."

"You haven't any business here," said the C. O. sternly. "It's no place for a woman and I did all I could to discourage the officers' wives from coming. But, as you see, you are not the only mutineer."

The bakers' dozen of women who had followed their husbands into the frozen zone, suddenly uttered a combined shriek of protest against the C. O. and strangely excited, crowded around Evelyn, greeting her as exiles greet one from their native land.

The C. O., still railing at the ladies, asked them all to dinner that night in honor of Mrs. Dacres. Amid all the kissing and embracing and happy jostling Evelyn Dacres' rich hair came tumbling down her back in a glorious golden glory. Dacres, who was standing off a little, with Jack wound around him like an octopus, took up a tress of his wife's hair and kissed it.

Private Hobbs, who had not once stopped in his steady walk, turned in time to see this and his musket dropped from his hand. For a sentry to drop his musket is a military crime, but in all the commotion and excitement, no one, not even Sergeant Grimshaw, saw it, and Hobbs grasped it instantly and resumed his measured tramp.

FOLLOWED by half the garrison, the C. O. escorted Evelyn to her husband's quarters. In front of the quarters, the two wagons were discharging vast numbers of trunks and boxes and bales.

"Whew-ee!" exclaimed the C. O.

"Of course," replied Evelyn apologetically, "I had to bring a few clothes, and some little things to make our quarters a little attractive."

As Dacres was officer of the day, he could spare but a scant half-hour with his wife and boy, but it was one of those moments of supreme joy which make men believe there is a Heaven. When he was gone Private Hobbs, whose relief had come, together with a couple of soldiers, began to stow away the impedimenta. Jack, who loved soldiers, and found them the finest playmates in the world, swung onto them delightedly, climbing on their backs, wriggling around their legs, and interfering with their work, to their mutual enjoyment.

Evelyn went into the bedroom, plain and simple as becomes a soldier's bivouac, and glancing around the whitewashed walls, saw with smiles and tears, herself repeated in all the phases of her life. She was deadly tired and longing for sleep,

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and in five minutes she had slipped on a white dressing-gown and letting down her long hair, crept into the iron bed and fell at once into a sleep, sweet and deep and dreamless.

She was still sleeping soundly at six o'clock and it had long been pitch dark. Then, into her deep slumber intruded a faint sound that brought her first into the land of dreams and then into the waking world. Some one had opened the door and was putting wood upon the fire, which blazed up suddenly, flooding the room with a rose-red light. She lay still, hovering between two happy worlds, of dreaming and of waking. Presently she grew faintly conscious of some one standing near her, close to the bed, even taking up a tress of her hair and kissing it as her husband had done. She opened her eyes languidly, and close by the bedside stood the man known as Private Hobbs.

The shock of seeing this man, the sudden knowledge that one, who had once been an officer, was now a private soldier and that he was even a part of her husband's household was almost too much for her. She lay still, except for her trembling heart, and her eyes were fixed upon Private Hobbs.

"Yes," he said, answering her eyes. "I'm Granville. I'd have been your husband's senior if I hadn't deserted, and now I'm his striker."

His face, as he uttered these terrible words, made Evelyn shudder and cover her face with her hands, but Hobbs dragged her hands away.

"Of course, you read of my desertion in all the newspapers. I got into bad ways in the Philippines, after you had thrown me over. I came here to the Northwest, and enlisted because I was starving and because the army was the last place. I am a good deal changed, don't you think? I had a beard when I was Granville, but I shaved it off when I became Hobbs—a private in Company B. You may tell on me if you like." Private Hobbs spoke these words with clenched teeth, but I shaved it off when I became Hobbs—a private in Company B. You may tell on me if you like." Private Hobbs spoke these words with clenched teeth, and a note of savagery lurked in his subdued voice.

At this, Evelyn Dacres cried desperately: "But I *must* tell my husband. I have never kept anything from him."

"All right, that means three years in a military prison for me. You've seen those military prisons. The barracks are Heaven compared with them." Private Hobbs' spirits seemed to rise at the notion of a military prison. "You haven't asked my forgiveness," he said lightly, "but I'll be generous. You broke my heart and I ruined my life, and here we are under the same roof! It's six o'clock and the dinner at the Colonel's is seven, so you had better begin to dress. Which trunk do you want in here?"

EVELYN, still white and trembling, made no answer. Private Hobbs went out and in the room across the narrow little passage Evelyn heard the noise of trunks being dragged and opened. She struggled to her feet and stood by the mantelpiece, shivering in her white dressing-gown, although the great fire was blazing brightly.

In another moment, Private Hobbs entered, hauling a big trunk. He had unlocked it and raised the lid.

"I thought the party gowns were in here," he said coolly, "and here they are—*Good night!*"

This remark was addressed to a gown, all pale rose and silver, which he lifted from the tray. "And here are the slippers that go with it." Private Hobbs took out a pair of little silver slippers, and laid them admiringly on the bed with the gown.

"You'll make a sensation at the dances, where the only partners the juniors can have, are the old hens and the chicken brigade."

Thus did Private Hobbs characterize the belles of the garrison—the middle-aged matrons and the school girls.

As he turned, his eye fell upon a chamois bag lying on the floor, and from the bag, and half in and half out of it was a string of diamonds—for Evelyn Dacres was a favorite of Fortune as well as Nature. In her stress, she had not known that the bag had slipped from her neck to the floor. The sight of the sparkling necklace seemed to revive old memories in Private Hobbs.

"I remember this," he said. "I often admired it when we danced together. Do you remember the very last dance we had? It was the night you met Dacres at the military ball. After he was introduced you had no eyes for me. But if you had not met that night—if it had been delayed a single day, you might have married me."

He clasped the necklace around Evelyn Dacres' throat, carefully avoiding touching her milk-white skin—for Private Hobbs, like most men, could not wholly undo God's part in him. Then, he began to whistle softly the strain of a waltz.

"Don't you remember 'Auf Wiedersehen'" he went on. "It was our last dance together, and we youngsters used to sing in the ear of our partner." Private Hobbs caught Evelyn Dacres, mute and unresisting in his arms, and waltzing off, with the beautiful trained grace of a soldier, sang, under his breath, the old refrain:

"My arm around your waist, dear love,
Your little hand in mine,
Your head upon my shoulder, love,
As 'round in the waltz we twine."

Suddenly Dacres' hand was heard on the knob of the door, but before it was opened, Private Hobbs was standing erect and respectful, ten feet away from Evelyn. As Dacres entered, Evelyn ran forward suddenly and threw herself into her husband's arms. The action was unexpected and embarrassing, but Private Hobbs relieved the situation by saying, politely, "Can I do anything more for you, Madam?"

HIS composure steadied Evelyn. With a deep blush, she drew back from Dacres' arms.

"No, I thank you," she replied, and Private Hobbs, returning Dacres' look with a salute, went out of the room.

"You'll have to get used to Hobbs as a lady's maid," said Dacres, once more taking his wife in his arms.

"I daresay Hobbs will do better in that rôle than Sally Halligan, the soldier's wife who is cook and housemaid. It will be rather hard on you after your French maid."

"Nothing is hard as long as I am with you," answered Evelyn, and husband and wife kissed as do those between whom there is perfect love and peace.

The dinner at the C. O.'s quarters was a brilliant success, both from the point of view of the commissary's stores, and the joy and good will that prevailed. Evelyn's bright smiles, her silvery gown and her sparkling diamonds won forgiveness even from the C. O. for her coming.

Dacres had feared that when the first excitement of Evelyn's arrival had worn off, the monotony and dreary aspect of life around her would prey upon her. Never were predictions more falsified. Out of the numerous trunks and boxes and bales, Evelyn produced pink brocade hangings, soft luxurious rugs, lamps and sconces, that gave forth a rosy light; little ornaments and knicknacks and sparkling mirrors. These transformed the commonplace quarters of an army captain into a little nest of luxury. Private Hobbs did the whole work of arranging Evelyn Dacres' beautiful belongings.

Often in the days when Evelyn was alone with Hobbs, who, under her direction was coolly arranging pictures, hanging curtains and spreading rugs, she was so pale and nervous that he felt sorry for her—even a disgraced man and a deserter can feel pity. But when he saw her face, glorified by love and trust, as she sat with Dacres in the evening, by the rosy light of fire and lamp, Private Hobbs felt sorry for himself; he had truly loved this woman—deserters are capable of love as well as pity.

Again, there would be a roguish laughing in his eye, and he would take a sly revenge by humming softly the old strain of "Auf Wiedersehen," smiling wickedly meanwhile. This was meant and understood as a reminder of that last night he had danced with Evelyn, and of his bold claim, that her meeting with Dacres been postponed a single day—perhaps a single hour—she would have been his wife, and not the wife of Dacres. Evelyn would stand for a moment, like a frightened bird poised for flight and then rush away.

She had said at that first meeting, "*I must* tell my husband," but Private Hobbs knew she would not, and could not, being a woman and merciful.

In one thing, however, Private Hobbs excelled. Soldiers as a rule make the finest nurse-maids in the world, take excellent care of the children at a post, teach them manners and morals, and in return, are loved and obeyed by the little lads and lassies. But of all the good soldier nurse-maids, Private Hobbs was the best, and Jack, in saying his prayers, promptly placed Private Hobbs next to his father and mother, with all the other soldiers next. Evelyn felt strangely agitated when Jack, kneeling by her, in his little white nightgown, would say, "Please, dear Jesus, take care of Hobbs and all the soldiers. O Jesus, the soldiers are good fellows, Papa says so, and Hobbs is the best of all the good soldiers."

AS Christmas came on, everybody seemed to catch the Christmas spirit. It was the first Christmas that the fort had ever been garrisoned and it was unanimously determined that it should be a real Christmas. The officers' wives arranged a Christmas festival for the little group of soldiers' wives and children that were in the garrison. The young officers, with a zeal worthy of a more promising field, prepared for a Christmas dance. The C. O. did his part by arranging for a gigantic Christmas tree, at the commandant's house, to which all the children of the post were invited.

A week before Christmas a little cloud appeared upon the horizon. Jack Dacres was suddenly taken ill. The post surgeons hovered around the Dacres' quarters. Jack himself, with the imperiousness of a small invalid, would not let Private Hobbs out of his sight. It was Private Hobbs who could make him take his medicine without balking, and persuade him to accept without protest, gruels in lieu of food.

In two or three days the boy began to mend, but it was quite impossible that he should be at the Christmas eve party at the commandant's house. Jack then clamored for a Christmas tree of his own. They were not easy to get; it meant tramping many miles in the snow toward the little belt of fir trees in a gulch under a precipice. But on the day before Christmas, Private Hobbs appeared with a Christmas tree almost as big as the one at the commandant's quarters.

He carried the huge thing into Dacres' quarters, forcing it through the narrow doors, and set it up in Jack's room. Evelyn brought out some decorations and a box of wax candles which Private Hobbs, with dexterity and taste, fastened on the Christmas tree. Just then the mail orderly with his bag passed the window, and Dacres went across the narrow passage to the little room where he transacted business. An official envelope was among the pile

(*Continued on Page 62*)

"I Can't Read It to You, Sir," He Said, "It Is Too Flattering. Here's My Mark, Though!"

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A Page of Christmas Poster Stamps

Just the Thing To Cut Out and Paste on Your Christmas Packages

By

Grace G. Drayton

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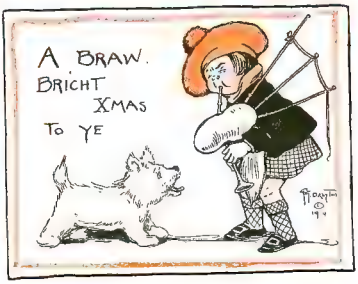

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"The Girl Let the Revolver Cutter to the Floor, and Sank into a Chair without a Word"

The Episode of the Smuggled Diamonds

The Eleventh "Octavius" Story

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrations from photographs by The Edison Company

I FELT certain when Octavius told me that he was going to Europe, that there was something back of his sudden determination to make the trip. I questioned him, and by way of reply, he produced a crumpled newspaper clipping from his pocket and handed it to me.

I glanced over it. It spoke of a series of smuggling operations that had been puzzling the custom officials for months. Large purchases of diamonds were known to have been made in Amsterdam and elsewhere, and there was little or no doubt that they were made in the interests of a certain large diamond importing house in New York, yet none of them had ever been declared for duty on this side. Every effort on the part of the custom officials to discover the smuggler, or the methods which were employed, had resulted in failure.

I handed him back the clipping. "I suppose you have made up your mind to solve the mystery," I said.

"I'm going to have a try at it, anyway," he replied. "I have an idea."

And so he went abroad but did not stay long, and what he did on the other side I never learned. It could not have amounted to much, or he would have spoken about it. All I could get out of him was that he had run up to London and bought himself a pair of military hair-brushes, a bamboo walking-stick and some cigarets. In addition to this and lunching at the Cheshire, he had apparently done nothing at all, but he declares that he had a bully time.

The voyage back, he tells me, was an unusually pleasant one. They had Indian summer weather, and he met a number of interesting people. He kept his eyes open for suspicious-looking persons and found several. The queerest of the lot was a middle-aged German, with a brown beard that Octavius at once decided was false. He was a tall, heavily built man, and his actions were most unusual. All his meals he had served in his stateroom, and he appeared on deck only at an early hour in the morning, when few people were up and about, or at night.

I asked Octavius whether there were not any girls on board. He blushed painfully, and admitted that he had met one.

"She was ripping, positively ripping," he announced with a sigh. "The most delightful girl I've met in a long time."

The girl, it seems, was about twenty-five, and according to Octavius must have been one of the most beautiful creatures upon whom the sun had ever shone. He had met her in the informal way in which people meet on shipboard. She was feeling rather ill one day and Octavius in passing her steamer-chair, noticed it and asked her if he could not do something for her. The upshot of it was that they became great friends.

The girl explained that she had been studying music at one of the German conservatories and was coming home for the first time in two years. She lived in Chicago, she said. I fancy, from what he told me, that he rather forgot the purpose of his trip, he became so interested in the girl. They were looking over the little wireless newspaper published every day, when Octavius found an item which recalled rather forcibly the reasons which had taken him abroad. It was from London, and said that there was every reason to believe that a large consignment of valuable gems had been taken aboard one of the vessels sailing for New York that week, and that the custom officials at the latter city were on the lookout for the smuggler, and prepared to make unusual efforts to effect his capture.

OCTAVIUS called the girl's attention to the item. "This interests me particularly," he said. "You see I'm a detective, on my own hook—a sort of free lance, as it were, and I've made up my mind to catch that smuggler."

She seemed greatly interested. "Isn't that splendid," she exclaimed, regarding him with admiration. "I had an idea that you were something—unusual. Do you suspect any one as yet?"

"Yes," replied Octavius, and he told her about the German with the fuzzy beard.

The girl looked very serious. "That explains it," she said.

"Explains what?" inquired Octavius, not understanding.

"Why, some things I've overheard. Curiously enough, the man of whom you are speaking occupies the stateroom next to mine. I've noticed him frequently, and wondered why he never goes to the saloon for his meals. Only last night I overheard a conversation that puzzled me greatly but what you tell me seems to make it clear."

"What was it?" asked Octavius eagerly.

"Well, he has a traveling companion with him, a sort of secretary I imagine, and they were talking together in their room. I didn't try to overhear them but I couldn't help it. The big man was saying, 'We've got to be careful when we get to New York. The custom officials are on the watch.' And the other one said, 'Oh, don't worry. They won't look inside. Everything will be all right.' It was all in German, of course, but luckily I understand that as well as I do English."

"With n Five Minutes both Octavius's Baggage and His Person Had Been Searched with the Utmost Minuteness"

HE was overjoyed to find his suspicions verified. He felt that he was on the right track, and made up his mind to denounce the German as soon as they arrived in New York. Meanwhile he gave himself up to the enjoyment of the trip.

That afternoon a trifling accident occurred. Miss Blair—that was the name of the young musician from Chicago—was descending with him from the upper deck when she managed in some way to slip and twist her ankle. It was not a serious sprain, but she found some difficulty in walking and Octavius was deeply concerned. He wanted her to see the ship's doctor, but she made light of the matter.

"If you will lend me your cane," she said, "I shall be able to manage very nicely."

Octavius got it for her at once. It was the bamboo stick he had bought in London, and the girl had admired it on a previous occasion. It was both light and strong and with its assistance she was able to go about without the least difficulty, for the remainder of the trip. The girl came up to him, just as they were entering the Narrows.

"Here is your cane," she said. "I can't tell you what a help it has been to me," and she handed him the stick.

Octavius urged her to keep it as a souvenir of the voyage, but she only laughed, and assured him that she no longer had any need for it.

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again before you leave," he said. "Couldn't we dine together this evening?"

She thought the matter over. "I'd like to," she told him. "I have some shopping to do this afternoon, and one or two calls to make, and after that I'll be free. Would it be very awful if I were to come for you at your address, when I get through? You see, I haven't the least idea where I shall be, or when I shall be at liberty, so I can't ask you to meet me." She glanced in some embarrassment at the card he had given her.

"I think it would be splendid," he said, with enthusiasm. "I'll wait there for you."

"All right. It's awfully good of you. And if I can't come for you, I'll telephone you when and where to meet me. Good-by for the present."

"Good-by," exclaimed Octavius, taking her hand. "I've got to go now and locate the smuggler, but I'll surely see you this afternoon."

Octavius gazed after her with a pleased smile. He was very hard hit. Even the diamond smugglers no longer interested him as they had in the beginning. Still his duty was clear. He went to hunt for the two men he had under suspicion.

He found them just as the passengers began to go ashore. The man with the beard hurried down the gang-plank, carrying in one hand a black wood violin case. He was tall and bent, and in addition to his fuzzy brown beard, wore large dark spectacles with tortoise-shell rims. As he descended to the pier he glanced about as though fearful that some one might accost him. Behind him came his companion, a short, young man, very blond, carrying two enormous leather grips.

Octavius followed close at their heels. As soon as he reached the pier, he looked about for an inspector, but they all seemed to be very busy by this time, and had separated. The younger one took his baggage to the space on the pier marked with the letter "O," and sat down on one of the grips to await its examination.

The older man, however, went straight toward the entrance gate with Octavius close behind. He appeared to be looking for some one.

He had nearly reached the gate and Octavius was beginning to fear that he would escape him altogether, when a distinguished-looking man in frock coat and silk hat, quite evidently a foreigner, rushed up to him and greeted him with the utmost effusion.

"My dear Carl," he exclaimed, and kissed the new arrival on both cheeks. Then, locking arms, they continued toward the entrance.

Octavius saw that the time for action had come. He rushed up to the pair and placed his hand on the tall German's shoulder.

"You must not leave the pier until your violin case had been searched," he cried, very much excited, "I am a detective."

The two men turned, and the one with the violin case gave an exclamation of annoyance.

"*Himmel!*" he growled, glaring at Octavius from under his bushy eyebrows.

His companion was even more angry at the suggestion that they be searched.

"You jackass!" he roared, brandishing his cane over Octavius's head. "This is Carl Oberman, the famous violinist. I am Oscar Wallenstein, his manager. I have a special permit." He waved a slip of paper in the air. "Go away, you—you—" he was about to bring the cane down on Octavius's head.

A stockily built man in citizen's clothes, who had been watching Octavius intently, hurried up.

"What's the trouble here?" he demanded.

Octavius drew a card from his pocket. "Here," he said, handing it to the newcomer. "I am a detective. I have reason to believe that this man is a smuggler. I insist that his violin case be searched."

THE stockily built man took the card and read it, and as he did so, a curious smile began to play about the corners of his mouth.

"You are the man I have been looking for," he said, placing his hand on Octavius's arm. "Come along with me. I want to ask you a few questions." Then he turned to the two men before him. "I'll take care of this fellow, Mr. Wallenstein," he remarked, with a significant smile. "I am sorry that he should have annoyed you. Good day."

"Good day," replied Mr. Wallenstein, as he and his companion turned and passed through the gate.

Octavius was thunderstruck. Not only was the man he had suspected making his escape, but it looked as though he himself were under suspicion. He was conducted, satchel in hand, to a private room at one side of the pier. Two uniformed custom officials were there.

"Go through him," the first man said, indicating Octavius with a jerk of his thumb, and within five minutes both Octavius's baggage and his person had been searched with the utmost minuteness, but beyond a few pairs of gloves, nothing dutiable was found.

"Nothing here, Mr. Potter," said one of the inspectors.

"Must be a mistake somewhere," the plain clothes man grumbled. "Kent named him in his wireless. Well, there's nothing to do but let him go." He turned to Octavius. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I had my orders. Can't help these little mistakes once in a while. Some-

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The Episode of the Smuggled Diamonds

(*Continued from Previous Page*)

body's putting a big job over on us, and we've got to find out who it is, if we have to search everybody on the ship. Has Mrs. Hunter been through those women yet?" he asked, turning to one of his assistants.

"Yes sir. Nothing doing. Brooks is hunting for the Frenchman and that English chap now."

"Is that all you want with me?" asked Octavius, stiffly.

"Yes," returned the secret service man. "You may go." He handed Octavius his satchel and held open the door.

Octavius lost no time in making his way to the street. He was furiously angry, and still firmly of the opinion that the smuggled diamonds were in the violin case of Mr. Karl Oberman. He made up his mind, as he drove home in a taxi, that he would locate the violinist as soon as possible and find out whether or not his suspicions were correct.

AS soon as he arrived at the apartment he threw his things on the desk and went down to the restaurant for a hasty lunch. It was nearly three o'clock, and as he didn't know just when Miss Blair would call, he was, of course, obliged to wait in his rooms until he heard from her. In half an hour he was back in the apartment. Looking about the room his eyes fell upon the cane. He picked it up, and regarded it with an affectionate smile. *Her* little hand had grasped this curved handle for three whole days. He pressed the piece of bamboo to his lips.

And then, something attracted his attention. It was a noise, a faint rattling sound inside the cane, that became apparent as he moved the stick.

At first he thought the ferule was loose, but a hasty examination showed that this was not the case. The queer rattling continued, however, every time he shook the cane. It was strange, he thought, that he had not noticed it before. Could there by any chance be anything inside the hollow bamboo? He determined to find out at once. The ferule of the cane was held in place by two tiny screws. He took out his penknife and removed them. Then slipping the ferule off the end of the stick, he peered inside.

A tiny bit of white cotton protruded from the opening. He drew it out. And then, to his utter amazement, there poured out upon the top of the desk a veritable shower of sparkling diamonds.

Octavius sat for a long time, staring at them, and trying to figure out how they came to be there. Here he had been accusing perfectly innocent persons of being smugglers, and he had actually been the criminal himself. The thing seemed utterly absurd. No one had had possession of the cane but Miss Blair, and he would as soon have thought of accusing himself, as of suspecting that innocent schoolgirl of being a smuggler. He felt certain that there was some other explanation of the matter, some curious twist of circumstances that had not yet been made clear.

THERE was only one thing to do, however, and that was to notify the custom people as quickly as possible.

The mere possession of these stones would be sufficient evidence to get him into very serious difficulties, should their presence in his rooms be discovered.

He went to the telephone, and calling up the steamship pier, asked to speak to Mr. Potter. He remembered that this was the name of the man who had ordered him searched.

Word came back that Mr. Potter was out, but would be back soon. Octavius determined to wait. He hesitated to speak to any one else about the matter, and yet he realized that there was danger in delay. He sat down to consider the problem, and while doing so, proceeded to affix the ferule to the end of the cane.

The whole thing left him strangely disquieted.

He made up his mind to say nothing about lending the cane to the girl. It could only involve her in the affair to no purpose.

He glanced at the glittering stones on the table, and realized that it would be better not to leave them there, for his guest to see. She might come to the conclusion that *he* was a smuggler, and he wanted her to think as well of him as possible. Wrapping up the diamonds in his handkerchief, he placed them in his pocket. Then, while waiting, he proceeded to replace the ferule on the cane.

Suddenly the telephone bell rang, and word came from the office that a Miss Blair wished to see him. Her early arrival surprised Octavius greatly; he had not expected her for another hour at least.

She came in, looking as sweet and attractive as ever, and a trifle embarrassed as well.

"I suppose I'm doing an awful thing to come here," she said, "but I got through my shopping ever so much sooner than I expected. I've decided to take the six o'clock train. That leaves us a little over an hour. You may take me to tea, if you like." She glanced about the room and her eyes fell upon the bamboo cane.

"Here's my old friend," she laughed, picking it up. "I don't know what I should ever have done without it."

Octavius gave her a chair, and started a desultory conversation. He didn't know just what to do next. He felt that he ought to get the diamonds into the hands of the custom officials as soon as he possibly could, and yet he did not want to call up the officials while Miss Blair was in the room. Also he wanted to change his collar and tie. A happy thought struck him.

"Wouldn't you like something to drink?" he asked. "I can make you a lemonade, or if you would care to have something stronger, I have some excellent sherry."

She gave him a brilliant smile. "I think it would be simply heavenly. The lemonade, I mean."

"I'll be back in a jiffy," exclaimed Octavius, starting toward the kitchenette at the end of the hall.

JUST what happened after that Octavius never knew. He concluded, however, that as soon as he left the room the girl took a tiny screw-driver from her satchel—he found the tool afterward on his desk—and removed the ferule from the bamboo cane. Her sensations upon discovering nothing inside must have been frightful. When Octavius returned carrying the lemonade, the girl was sitting beside the desk, her eyes upon the floor. On the desk top lay the cane, and beside it the detached ferule, but this Octavius did not observe until later.

He handed the lemonade to the girl and she placed it beside her. Then she arose, and before Octavius realized what had happened, he was gazing into the muzzle of an automatic revolver. The girl's arm was as steady as a rock, and there was a glint in her eyes that made Octavius feel queer. The muzzle of the revolver looked very close and astonishingly large. As Octavius expressed it afterward, he seemed to be looking straight down the pathway to eternity.

"Give me those diamonds!" Miss Blair commanded, in a hard voice.

"But," began Octavius, "I—I don't know what you mean."

"Yes you do. Hand them over, and be quick about it, too. I've no time to waste." The muzzle of the revolver pointed unswervingly at his head.

Octavius's hand went slowly toward the pocket wherein lay the smuggled gems. The girl in sharp tones directed him to hurry. Her manner was no longer sweet and girlish. On the contrary, she was a picture of angry determination.

With nerveless fingers he drew from his pocket the handkerchief containing the diamonds. The girl extended her left hand to receive them. And then without the least warning the door of the room was burst open, and Mr. Potter, the secret service man, stood confronting them.

He took in the situation at a glance and before the girl could turn toward him, had covered her with his revolver.

"Drop that gun!" he commanded, in tones that admitted of no argument.

The girl let the revolver clatter to the floor, and sank into a chair without a word.

"I followed you here on a chance," the secret service man went on. "I was sure there was something between you two. Where are the sparklers?"

"Here they are," said Octavius, placing the handkerchief in the other's hand. "You came just in time. I had hard work to get them."

"You had!" exclaimed the man, starting back. "Aren't you in this thing?"

"Didn't I tell you on the pier," Octavius said, "that I was a detective?"

"But—how did you do it?" Mr. Potter asked, still very much surprised.

"I'll explain that later," said Octavius. "My methods are—well—a trifle unusual, but I never fail."

And would you believe it, when he told the story later to the custom people he actually had the nerve to say that he had suspected the girl all along. Can you beat that?

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*In January we will publish the twelfth and concluding Octavius story, entitled "The Wrong Santa Claus." This and all other Octavius adventures are shown in motion pictures simultaneously with the stories in* PICTORIAL REVIEW.

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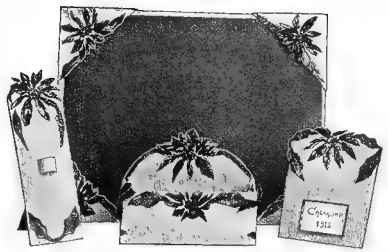
A Dozen Christmas Gifts Any Child Can Make

By

Winnifred Fales

This Would Delight Sister



Crêpe Paper Ornaments Enhance This Easily-Made Desk Set

Velvet and Bead Combination

THE gifts on this page are novel, useful, easily made and, best of all—inexpensive. Fancy bead necklaces are very fashionable, and you'll enjoy making the ones pictured. They are very dainty.

For the velvet one cut a yard and a quarter of half-inch black velvet into six pieces: eleven, four and a half, and seven inches long, two pieces of each length. Hem the ends and join strips with beads; start with one of the longest pieces, run the needle through the corner of one end. String seven small green beads, one yellow, a large oval, a yellow, and seven green; fasten to the next strip. Run the needle across the end to the opposite corner, string seven green, pass needle through yellow and oval, string seven green, and fasten to the other corner of the first strip. Reverse colors in every other group.

A Piqué Twine-Holder

At the bottom of the necklace, instead of joining the beads to the opposite strip, pass the needle through a single green and a large fancy bead, string enough green beads to make a loop two and a half inches. Pass the needle back through the fancy and green beads, through fancy, and make second loop. Join the same way on the opposite ribbon, making three loops to complete tassel.

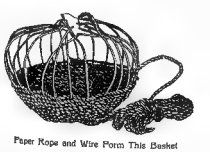
The necklace in the upper left-hand corner is made of groups of jet and light blue beads, separated by chains of small steel beads. To make the latter, two needles are used. Pass both through the same group of three beads, string six on each thread. The pendant is made like the tassel on the velvet chain, except that the strings hang loose.

The twine-holder is made of four sections of white piqué, each four inches long, three inches wide at the top, and curved to a sharp point at the bottom. Outline a section on strong writing-paper. Make the scallops with a thimble. The design is a group of circles surrounded by painted leaves; the ends of ribbon can easily be sketched. Any simple embroidery design will do for this. Work the eyelets. Seam the top sections together, fold up the points but leave an opening for the twine to pass through. Finish seams with briar stitch and run baby ribbon through the eyelets.

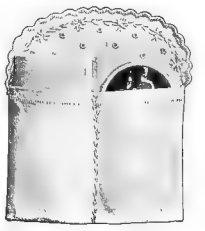
The basket is of black, green and tan-colored paper rope. Cover twenty-five eighteen-inch wires with brown crêpe paper twisted spirally around the wire. Lay two twelve-wire bunches across one another at right angles. Fasten in place with a fine wire. With the left thumb, hold an end of the brown rope against the wires in the center and weave it alternately over twelve wires at a time, once around center, then over and under six, four and two wires, one row each. Thrust one end of the twenty-fifth wire between two of the others, push well into the center, and weave over one and under one, bending the wires to shape the basket. For the black stripes and row that finishes the rim, weave two pieces of rope, one passing over the wire when the other goes under, and vice versa, each piece being carried above and below.

For fancy stripes, wind the green rope once around each wire, above and below brown rope with which the weaving is carried on, simultaneously. Fasten the ends of ropes with glue. To finish the rim of basket, bend the ends of the wire down inside the center of the basket.

Ten Minutes' Work Completes This Calendar



Paper Rope and Wire Form This Basket



A Dainty, Linen Vanity Case

Heavy cardboard is used for the foundations of the desk set. The cardboard for the blotter measures eleven by fourteen inches; for the letter rack, ten by twelve; for the calendar, four and a half by six, and for the penholder three by eight and a half inches. Cover with plain crêpe paper, and decorate with flowers cut from fancy crêpe. The corners of the blotter and loop for the pen have foundations cut from an old window-shade. Dry under weights, insert the blotter, cut the envelope rack like the picture, lace the corners, and paste easel-backs to the calendar and penholder.

"Who's Got the Button?"—the Answer

Calendars make attractive gifts. Cut two panels of different colors, one larger than the other; paste together at corners. Decorate with cut-outs from crêpe or wall-paper, or with any small picture.

The vanity case is an envelope of linen, divided into pockets by featherstitching. The scalloped edge of the flap is decorated with eyelets and a flower-dotted feather-stitched border. After it is finished slip in a mirror and book of powder papers.

The Paper Rope Basket Completed

The button bag is made of two pieces of tan linen bound at the edges with bias strips of brown cambric, and drawn up with narrow brown braid. The design may be sketched on paper and transferred. Tint the owls brown and the branch green. Outline with silk and work the letters with black. Bone buttons, painted yellow, form the eyes.

A little practise may be necessary before you can transfer the design to the linen. After you have sketched it, hold the paper to the window and go over the back of the design with a soft, sharp-pointed pencil, making the lines very black. Then pin the paper, face up, onto the linen and trace the outline once more. This time use a hard, sharp pencil. If you wish you may change the lettering on the bag to read: "Button, button, who's got the button?"

The Man Who Gambles

with money is playing far safer than the man who gambles with health.

Money when lost can sometimes be regained, but health lost—is another matter.

Every person gambles with health who drinks coffee; it contains caffeine, a subtle cumulative drug. It may not seriously affect one at once, because its work is slow—but sure.

Coffee poisoning shows in headache, sleeplessness, indigestion, heart trouble, nervousness, and a dozen and one other aches and pains.

The safe way is to quit coffee and use

POSTUM

It is made of wheat and a small proportion of wholesome molasses, skilfully roasted and blended to produce a delicious Java-like flavour.

You get the rich food value of the grain, in Postum, and it is absolutely free from caffeine, or any other drug.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well-boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—soluble—no boiling—made in the cup with hot water, instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are delicious—cost per cup about the same—sold by Grocers everywhere!

"There's a Reason"

for

POSTUM

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A dollar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar—
"What makes you come so soon?"
"My mother gives me Borden's milk
At morning, night and noon."

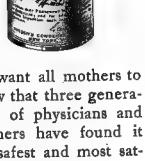
No mother intends to take chances with her baby's food.

She doesn't wish to guess as to its cleanliness and purity.

She wants to *know*.

Such a mother, when for any reason she is unable to nurse her baby, should turn unhesitatingly to—

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL



We want all mothers to know that three generations of physicians and mothers have found it the safest and most satisfactory substitute for mother's milk. We want them to know that more babies are fed on it today than on any other prepared infants' food. We want them to know that its cleanliness and purity have never been questioned.

No mother needs to guess.

She can *know*.

Send for booklets.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
"Leaders of Quality"
New York

Small Space Savers

Making the Most of Every Nook and Corner

By

May Denton

POSSIBLY your home is so large that you do not need to economize space, but find ample accommodation for all your possessions. Not all of us, however, are so fortunate. An anecdote is related of a certain housekeeper who "injoyed missable health," as Uncle Remus says, for a long time. The doctor's pills and tonics seemed to do no good, and in despair, he advised moving to another locality. She very quickly recovered in her new home, and discovered that all her ill health was due to—lack of closet room!

Many housewives can heartily sympathize with this woman who became a nervous wreck in her efforts to fit her household goods into inadequate space, even though they do not succumb as she did. There is little need, however, to give up to discouragement when there are so many practical inventions for utilizing every inch of the house.

IN very few homes will the housewife find all the closet room she wishes. It is one of the things, the more of which you have the more you would like, and the only way to make it seem adequate, is to use system. For instance, there exists a particularly good clothes rack which almost doubles the capacity of the closet. It is designed to be attached to the inside of the closet, and has suspended from an extension frame a separate hanger for each garment. As the door swings open you unlock the extension frame, pull it out and select the garment you wish. Then it is pushed back and locks in place, holding the clothing compactly against the door. It not only economizes room, but the coats and gowns are more conveniently handled, and they are not harassed or wrinkled.

To complete the outfit of your closet place a skirt holder against the wall inside, and you will be surprised to see how much it will contain. The holder is made of a series of pliable steel loops set in a frame which may be screwed to the wall. Skirts or trousers slip in between the springs and are held firmly, hanging in the original folds. Trousers will not need pressing so often, nor will skirts wrinkle, when put away on this rack. The convenience of these garment holders makes them well worth their small cost.

As everything cannot be hung up, even with such handy closet devices as these, it often happens that bureau drawers are uncomfortably congested. When Mrs. Jones was preparing her third layette she wondered where she could ever find a place for all the dainty belongings. Her tiny home was already filled to overflowing, every dresser drawer crowded to the bursting point. A friend came to her rescue with a gift which provided accommodation for all the wee clothes, without taking space needed for other things. This gift was a long cedar-wood box, set on wheels, and just the right height to roll under the bed. It had small handles in the front, and the cover was hinged in the middle so the box need be pulled but half-way out to get at the contents. This orderly method of utilizing waste space so delighted the young mother that she was not content with one box of this sort. She found that they were also obtainable in a matting covered style which was less expensive than the red cedar. These came in several different lengths.

The luxury of the guest-chamber, or in old-fashioned parlance, "the spare room," is not always possible in the small house or apartment, no matter how hospitable the family may be. Right here is where the convertible bed fills the gap. With an extra bed that is really "comfy," a nook may always be found for the unexpected guest. So vastly improved are the newer models over the old-time cumbersome folding beds, that they do not belong in the same class. There is one bed especially well suited for a living-room or library, as it converts into a table. You would never suspect that a bed was folded within the handsome library table. With four simple motions it opens into a comfortable bed, ready for use, with the bed clothing in place. It has many things in its favor: it stands at a convenient height when opened, the bed coverings are well protected from the dust in the daytime, and it is a perfectly practical piece of furniture for use day or night. And, best of all, you get the two for the cost of one bed or table. These table-beds are finished in various sorts of woods.

Still another good convertible bed is of the box couch type that opens out into a full sized bed, when needed. It is made with a strong metal frame, and a thick felt mattress, so arranged that it folds in the middle. Under the couch is a dust-proof box which slides outward as the couch is opened. The hinged cover is easily raised by turning back one side of the mattress.

If your room will not accommodate a couch, you may find space for a window-seat, or a cozy corner in which a settee will fit. In such small places, a narrow couch bed which folds lengthwise into a seat three feet long is useful. This also has a cedar-wood box under it, but one only half the length of the bed. It opens like the larger one, and furnishes a place where the bedclothes may be kept in the daytime. A third model of these metal frame folding beds is made in three sections, and will serve as a small divanette, or, by partly raising one end, as a reclining settee. The upholstery of all these couches is plain denim.

Where more than one person occupies a bedroom, the modern hygienist advises separate beds, but small rooms will not always accommodate twin beds, or even a regulation bed and one of the folding variety. Those who like their own nest at night, and have no space to spare in the day will find the bed which collapses so it may be rolled under an ordinary one very satisfactory. It is not by any means a makeshift arrangement, but as comfortable as you could wish, as it is designed with excellent springs to hold a substantial mattress. Strong casters are permanently attached, and it moves easily, folded or upright. To open it, you raise the end sections, and when two springs are released, it folds up automatically. The bedclothes need not be removed in the daytime, as they are held in place by the lowered ends.

The small house is usually small all over, with the kitchen no exception to the rule. Sometimes the builders squeeze the kitchen into the minimum number of feet needed for a cook-stove and a kitchen cabinet, until the housekeeper's ingenuity is taxed to find a place for her necessary utensils. If shelf room is at a premium in your home, why not invest in a set of aluminum cooking utensils with a detachable handle? These come in four sizes, holding from one to four quarts, and will nest into the space of one. No handles stick out to fill up the shelf, yet it takes only a second to adjust one. Just slip it under the deep rolled edge and move it along until it locks. The detachable handle, too, is always cold, a feature which every cook will appreciate. Each article is fitted with a separate cover, and the material is so durable that they may be used for baking as well as for boiling.

HAVE you ever, when preparing for guests, or doing some special baking, longed for an extra table at your hand? This table perhaps would be in the way at other times, but you needed it so badly just then! Have you seen the folding tray wagons, rolling on small rubber-tired wheels? They are made of steel, will bear considerable weight, but when not in use can be folded into compact form, and stowed away behind the door, in a corner, or under the stairs. The finish is enamel in various colors, or in imitation of wood.

Another handy device for the small kitchen is a white metal pastry board, to be attached to the wall. The brackets which support it fold inward and allow the board to fall flat against the wall when not needed. A rolling-pin fitted into a neat holder at the top comes with it. More uses than pastry making alone may be found for this housekeepers' helper. It may be an emergency shelf or table quite as well as a pastry board as the polished enamel is easily cleaned.

The necessity of making one foot of room do duty for two has "mothered" the invention of many ingenious contrivances for saving space. With the aid of such practical devices it is possible to make the small home seem spacious.

Not only do these devices make the house more roomy, but by affording a place for everything, they add system to the housekeeping.

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Throughout Life!

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Antiseptic
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Christmas Gifts for Music-Lovers

Timely Suggestions for Varied Tastes and Purses

By Harold Vincent Milligan

CHOOSING a Christmas gift for a music-lover may be called a "problem" only because of the vast array of possibilities, and not because of any lack of material. One of the most necessary articles for every musician is a music-cabinet, which serves the double purpose of preserving the musical library and keeping it in order.

A new style of music-cabinet, which is quite an improvement as it gives a greater opportunity, for cataloging, consists of from ten to twenty or more flat drawers, one above the other, enclosed in a wooden frame or case, somewhat like a miniature edition of the "chest of drawers" of our grandfathers' time. Each drawer is numbered and is large enough to contain about twenty-five pieces of sheet music, or several ordinary sized volumes of bound music.

Accompanying each one of these cabinets is a blank book, indexed alphabetically, for cataloging the musical library. It may be readily seen that by indexing both by letter and by number, a convenient and workable catalog is not so very difficult of achievement. The drawers, pulling in and out, make up the subdivisions, and are more easily handled than the old-fashioned shelfful of music. The bottom of each drawer is composed of two thin strips of wood along each side, leaving the middle free, so that when the drawer is pulled out, the music in it may be raised up from beneath, thus enabling you to run through it easily and pick out the piece you desire. Music-cabinets of this kind cost from twelve dollars up.

Education As Well As Pleasure

THE value of a talking-machine as a Christmas present is not confined to the amount of pleasure it will give the untrained music-lover, but includes, too, its immense importance as an educator. There was a time when the talking-machine was derided by those who fancied themselves real music-lovers, but now this class of music has no firmer friends nor stancher advocates than the professional musicians, who have recognized the inestimable value to the student.

Familiarity, as applied to good music, does not breed contempt, but rather understanding and admiration, and the talking-machine has made discriminating music-lovers out of many who were previously indifferent to its appeal, and has brought to the music student the best work of great artists in a way that would have been practically impossible before, or would at least have represented the expenditure of many hundreds of dollars in concert and opera tickets. This is especially true for the student of singing and of the violin. A good record of some song or operatic aria, made by one of the great artists of the world, if properly studied and analyzed, is worth many, many lessons from the best of teachers. In fact, there is no other way by which the student can come into such close contact with the great interpreters of music. Talking-machines may be found in many differing sizes and styles, ranging in price from fifteen dollars up.

To the friend who already owns a talking-machine, a few especially good records make a most acceptable gift.

Another splendid Christmas gift for the owner of a talking-machine is a cabinet for holding records. Like the music-cabinet, it not only lengthens the life of the records, but also provides a means of cataloging and indexing them. Most of the cabinets made for this purpose are constructed on the same principle as the ordinary music-cabinet, that is, a series of shallow shelves; indeed, a music-cabinet can be used for records just as well as for sheet music and books. There is another type of record-cabinet in which the records are placed vertically, separated from each other by narrow strips of wood placed obliquely, and numbered at the top or bottom for cataloging. The prices of record-cabinets about equal those of music-cabinets.

To the student of singing a metronome is practically a necessity. A good metronome, without a bell, costs approximately two dollars; with a bell (for marking out the "bars" of "measures"), about three dollars. A very useful and ingenious contrivance is the pocket metronome. This is about the size and shape of a small watch. It is noiseless and hence is limited in its usefulness, but it is just as valuable in determining tempo as the larger form, and can be carried in the pocket and used many times when its more cumbersome prototype would be a nuisance. It costs about fifty cents, but it is one of those valuable trifles whose merits are out of all proportion to their price.

A highly practical present for a musician or music student is a case for carrying music, and on this subject a word of advice will not be amiss. Whatever you do, *do not* get a music-roll! The best music-case is made of leather and resembles a lawyer's "brief case." It should be made so that the music can be laid in it perfectly flat. Some are arranged so that they can be folded over once, if desired, making a smaller and more compact bundle when only sheet music, without books, is carried, but before buying, you should be sure that the case is just as practicable flat as when folded. Music-satchels of this kind in imitation leather cost from one dollar and fifty cents to three dollars, in real leather from two to ten dollars.

A Christmas present of tickets to concerts and operas may, perhaps, be a new idea to some readers. This, of course, is available only to those who live in cities; most towns of any size, however, now have at least one series of concerts during the Winter, the tickets for which are sold by subscription. If a series of this kind is not to be had, a ticket to a single concert or opera is always welcome to a music-lover.

Another attractive present for such a person is a "miniature score" of some favorite symphony or overture or string-quartet. This, as its name implies, is a complete score of the work, just such a score as the one used by the orchestral conductor. It is printed in such small size that it can be carried in the pocket. By means of it you are enabled to study not only the composition itself, in all its details of form and orchestration, but you are also able to judge more accurately the interpretation given it by the musicians performing it. They are not expensive and may be obtained through any music dealer.

Another gift, of which all may take advantage, is a subscription to a musical magazine. There are a number of these; perhaps the most satisfactory are "The Etude" (Theodore Presser Co., Philadelphia, Pa., price $1.50 a year) and "The Musician" (Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., price $1.50 a year). These magazines contain articles and essays on every imaginable subject of interest to musicians, and have special departments devoted to organ, violin, et cetera. "Musical America" (The Musical America Co., New York, price $2.00 a year) is a musical newspaper, issued weekly, and contains the news of the whole musical world.

What could be a more welcome gift to a music-lover than music itself? Here you have the whole range of musical literature to draw upon and the various publishers are continually vying with each other in getting out attractive volumes at moderate prices. For the singer there are anthologies of song, ancient and modern, operatic, sacred and secular, high and low; for the pianist and violinist, collections and arrangements almost without end. We have room for only a few of the names of standard works of this sort. Your local music-dealer can obtain them for you or you may write direct to the publishers.

A new collection of miscellaneous music has just been published called "The Family Music Book" (G. Schirmer, New York, N. Y., price $1.00). This volume, as its name implies, is not so much for the student of music as it is for the musical amateur, for the household where music is loved but where there is little time for the serious cultivation. It contains one hundred and twenty-five pieces of piano music and one hundred and twenty-seven pieces of vocal, the latter comprising ballads, children's songs, sacred songs and hymns, patriotic songs and duets.

For the more serious devotee of music, one of the best works is "The Musician's Library" (Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., price $1.50 each). In these books the publishers have succeeded remarkably well in their plan to gather into volumes of uniform size and binding the best work of the best composers, edited by living men of authority. Each volume is complete in itself, containing an authentic portrait of the composer, a brief biography, a critical essay of the composer's work and a selection of forty or fifty pieces of his best music. The musical contents of each volume are arranged chronologically, making it easy to trace the development of the composer's style and individuality. The various song volumes are issued in two editions, one for high voice and one for low, and the original text of the words is given, together with a good, singable English translation. In addition to a volume each devoted to the great masters (in some cases two volumes), there is a volume of songs by Americans, a volume of negro melodies, one of Scottish songs, one of patriotic songs of all nations, and one of folk-songs.

For the music-lover who wishes to have in his library the complete works of any of the great master-musicians, just as he has the books of Dickens, Thackeray, Scott and other classics of literature, the "Library Series" (Scribner, New York, N. Y.) may be recommended. The older masters are represented by good, standard editions, rebound; while the works of modern composers contain the original editions which have been collected from the various publishers and bound uniformly. The catalog of this ambitious undertaking, with price-list, may be obtained from the publisher.

If your music-loving friend is fond of opera, probably no gift would be more highly appreciated than the complete score of some favorite opera. These can be had in a great variety of editions, bindings and prices, ranging from one dollar up. The most satisfactory form in which to own an opera score is what is called "vocal score." This contains the entire opera, with all the vocal parts, and with the orchestral accompaniment arranged for piano, two hands.

Musical Literature Worth Giving

THERE are also a great many excellent books on opera. "Stories of Famous Operas" by Guerber (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, N. Y., price $1.50) is one of the most comprehensive and satisfactory, giving the plot and musical story form the plots of many operas. Another good work is "A Book of Operas" by Krehbiel (Macmillan Co., New York, N. Y., price $1.75). This contains seventeen different operas, gives the story of the writing of each and the circumstances of the first production and its reception there, as well as an account of the plot and some comments on the music. "Opera Singers" by Kobbe, (Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass. price $2.50), is an extremely popular book of which a new edition has recently been issued. It contains the life stories, together with many pictures, both in character and in every-day life, of most of the great operatic singers of the day, including Caruso, Mary Garden, Geraldine Farrar, Melba, and Tetrazzini. The fascinating stories of the Wagnerian operas have been told to children in "Wonder-Tales from Wagner," and in "The Story of the Rheingold," by Anna Alice Chapin (Harper & Bros., New York, N. Y., price $1.25 each).

Indeed, "of the making of books there is no end," and there are enough books on music to make happy the heart of every music-lover, for many Christmases to come. Of especial interest to Americans is the life of Ethelbert Nevin, the composer of "The Rosary," written by his friend, Vance Thompson (The Boston Music Co., Boston, Mass., price $2.75). The life story of this beloved musician is told largely by means of extracts from his letters and gives a vivid impression not only of his life, but also of his singularly attractive personality.

While music books, if carefully selected, are always thoroughly safe Christmas presents, there are so many articles on the market that it seems rather strange that music in some form or other does not play a larger rôle in Yuletide-giving. As you go over the list of friends you wish to remember, you undoubtedly find that many of them are lovers of music, and you can easily choose presents that will make this Christmas the best ever.

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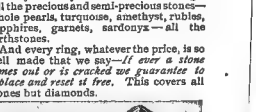

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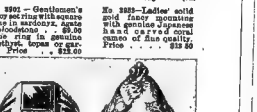

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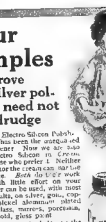

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Flannels for Baby

Choosing a Winter Wardrobe for Wee Folk

By Helen F. Milton

IF you are preparing a layette, don't let it conform to the old-fashioned notion that an abundance of flannel means freedom from colds. To envelop a baby's tender body in layer upon layer of heat-retaining flannel is to invite skin irritation, excessive perspiration, colds, croup and possibly consumption. Any of these conditions may be brought about by overheating, and that frequent source of infant ills is often traceable to too much flannel.

Just as an electric current will not pass through glass, so flannel is a non-conductor of the heat it produces. Used in proper quantities, its closely woven mesh will keep the bodily temperature at a normal, comfortable degree of heat. But, just as soon as this point is passed, excessive perspiration begins. The moisture is then absorbed and retained by the wool fibers and the dampness becomes dangerous upon the slightest exposure to a draft.

Even when the proper number of flannel garments are used, it is quite important that they do not bind too closely. If they do, profuse perspiration may result. As the flannel gets damp it becomes more and more uncomfortable. Baby fidgets and squirms, the skin is chafed and irritation follows. So a baby's garments, flannel or otherwise, never should be so heavy or tight as to prevent all air from reaching the skin.

DON'T let your purchases be governed by the number of flannel garments included in ready-to-wear layettes. Such outfits not infrequently contain as many as six or more each of flannel bands, sacques, wrappers, coats, shirts, hoods and undershirts.

The most important of the layette's flannel garments is the stomach band. It is important because its purpose is to protect the stomach from cold and in very young infants that organ is peculiarly sensitive to changes in temperature. The bands should be six inches wide and not less than eighteen inches long. Mark and tear the flannel into strips—don't cut it. And don't hem the edges. They should be left unfinished so that the band will not cause irritating creases when wound around Baby.

Next in importance among the flannel garments comes the undershirt. Regardless of what any one may advise, do not select a heavy, all-wool shirt. Buy a light weight wool and cotton mixture. Such a shirt is so woven as to permit the circulation of air through the mesh, which means less danger of dampness and subsequent croup.

The stomach band and shirt are the only flannel undergarments needed for protection above the waist, so do not purchase a flannel underskirt made with a flannel waist. The skirt band or waist may be of fine muslin, nothing heavier. And do not purchase an underskirt of all-wool flannel. The wool and cotton mixture will be sufficiently heavy; remember Baby's legs and feet are also protected by a cambric skirt and little socks.

The best socks are those knitted from yarn in which there is some cotton. Every healthy baby likes to kick his feet about, and this exercise in combination with woolen socks is apt to result in excessive perspiration and irritation on the soles and between the toes.

Such are the flannel garments which every baby must have. Of these a sufficiently ample assortment will include four undershirts, four bands, three petticoats and three pair of socks. Anything beyond this number is unnecessary for even these will be outgrown before any wear is noticeable. If the petticoats are made at home, the entire outfit will cost only about three dollars and a half.

This amount provides for a coat of twenty-five cents each for the undershirts, one yard of flannel at seventy-five cents a yard for the bands, three yards of wool cloth or flannel for the underskirts at thirty-five cents a yard, and three pairs of socks at twenty-five cents a pair. This estimate, of course, does not embrace any but the simplest of garments. It will, however, cover the cost of a sufficient number of garments to comfortably clothe the little one. Any of the articles may be duplicated in daintily embroidered designs, and silk and wool socks may be purchased up to one dollar and a half a pair, but even if such articles are chosen, their weight and texture should conform to the specifications given. The additional cost should be for trimming and needlework and not for heavier flannel.

As for sacques, coats and hoods, their selection is entirely a matter of personal preference. If the temperature of the baby's room is kept sufficiently warm they will not have to be worn indoors. The baby who is constantly bundled up in a flannel sacque indoors is far less apt to resist attacks of cold and inflammation than the infant who is dressed in a moderate amount of clothing and kept in a well-heated room. Of course it is an entirely different matter when the little one is to be taken out-of-doors or where there is liable to be a draft. Then it may be necessary to put on both the sacque and coat as well as a warm, worsted hood.

But all the care in the world bestowed upon the selection of a baby's flannel garments will amount to nothing if they are not washed in such a way as to retain their original texture. This is just as true of silk and woolen flannels as of the cheapest wool and cotton mixtures. Improper, careless washing will completely destroy their value and make them absolutely unfit for infants' wear.

The greatest care must be taken that the fibers do not mat together. If you will examine a piece of flannel very closely you will see that its surface is covered with very fine, short woolen hairs. When the fabric is immersed in water these hairs curl up and mat together, that is unless the washing is done quickly in the proper manner. Once the matting occurs the ventilation of air through the mesh is made impossible and the flannel becomes useless. The first washing water should be lukewarm. Make a thick suds with the purest of white soap, adding enough borax to make the water quite soft to the touch. The purpose of the washing, as every mother knows, is to remove any trace or odor of perspiration and any possible accumulation of dust. In a baby's garments there should be scarcely a noticeable presence of dust or dirt, hence prolonged washing should not be necessary.

Wash the garments one at a time. Dip one into the suds and gently work it back and forth between the hands until it is clean. Never rub the soap directly on the fabric itself. As soon as the garment is clean, rinse it quickly in clear, lukewarm water. Repeat this rinsing in another water of the same temperature. Both rinsing waters should be softened with powdered borax.

THE socks must never be ironed; they should be dried over a heavy cardboard frame. Cut the frame the exact size of the sock before it is placed in the water. As soon as the washing is finished draw the socks over the frame and place in the sun to dry. The little undershirts must not be ironed either. Most infant outfitting shops and all department stores have sets of wooden frames over which the undershirt may be stretched while drying. Dried in this way the shirt will always retain its first softness. If it is allowed to become coarse and will irritate Baby's tender skin.

Flannel petticoats, sacques and coats should be ironed while they are still damp. Never let them become dry and then try to restore the dampness by sprinkling. Have your irons moderately hot and press under an ironing cloth made for the purpose from several thicknesses of white cheese-cloth. If any part of the article is embroidered, press it over the felt side of a piece of canton flannel. This will bring out the embroidery design and heighten the luster of the embroidery silk.

While careful washing of baby's flannels is of utmost importance, a great deal depends upon the manner in which they are ironed. Pressure should never be put directly upon the material itself. If the clothes are carefully laundered, the flannel will retain its softness indefinitely. Of course, every mother loves to keep her baby's wardrobe in perfect order and many mothers have a special drawer lined with a dainty muslin padding which contains just a sprinkling of some delicate sachet powder.

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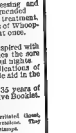

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Daughters of the Golden Treasure

To Bring Money and Good Things to the Women of America

PARCEL post man, get ready! You will have to carry a heavy load of packages to our Golden Treasure girls this month. It is our first Christmas and a jolly, merry, rich Christmas it is going to be. I can just see the girls everywhere, untying cords, opening packages, and taking out beautiful gold and silver things. And I can see girls setting forth with their purses full of money—all from the Golden Treasure Chest.

For instance, there is Mrs. Scott in Kansas. She is at her wit's end. Who wouldn't be with fifty gifts to buy—and enough money for only half that number! But she writes to the Golden Treasure and her problem is solved. From the Treasure Chest she receives money—money enough to buy the rest of the presents and many more besides.

Peggy Key Scott

The postman hands her a package. She opens it wonderingly; it looks so like an advance Christmas present. Out of the tissue wrapping peeps a little gray box, and out of the blue satin folds gleams a solid gold ring with a big, rich pearl. It is her first Christmas gift—from the Daughters of the Golden Treasure. She puts it on and as if from its magic touch, the burden and worry of Christmas shopping disappears, and the Christmas spirit of joy and peace reigns in her home.

I DO love to think of girls like Marion Wilcox. She lives in Connecticut, and is a stenographer for a firm that does a very heavy Christmas business. I can see her now, coming home Christmas eve, so tired and worn out she can hardly hold up her head. The only bright spot in her hard day's work is the fact that her Golden Treasure money bought better Christmas gifts this year than ever before, and that instead of her pocketbook being empty she has a good sum left.

But when she gets home, she is too tired to even think. As her mother opens the door she seems very happy. Marion wants to drop into the nearest chair, but Mother begs her to go to her own room and rest for a few moments. And as she steps into her room, the dull weariness passes like a flash. Spread upon her dresser is the most magnificent set of toilet silver she ever has seen. It is her gift from the Golden Treasure—just in time for Christmas. She is so excited and happy, admiring her beautiful silver, that she forgets all about being tired. And Christmas is really Christmas!

And can't you see little Alice Grant in New York as she empties her Christmas stocking in the morning and finds in the toe, her solid silver bracelet watch?

Can't you see the Christmas dinners that will be eaten this year with silver tableware from the Golden Treasure Chest? And the Christmas dresses that will be set off with the Golden Treasure diamond and pearl lavaliere. And can't you see the little Golden Treasure pin gleaming in thousands and thousands of dresses?

I am here, all ready with big piles of blank checks and heaps of white wrapping-paper, and cord, and stamps, and the big safe just chock full of good things for you. All of you who are not yet in the club, come and join now, before Christmas, so that you may have the money and the gifts by Christmas time. Choose now which gift you want and then write me your name and address and I'll tell you how to get it—and to get money besides.

Gifts from Our Treasure Chest

AMONG the beautiful articles awaiting you is our fourteen carat gold ring. It is the ring of the Guardians of the Pearl, the inner club of the Golden Treasure, to which you may belong. The ring is fourteen carat gold and it has a distinctive and beautiful pearl.

Then, there is the dainty pearl lavaliere! The lavaliere is exquisite, of fourteen carat gold, and the pendant set with a pearl and a diamond. You'll be so proud of it.

Our sterling silver toilet set is a twelve-piece set of heavy sterling silver of the finest quality. It is especially designed and made for us by a famous silversmith.

The silver tableware includes everything, from the tiniest after-dinner coffee spoon to the big carving set. There are hundreds of pieces. You may get all of it, or any part you wish. The silver is guaranteed for fifty years.

The Treasure Chest bracelet watch is sterling silver, keeps perfect time and is very dainty. It is just the newest thing in jewelry that there is. Then there is the fourteen carat gold club pin. It is a quaint, charming design.

There are other gifts that I have not the room to tell you about. All are dainty and charming, and things you would like to own.

Money for Christmas

AND you cannot have a single one of these gifts without making money, too, because the main purpose of our organization is to help you make money, to help all those girls in America, married or single, who want to make some extra money and have no special training. Whoever you are and wherever you are, whatever you do, you may join. If you are in earnest about wanting to make money, write me a note right away, so that you will have our Christmas money and Christmas good things.

Write and tell me how much money you want—and what you want it for. Write and tell me all about yourself and your troubles. Or, if you'd rather, just put your name and address on a card and say: "Peggy Key Scott, tell me how to make money and get all the gold and silver gifts from the Treasure Chest."

And I'll sit right down and tell you all about it. It's nothing mysterious but it's too big to tell about here.

And now a Merry Christmas to you all—the biggest, richest, plum-puddingest Christmas you ever had, and the very happiest of bright, prosperous and happy New Years.

Peggy Key Scott

President, Daughters of the Golden Treasure.

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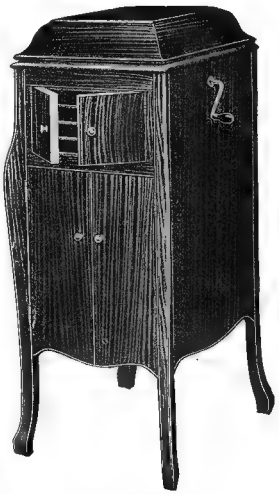

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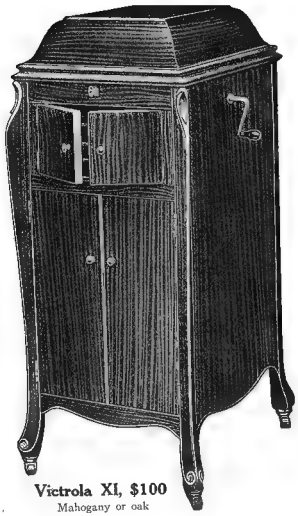

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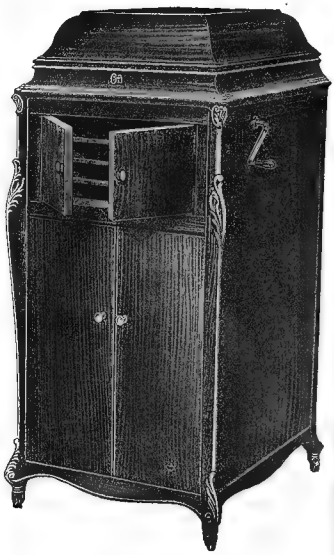

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Holiday Books for Old and Young

GIVE a girl a box of candy for Christmas and she will think of you while eating the sweets—and perchance while the aftermath headache lasts. But give her a good book (which costs about the same amount) with a cheery inscription on the fly-leaf, and she will remember you for years.

This is meant for the boys and I want to remind the girls of the old saying that "only a brave woman dares give a man a necktie." As they undo the box and find a flowing tie, just the color they despise, they are neither grateful nor polite. But give a man a good book and as he opens the package he cries, "There's a girl after my own heart."

"Books for Christmas" is a rule without exception. Even a blind man loves books which may be read to him! And certainly good books have never been so extremely cheap as they are to-day. Library sets of the standard authors, in beautiful bindings can be purchased for very low prices and make gifts for the whole family that will live as long as the home itself. The prohibitive prices of these sets of old masters is a thing of the past. Only the other day I walked past a counter piled high with sets of the great writers listed at one quarter of their original prices. Think of a set of Balzac in fine half-Russe Sainsbury edition of eighteen volumes, bound in three-quarter leather, for $12.50! Not long ago this same set sold for $60. I spied a wonderfully good edition of Dickens (and no home is complete without the works of this man) for $11. It was in fifteen volumes, bound in three-quarter leather; the same edition in cloth was two dollars less. Rare bargains in all the classics, including Smollett, Ainsworth, Emerson, Poe, Dumas, Scott, Shakespeare and Thackeray could be picked up for a song.

But for those who wish just popular present-day fiction the list is almost without end. Men, as a rule, like books of adventure—books about war—books about the great outdoors, and within a year many such stories are found in the list of best sellers.

Books of War and Adventure

AMONG such stories belongs "The Hidden Children" (D. Appleton & Company, New York, Price $1.35). In this book the author, Robert W. Chambers, has forsaken the gay life of Broadway and writes a wonderfully good book on the American Revolution. The hero is an ensign in Morgan's famous Rifles, and the whole story is one that is sure to make a strong appeal in these turbulent days of warring nations. Another thrilling story of the war in the making is "The Vanished Messenger" (Little, Brown & Company, Boston, Price $1.35). With almost uncanny foresight E. Phillips Oppenheim predicted that "England will be forced into such a position that she will have an ultimatum sent her but to declare war." It is a thrilling novel of international intrigue. A third story of war, with Jefferson Davis as the central figure, is "Dan Merrithew, Yankee Spy." "The Victim" (D. Appleton & Company, New York, Price $1.35). In this, Thomas Dixon writes from the southern side a rarely charming romance in the time of the civil War.

The glorious Northwest and the vastness of the Canadian wilderness seem to give plenty of opportunity to modern writers for books of adventure. One of the latest additions to this class of stories is "Children of Banishment" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, Price $1.35). It is written by Francis William Sullivan and is a splendid story of life in the lumber camps of Canada. Many such books have come out before, but Mr. Sullivan has made this one a bit different in that the chief characters are men and women of education—and all of them clean and virile. The story is full of dramatic situations and your suspense is kept up to the very end. Everybody will want to read Frank Danby's new book "Full Swing" (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Price $1.35), because all of her books are worth reading and this one is no exception to that rule. The scene is laid in an old, ruined Irish castle, and jumps from there to South Africa during the Boer War.

Another outdoor story is "Flame of Frost" (D. Appleton & Company, New York, Price $1.00). Alice Jones, the author, has written a good tale with the scene laid in the northern part of Ontario.

Why Not Give Your Friends Books for Christmas?

By

Jane Lee

A volume of good short stories full of red blood—stories of real men and women—is given us by Albert Hickman under the title of "Canadian Nights" (The Century Company, New York, Price $1.30). Each of the tales thrills with genuine interest. Another volume of well worth while short stories is by Cynthia Stockley, entitled "Wild Honey" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, Price $1.35).

If you want to give a man a book that will make him chuckle and then make him think, select the "Letters of a Self-Made Failure" (Small, Maynard & Company, Boston, Price $1.00). Maurice Switzer, the author, has certainly filled the pages of this little volume with the keenest bits of present-day philosophy. It is a joy to read it. Another novel of distinction in style is "A Lady of Leisure" (Small, Maynard & Company, Boston, Price $1.35), by Ethel Sidgwick.

"The Hands of Esau" (Harper & Brothers, New York, Price $1.00), is a short long story by Margaret Deland—the story of a man's test by the girl he loved. Don't miss this book.

Love Stories Always Appeal

BOTH matrons and maids enjoy books of romance. Love with a capital L is a subject of which they never tire. Marjorie Benton Cooke has written a delightful story called, "Bambi" (Doubleday, Page & Company, New York, Price $1.35). From beginning to end, this extraordinarily clever book is full of novel situations. Another real love story with a big plot, heaps of action and well sustained mystery, is found in "The Eyes of the World" (The Book Supply Company, Chicago, Price $1.35). Harold Bell Wright has given us in this one of the best of the year—a good, clean, wholesome book.

All of you who read "The Garden Without Walls" last season will want to read Coningsby Dawson's new book "The Rafi" (Henry Holt & Company, New York, Price $1.35). One of the characters says "We girls are all adrift on a raft, and we can't swim." But, the heroine gets safely by marrying just for pure, old-fashioned love. It is a most delightful story. "Once to Every Man" (The H. K. Fly Company, New York, Price, $1.35), is the first book of a man who gives promise of big things. Larry Evans has told a story of a boy-man who fights a life's battle, a man who comes out a winner, backed up by the saving love of a wonderful woman. It is love—real love—that occurs but once in a lifetime.

Nor must we forget Jacob Fisher's newest and best book "The Quitter" (The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia, Price $1.35). The story of how a man battles under Polar skies against every human and physical circumstance—all because the woman he loves calls him "a quitter." But just that word flung at him makes a man of him and the telling of it makes a story throbbing with interest.

The girls who are anti-suffragists will certainly enjoy "Wild Mustard" (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Price $1.25). William Jasper Nicolls, the author, has said all he could to discourage women at the polls and certainly there is a strong "bite" in some of his trite remarks. "The Twenty-Fourth of June" (Doubleday, Page & Company, New York Price $1.35), is a thoroughly good, clean book for a young girl. Grace S. Richmond has put into this love story an element that is sure to be enjoyed by all.

And no household will be really complete this holiday season without a copy of "Little Eve Edgarton" (The Century Company, New York, Price $1.00). Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, who made herself famous as the author of "Molly Make-Believe," has again given us a most delicious love story, the charm of which simply cannot be described in words. In that same class of refreshing fiction that just bubbles over with life you will find Edna Ferber's delightful new book called "Personality Plus" (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, Price $1.00). It is all about everyday people, told with wonderful touches of comedy and pathos. It is just the sort of a book to select if you wish to cheer a friend with a little remembrance from Santa Claus.

In this list of absorbing love stories we might perhaps mention "The City of Numbered Days" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, Price $1.35) by Francis Lynde. It is in reality a story of graft and speculation, where fortunes are won and lost in a day, but throughout it all is a romance that proves the uplift force of the highest love.

Books That Make You Think

AMONG the more serious books that have appeared of late is Kathleen Norris's new novel of rare worth, "Saturday's Child" (The Macmillan Company, New York, Price $1.50). Like the proverbial Saturday's child Susan Brown must work for her living and she does it very well, getting a lot out of life in the city of San Francisco. The telling of this charming story is Mrs. Norris at her best—what more could any one say? Remember that Mrs. Norris's next big book will appear in PICTORIAL REVIEW. The first instalment of "Julia Page," by far the best and biggest thing this versatile writer has done, will be printed in the January issue. "Perch of the Devil" (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, Price $1.35) is in some respects Gertrude Atherton's most brilliant book. Here is a story of a man's passion for a mine, but throughout the story runs the usual triangle romance, to which many conventional readers will object. It is not exactly a pleasant book, but it is a very big book.

A book that has been published in nine languages must certainly be well worth while and such a one is "Old Age Deferred" (F. A. Davis Company, Philadelphia, Price $2.50) by Dr. Arnold Lorand. It is not the theory of faddist but a consensus of advice from the great physiologists of modern times. Read it and find out why you need not grow old and stogy at forty.

And surely a story of a poor Irish lad who came to this country and to-day stands a peer in the publishing business is a book to make you think. "My Autobiography" by S. S. McClure (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, Price $1.75) is a human document of the various vicissitudes through which he rose to his present enviable position in the world of letters.

When Youngsters Want To Read

RAINY and snowy days are always bound to come along and a few books for the boys and girls of the household will insure restful hours indeed. Lieut. Alden Loring, who was the field naturalist to the Roosevelt expedition, has written a book of short stories that will delight the heart of any real boy. "African Adventure Stories" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, Price $1.50) is full of hair-breadth escapes and fights with savages and beasts of the jungle. The story of a bright lad who runs wild and has to undergo a radical change is told in "The Reformation of Jimmy" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston, Price $1.20) by Henriette Delamare.

All the old friends of Dan Beard will surely want to find a copy of his latest book hanging on the Christmas tree, this year. "Shelters, Shacks and Shanties" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, Price $1.25) will make a strong appeal to boys who want to do things worth while. It contains over three hundred illustrations. "Misadventures of Three Good Boys" (Houghton Mifflin Company, New York, Price $1.25) is a boisterous, old-fashioned story of three not-too-good boys, by Henry A. Shute.

For tinier tots from six to eleven years old, there is an interesting series of so-called "Bedtime Story Books" (Little, Brown & Company, Boston, Price 50 cents each). Thornton W. Burgess is the author of these little animal tales that quiet many a tired child. Among them are The Adventures of Mr. Mocker—of Jenny Muskrat—of Reddy Fox and of Unc' Billy Possum.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Publisher's prices have been quoted on these books, but they do not include transportation charges. The average mailing price of a book is ten cents.*

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These three bottles contained three of the most popular imported perfumes

These three bottles were filled with domestic perfumes made by Colgate & Co.

Which would you have chosen in this Perfume Test?

THE test was made by 103 representative women, comparing six perfumes—three of which were the most popular foreign perfumes and three were domestic, made by Colgate & Co. Over ⅗ of the 103 women chose Colgate's in preference to the imported. Before making the test 61 of the 103 said they preferred a foreign perfume, yet when the influence of a foreign label was removed 41 of these 61, or ⅔ of them, chose Colgate's first.

Every woman will be interested in the story of this test

It shows very clearly that selecting a perfume because it has a foreign label does not necessarily result in a woman's getting what she really prefers.

The test was conducted as follows by two impartial judges (Mr. F. N. Doubleday of Doubleday, Page & Co.; Mr. S. Keith Evans of the Woman's Home Companion). They purchased three of the most popular imported perfumes and three Colgate perfumes—all in original unopened bottles. The judges poured the perfumes into six plain bottles, numbered from one to six, and kept a record by which they alone knew which number represented each perfume. From time to time strips of Perfumers' Blotting Paper were scented from the numbered bottles under the supervision of the judges, and these were used in making the test. The 103 women represented business women, the stage, the editorial staffs of two women's magazines and college women. Each was asked to name the perfume she was in the habit of using and was then given 6 strips of the scented paper numbered 1 to 6 corresponding to the numbers on the bottles. She was asked to make a first choice, a second, a third, etc. Record was kept of *all* selections.

When the tests were completed the judges took the record, and inserted the names of the perfumes in place of the numbers from the key which they alone had. The result was then announced to Colgate & Co. It was a daring test—inspired by the confidence which we had in the superiority of our perfumes. How is your choice of perfumes determined? By what you really prefer or by a foreign label? Is it not possible that a domestic label is keeping you from the enjoyment of the particular perfume you would naturally select?

This is the Way They Chose

First choice of 28 women, Colgate's Florient
First choice of 26 women, Colgate's Splendor
First choice of 18 women, Foreign Perfume 4
First choice of 12 women, Foreign Perfume 2
First choice of 10 women, Foreign Perfume 5
First choice of 9 women, Colgate's Éclat

Note these little stories of women who had been buying a label rather than a perfume:

A prominent actress, who had previously used a certain French Perfume, which happened to be in this test, placed that perfume *fourth* and Florient first.

A prominent member of the senior class of Vassar College chose Colgate's Florient although what she *thought* was her favorite perfume was in this test, and accorded that perfume fifth place.

Three Smith College girls in like manner passed by their unlabeled *avowed* choice and two chose Splendor, one Éclat.

An editor of a well-known woman's periodical, whose profession brings her in touch with all that is best in perfumes, foreign or domestic, chose Colgate's Splendor after expressing a preference for a famous French perfume included in the test, which she put in second place.

Would You like to make the Test for yourself?

If so, we will send you three Perfumers' Testing Strips, three miniature vials of the Colgate Perfumes—Florient, Splendor and Éclat—and an extra Testing Strip so that you can make a comparison between Colgate's and the perfume which you may now be using.

This test will not only be valuable to you but can be used as an interesting form of entertainment for your friends. We will send full instructions as to how to make the test. Your name and address and a 2c stamp for mailing will receive prompt attention.

Try this test among your friends before making your Christmas purchases so that you may know what perfumes to select as gifts

COLGATE & CO., Perfume Contest, Dept. 10, 199 Fulton Street, New York

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Then, too, Crisco can be made so much hotter than lard, without burning, that when the dough is placed in it the extreme heat of the Crisco immediately forms a light, tender crust. The inside is sealed against the absorption of fat and in consequence is lighter than the ordinary doughnut.

Do not wait for Crisco to smoke, but test from time to time with a bit of dough.

CRISCO

For Frying For Shortening For Cake Making

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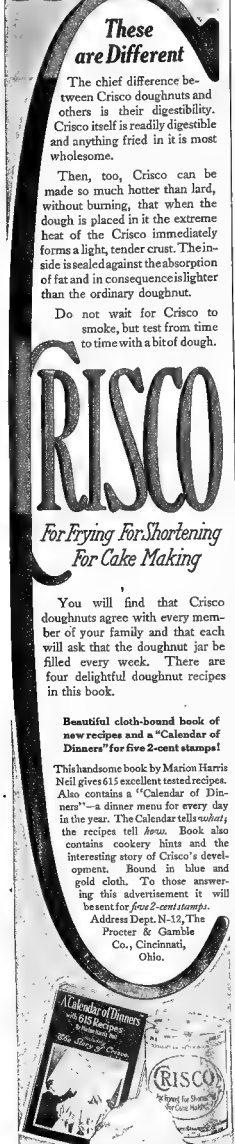


Christmas Cookery

Old-Time Favorites from Southern Kitchens

By Elise Ward Morris

CHRISTMAS means busy times for the southern housewife, especially the one who lives at the old "home place" in the country. Christmas means home-comings, it means a season of feasting for every dependent darky in the immediate neighborhood, and from one pantry all the good things must come. True, there are many ready black hands to help, but to remember just how many pounds of raisins must go into this, and just how many minutes the other thing must cook, is a matter to be entered into only after much thought and prayer.

During the first cold spell in November, when the hogs are killed, the southern housewife makes her sausage—that Christmas sausage so necessary for the well-being of a properly served turkey—and packs it in a deep stone jar, a coating of melted lard over the top.

Southern Country Sausage

10 Lbs. of Ground Meat
3 Tablespoonfuls Salt
2 Teaspoonfuls Finely-Ground Red Pepper
½ Teaspoonful Sage
½ Teaspoonful Saltpeter
2 Teaspoonfuls Black Pepper
1 Teaspoonful Sage

USE both the lean and the fat meat, just as it comes. Before adding the seasoning the sage should be crisped in the stove and rubbed through a sieve. After the ingredients are thoroughly mixed, form into little cakes with the hands, fry in hot skillet and lay round the turkey.

Roast Pig

WHEN the hogs are killed there is one little piglet that is marked for the Christmas pig. In November the pig has seen his first peep of day, by December the twenty-fourth, with his fuzzy black coat shed, his little feet removed, he lies ready for the next day's roasting.

The six weeks' old pig is filled with a stuffing of bread and butter, moistened with milk and seasoned with pepper, salt and any kind of herbs desired. A string is then tied about the body to hold in the stuffing, and, after being well dredged with flour, it is put inside the oven to roast. The piglet is basted well, with hot water and butter, and all the gravy that stews out is saved for rebasting. The meat is cooked by a slow fire and when done is removed from the oven long enough to receive an extra coating of butter. One-fourth of a pound of butter is put in a coarse cloth and the pig is well rubbed with the butter, then allowed to brown until the skin is crisp.

When the piglet is served an apple is put in its mouth (suggestive of the boar's head at English Christmas feasts) and sweet potatoes are laid about the platter. Sometimes, when the pig has been basted with water and vinegar seasoned with salt and cayenne pepper, whole Irish potatoes, browned in the pan with the meat, are served with the porker. When baked with the butter dressing, sweet potatoes are also baked with the meat, being removed before they become too brown.

When there is not sufficient room in the stove and on the table for a whole roast pig, even a small one, the southern housewife must content herself a roast of venison, or even a baked opossum. To those in the kitchen at least "possum" is the most satisfying of all Christmas meats. Opossum is an acquired taste, as it is too greasy to please delicate palates, but baked whole, with sprigs of greenery about it, an apple in its mouth, it gives a festive air to the dinner.

Baked Opossum

SCALD the 'possum with lye and scrape off the hair, dress whole leaving on the head and tail. Rub the animal well with salt and set in a cool place overnight. When ready to bake, place in a deep pan with two pints of water and three or four thin slices of breakfast bacon laid across the 'possum. When half baked remove from the oven and fill with a dressing made of bread-crums, a little chopped onion, red and black pepper seasoned with salt and moistened with the liquid from about the 'possum. When the game is returned to the pan place about it small whole sweet potatoes, pared, and bake all to a light brown. The 'possum and the potatoes are both basted frequently with the gravy.

Roast Haunch of Venison

THE housewife who is fortunate enough to possess a haunch of venison, cooks it a day or two before Christmas so as to be sure she is giving full attention to the details of roasting. The venison is washed in warm water and well dried with a cloth. A sheet of white paper is buttered and laid over the fatty section of the roast, then the whole put in a deep baking pan with a very little boiling water. When a covered dish is not used the roast is snugly protected with a coarse paste one-half inch thick and a layer of paper. Before covered baking dishes were discovered in the South all venison was roasted in a jacket of this kind, and in this method of cooking a little intangible flavor steals into the game, a flavor that is missing when the conventional covered baking dish is used. The venison is cooked in a moderately hot oven for from three to four hours, according to the size of the haunch, and when practically done the fire quickened, the covering removed, and the roast dredged with flour and butter. The roast is basted with the gravy until a delicate brown. Of course currant jelly is a necessary accompaniment to venison, but the Kentucky housewife serves a more formal sauce with her roast venison.

Kentucky Sauce for Roast Venison

½ Stick Broken Cinnamon
Peel of Half Lemon
2½ Wineglassful of Port
1 Heaping Tablespoonful Brown Sugar
½ Glassful Currant Jelly
6 Cloves

THE spices are put into a saucepan with the lemon and the sugar and moistened with the wine. The mixture is heated for a half hour but not allowed to boil. Into another pan containing the jelly the liquid is strained, and just before serving it is set on the fire and allowed to boil for one minute to melt the jelly and mix well. This sauce is also used with other game.

Souse

DURING the hog-killing there is souse to be made and hid away for Christmas. The ears, feet and nose of the hogs are used for this. They are thoroughly cleaned of all hairs and hoof and put in a great pot or kettle covered with water. They are boiled until the bits of meat drop from the bones, then are removed from the fire and set aside until sufficiently cool to put the fingers in. With the fingers and a fork, every single bone is removed from the mixture. Salt to taste is added, then black and red pepper and finely-ground sage. Before the meat grows cold it is poured into wide pans, two or three inches deep, and set aside to harden. As soon as cold, it is sufficiently firm to slice. For lunch it may be served cold, with vinegar over it, but the best method of serving it is fried in batter in hot grease. This is a most delicious breakfast dish.

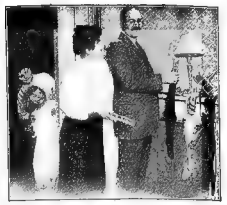
Next to be made is the spiced round. In some sections of the South, Christmas is not Christmas without spiced round, and to serve this at other seasons would be as inconsistent as having Santa Claus preside over a Fourth of July celebration.

Spiced Round

8 to 10 Lbs. Round of Beef
Allspice
Cloves
Brine
Cinnamon
Fat Pork

LET beef lay for three weeks in good brine, watching the brine to be sure no white scum collects; if this should happen, skim and add fresh brine. After three weeks take from the brine and wipe dry. If the butcher chances to be friendly borrow his stuffer, but if not convenient to secure one, a clean, sharpened broom stick will serve the purpose. Cut strips of the fat pork and roll them in a mixture of the spices and stuff the strips of fat in the holes made by the stick. When the round is dotted over with the filled holes (they should be an inch and a half apart), sew it up in a clean muslin cloth and boil gently. Cook one-fourth of an hour for every pound. When done remove the cloth and the meat is ready to serve. When the family grows tired of it cold, it may be broiled with melted butter over it for lunch.

(*Continued on Next Page*)



"Visions of Sugar Plums danced through their heads"

What joys and thrills you used to have when Santa came on Christmas Eve! Make this a happy Christmas for *your* youngsters and yourselves—fill their, stockings with toys and trinkets, and those tasty confections—

Necco Wafers
Glazed Paper Wrapper

Hub Wafers
Transparent Paper Wrapper

—then watch their little faces brighten up on Christmas morning.

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Christmas Cookery

(*Continued from Previous Page*)

Gumbo Fillet

THE Christmas soup is made the day before and set aside. When warmed for the real feast the reheating adds to its deliciousness. When gumbo fillet is made the oysters are left until ready to serve as they do not keep well when once heated. For the Christmas feast gumbo fillet is more tempting than oyster soup, though far heavier.

1 Grown Chicken
2 Qts. Boiling Water
Cloves
As Many Oysters as Desired
1 Slice Ham, Trimmed of Fat
Allspice
1 Slice Onion
Salt, Red and Black Pepper
1 Tablespoonful Fresh Fillet (2 Tablespoonfuls if not Fresh)

PUT sufficient lard into the bottom of a deep pot to fry the chicken, which has been well dredged with flour. When fried to a delicate brown the water is added, then the other ingredients except the oysters and fillet. The gumbo is cooked until the chicken begins to loosen from the bones. The fillet is added after the soup is turned into the tureen, and lastly the oysters that have been cooked in their own liquid for five minutes. When the gumbo is made the day it is served one quart of the oyster liquid is added to the boiling water.

WITH the Christmas meats all disposed of, the next question is the fruit cake and mincemeat. The other cakes, and the plum pudding are to wait until ten days before Christmas.

Black Fruit Cake

1 Lb. Sugar
3 Lbs. Raisins
1 Lb. Citron
1 Tablespoonful Ground Cinnamon
1 Tablespoonful Ground Allspice
2 Nutmegs
2 Teaspoonful Ground Cloves
1 Cupful Molasses
1 Lb. Butter
1 Lb. Flour
2 Lbs. Currants
1 Glassful Whisky
10 Eggs

THE fruit is prepared and thoroughly covered with flour to prevent its sinking. The flour for the cake is placed in a pan inside the stove and allowed to grow a rich, golden brown, just as dark as possible without burning. The browned flour gives this fruit cake its distinctive flavor. No modern candied fruits or nuts are used, and no fancy icings cover the top. The fruit cake of the southern housewife is made from the recipe used by her grandmother, and her great-grandmother, before the days of fancy candied fruits. All the strength of the right arm is needed to stir the batter when everything is finally mixed, but at last it goes into the big cake pan that is kept from one Christmas to the next, just to bake fruit cakes.

Delicious Mincemeat

2 Lbs. Lean Beef
2 Lbs. Raisins
1 Lb. Citron
4 Lbs. Apples
1 Qt. Brandy (or Sherry)
1 Nutmeg
1 Oz. Cinnamon
1 Cupful Blackberry Jam
½ Oz. Cloves
2 Lbs. Beef Suet
2 Lbs. Currants
½ Lb. Candied Lemon-Peel
2 Lbs. Sugar
1 Pt. Whisky
Juice and Rind of 2 Oranges
Juice and Rind of 2 Lemons

COVER the meat with boiling water and let it simmer until tender, then set aside to cool, while preparing fruit. Shred suet and chop fine. Pare, core and chop apples. When the meat is cold, chop and add to other dry ingredients. Add oranges and lemons last. Mix well and pack in a stone jar pouring the whisky and brandy over it just before the mixture is put away.

A Real English Plum Pudding

1 Cupful of Chopped Beef Suet, (Freed of Skin and Shredd)
1 Cupful Currants
1 Cupful Chopped Almonds
2 Cupfuls Raisins (Floured)
2 Cupfuls Bread-Crums
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
1 Grated Nutmeg
½ Teaspoonful Ground Cloves
½ Cupful Brown Sugar
½ Cupful Each Citron, Candied Orange and Lemon-Peel

MIX these ingredients and allow them to stand for a week or ten days. The day before Christmas add to the fruit the yolks of four beaten eggs, one cupful of warmed milk, half a cupful of sherry and a half cupful of brandy. Pudding is much better boiled in regular molds or in an earthenware bowl, with a heavy unbleached muslin cover tied firmly over the top. The inside of the mold, bowl, or bag, whichever is used, is well greased and flour sifted over the grease to prevent the pudding sticking. If the mixture is made into three smaller puddings instead of one large one, there will be less danger of its being insufficiently cooked in the middle. The mixture should lack half an inch of reaching the top of the mold, and the water in the vessel in which it is boiled should come only to an inch from the top of the mold. If the water comes higher it will come over the pudding when it begins to dance about. Let the water boil slowly, merely simmer, for six hours. On Christmas Day the pudding is placed in a pan and steamed for an hour, a twig of holly is stuck in the middle and just before serving the brandy is set ablaze. The plum pudding is generally served with hard sauce, flavored with whisky.

White Fruit Cake

1 Cupful Butter
2 Cupful Milk
1 Lb. Raisins
1 Lb. Blanched Almonds
1 Lb. Coconut Chopped Fine
2 Cupfuls Well-Sifted Sugar
2½ Cupfuls Flour
1 Lb. Figs
½ Lb. Citron
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-Powder
7 Eggs (Whites Only)

THE fruit is thoroughly mixed before putting into the batter. While the batter is the usual white cake batter it needs to be baked for two hours. A white frosting, decorated with bits of citron cut into fancy shapes, whole blanched almonds and raisins laid at regular intervals is used. White fruit cake remains fresh a surprising length of time, the frosting is the only hindrance to its prolonged eatableness.

White Cake

Whites 8 Eggs
½ Lb. Butter
1½ Lb. Flour
2 Cupful Milk
Flavor with Bitter Almond
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-Powder
1 Lb. Sugar

OF course there are always several cakes to be made, besides the big expensive fruit cakes for there are many mouths clamoring for cake at Christmas time. Among her Christmas recipes the southern housewife places the ones that, by an all-the-year test, she knows to be good. The white bitter almond cake seems almost as essential to the holiday preparations as the real fruit cake.

Old-Fashioned Pound Cake

1½ Lb. Butter
10 Eggs
1 Lb. Flour
1 Lb. Sugar
Flavoring

TO one-half the flour add the butter, and cream them well together. Beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar until this also creams. Add the two mixtures together with the well-beaten whites of the eggs and the remaining portion of flour. Flavor with lemon or nutmeg. Pound cake, one of the most difficult of all cakes to make, is a simple matter if this recipe is followed correctly. There must of course be a pound cake in the house because it goes so nicely with brandied peaches for the day-after-Christmas dessert. As every housekeeper knows, pound cake is never iced. To be at its best it must be baked in a round pan with a circular hole in the center. Pound cake, because of its close grain, is one of the best keeping of all cakes. That is one reason the southern housewife includes it among her holiday cakes for with her "Christmas" means from two days to two weeks.

Virginia Caramel Custard

½ Lb. Sugar
5 Eggs
1 Qt. Milk
Vanilla

BEAT the egg yolks with the sugar, then add the well-beaten whites and mix with the milk. Flavor custard, pour into buttered molds and put immediately into a pan of boiling water inside a hot oven. When it is set firmly, put aside in the mold until cold, then turn out on a platter and dust generously with sugar. Before ready to serve it put back into the upper part of a hot oven and let it remain until the sugar has melted and browned on the tops and sides where it runs down.

NO Christmas feast is ever complete without egg-nog. This recipe is one of the richest and most delicious that has ever graced a southern Yuletide.

Egg-Nogg

Yolk 6 Eggs
½ Pt. Bourbon Whisky
Nutmeg or Cinnamon
6 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
1 Qt. Cream

BEAT the egg yolks and add the sugar, then the whisky. Have cream whipped stiff and beat it into the mixture. For those who do not care to eat their egg-nogg with a spoon there may be added a small quantity of rich milk, or plain cream. Just before serving add a pinch of nutmeg or cinnamon.

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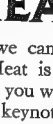
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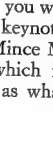
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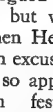
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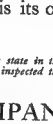
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The Forgotten House

(*Continued from Page* 17)

child. "Get away—get away from here, you wicked, wicked girl!" she cried at Nancy. "You've never made anything but trouble since you were born. Get away! —oh, Judie! Judie! Judie!"

They brought a doctor from somewhere, a young man who came hurrying with his black leather bag; and a case of instruments. Maggie had found him, and from Maggie's hysteria, the young practitioner hadn't been able to decide whether Mrs. Munger had fallen in a fit, or down an air-shaft. But at a first glance he knew. "First or second stroke?" he asked briefly, going to work at once. "Second, I should say. Now calm yourself, madam." This to Miss Maria who had begun again to rock and moan fro. "Second?—ah, yes; I thought so! Quite lame before, as I remember."

A MOMENT later came a second physician, Mr. Alfuente trotting at his heel. "Morning, Brasher."

"Morning, Findlay. Patient of yours?"

The second comer shook his head. "Pretty bad!"

"Can't say yet. You'd better give me a hand here."

Together they got Mrs. Munger up the stairs, and laid her on the massive four-poster in her room. Miss Maria went with them, and Nancy, too. But at the door of Mrs. Munger's room, the dowdy, stoop-shouldered, weeping figure turned and barred the way. "You shall not come in here!" she said, drawing up her figure to its full height. "Go!" she repeated, and closed the door in Nancy's face.

Throughout the day, Mrs. Munger lay in her huge four-poster breathing stertorously, her face upturned to the ceiling. It was a large face, and one cast in a certain nobility of bigness that became almost Jovian in the moments of her wrath. But fate now had played queer tricks with Mrs. Munger's visage, sporting with it in unkindly ways; for one side of her mouth was stitched up by a muscular contraction into the aspect of a tipsy leer. So hour after hour she lay there, impressively big even in the humility of her downfall, and hour after hour, with that same crapulent jocundity, her wrecked features simpered at the walls.

Beside her sister Maria, waiting. Silenced as never before, the weak and pitiable shadow watched there, faithful as a dog beside its master's feet. Her face was screwed now into a point of quiet attention; she had fixed her eyes on Mrs. Munger's face, and, as hour after hour the noisy breathing wheezed away in the quiet, her vigil never lapsed.

The hours dragged on into the dark, and when the city lights came gleaming through the dusk, winking like Heaven's host of eyes above, Mrs. Munger's hand moved, scratching the coverlid, as if it beckoned life back again to the wrecked frame that so long had cherished and indulged it. Night—and the creeping of the chat waits to hear onward the multitude that are waiting for the journey. But the night-tide came, and Mrs. Munger roused herself, it had passed. There she lay, that wraithless effigy of a grin still stitched on her face, but knowing she had dragged back to the shattered body both precious life and reason.

"Judie!—Judie!" whispered the gray watcher at the bedside.

Mrs. Munger heard her call, and acknowledged it with one fluttering eyelid that winked tipsily in fellowship with her fixed and tipsy leer.

During these fated hours Nancy had become a negligible quantity in Mrs. Munger's house. Hour after hour, she, too, sat waiting, alone and deeply thoughtful, pondering in a corner of the drawing-room. For what if Mrs. Munger died? At every shuffle of feet along the floor above, her heart leaped, hearing in every sound the coming of the doctor. Day after day went, and nightfall came; still she sat there.

"You are going to bed soon?" inquired the young doctor, with an interest and sympathy that even the cloak of his grave manner could not hide. "You can do nothing by sitting up."

"I suppose not," answered Nancy, weakly. "Will she recover?"

He answered that it was too soon to say. "But I think so," he added with unprofessional candor or, rather, pity. "Mrs. Munger is a relative, isn't she?" he inquired.

"She is my mother," answered Nancy, and whispered to herself, "Is she?"

The young physician repressed a start of astonishment. "Ah, yes; I see." But it was extremely improbable that he did see; for to him and to the remainder of the neighborhood, it was indeed news to learn that Mrs. Munger's *dame de compagnie* was her own child.

"Your mother, Miss Munger—your mother must have experienced some grave mental shock?"

"Yes," answered Nancy, dully; "a bundle of valuable papers was stolen from her."

"Indeed!—and the police have not been here yet?" Astonishment again peeped out from under his usual air of gravity.

"No, the police have not been notified. It was not the kind of robbery that would interest them. We know who did it."

He gazed at her in downright amazement, dignity no longer able to struggle with his amazement. Then, for the first time, Nancy realized into what degree of frankness her indifference had led her. "I think, if you'll excuse me, I will go now. You say she has recovered consciousness?"

"Yes; though the nerves of one side have been damaged. How extensive the paralysis will be, however, and to what degree it will leave her a cripple, only time can tell. How long ago, exactly, may I ask," he inquired, "was the other stroke—the one that left her lame?"

"I don't know," answered Nancy.

When a few minutes later the young doctor went down the steps, he turned and looked up at Mrs. Munger's. "Well, I'm blowed!" he muttered to himself.

There was, of course, no question who had robbed Mrs. Munger. If there were any doubts in the matter, it required only a little reflection to identify the thief. The one incident of that first morning was enough—the moment when Nancy hidden behind the clock had watched the singular Mr. Gaylord at work on the lock of Mrs. Munger's private room.

But what was Uncle Sidney's interest in the papers? Were they really documents affecting the Laidlaws? For if one considered Miss Margaret Laidlaw's statement that the Laidlaw fortune was gone, no papers relating to the estate could be of much value now.

She remembered then the papers of which Mr. Appleby had spoken—the ones that if once found would clear the memory of Philip Harding's father. Were they the ones?—how—

Said Nancy as she got into bed that night:

"I think my head is going to split. Oh, why did I turn Phil away from the door, to-day?"

Turn Phil away from the door? Oh, yes! Maggie had taken the message—not once, but twice.

"Sure, an' ain't I a-tellin' ye again? 'Twill be more to the likes of a few times we're havin' than the parties av a Sunday evening, I dunno. An' she says she'll be writing ye all about it."

So Phil had gone away, perplexed and downhearted, and after bathing her eyes, Nancy had returned to the drawing-room corner. For—"Oh! oh!" Nancy wept to herself, "if I see him again I'll give in. He'll make me, and I won't—won't—won't! I'm not going to ruin his life—I can't! I won't! Oh!"

But now?—"And now I've got to send for him!" cried Nancy, as she buried her face in the pillows. "*I won't!*" she snapped, and sat bolt upright, staring through the dark. "If I see him, I know what will happen—and I won't! won't! won't!"

Then she buried her head in the pillows again. "My heart can just break, if it wants to," she muttered; and outside, in the city, the clocks boomed the hour of one.

Down-stairs, in the darkened sick-room, the gray shadow still watched beside the huge form stretched in the huge four-poster. A finger scratched upon the counterpane.

"Yes, Judie."

There was in the gray watcher's solicitude as she leaned over the bed, something of a mother's caressing love as she bends above the cradle of her first born.

"What is it, Judie dear?"

One side of the large mask grinning from among the pillows twitched with an effort, and a disjointed mumble came thickly from the crippled lips.

"Mar-r-rr-ret Laid—law—yur-r-r—good soul."

Mrs. Munger continued staring at the ceiling, her mouth wried into the semblance of a tipsy leer. So passed the night away, and dawn came. Mrs. Munger lived; but just the same, as if she did or didn't, New York awoke, and in West Seventy-fifth Street, the first housemaids began scrubbing the stoops.

AND so Nature plays her little jokes when the time comes to pay up.

Mrs. Munger did not die. Mrs. Munger lived, and would continue to live, though life would become for her no such merry existence as her past had been. For now, in reparation of those years of slothful and self-indulgent cossetting, Mrs. Munger, if she cared to remain on earth, must adapt herself to a cosseting that would cut it would not admit even of cakes and ale. No more gorging, nibbling, sipping. No more parties. No more evenings; none of those big and little things she loved so much. No more of anything, in fact, but a quiet, attenuated round, and here, utterly obdurate existence, hardly worth the trouble of continuing. Kind of a grisly joke, that Nature played on Mrs. Munger.

That morning Phil arrived at Mrs. Munger's door, and again was turned away. Later came an appealing note, which in turn was unanswered. Presently, the telephone jingled frantically, but with no better luck. "If I see him, he'll make me. If I write, he will be worse, because I never could talk over a telephone anyway, and know what I was saying." Nancy wept timidly and then dried her eyes. "But I won't be able to hold out much longer," said Nancy, "if he keeps ringing the door-bell."

In which way three days passed by under Mrs. Munger's roof.

During these three days Nancy saw nothing of Miss Maria, though of what went on in the sick-room, she was, hour by hour, informed. Mrs. Munger had so far recovered herself as to be able to speak; there were even indications she would regain the use of her arm. It was even thought that Mrs. Munger might be able to walk again, though with a still more aggravated limp. Declining with an impassive calm that again bulletins with an impassive calm that again bulletins with an impassive calm that again bulletins

The Forgotten House

(*Continued from Page 38*)

after the doctor had gone, Miss Maria emerged from her vigil by the bedside. She came down the stairs, her slippers making no sound on the treads, and gliding into the drawing-room, silently crooked a finger at the girl.

Nancy recognized the signal; it was an expected summons, though she had told Mrs. Munger that even to the hour of her dying she would await the explanation; and while this was not to be a death-bed confession, Nancy, none the less, knew the moment to be portentous. So at the heels of her silent guide, she climbed the stairs, her mind in a tumult.

A young nurse was coming out of Mrs. Munger's room, Mrs. Munger's chart in her hand. "Be very quiet with her, won't you, Miss Munger?" she warned; "and don't stay too long."

"I promise," said Nancy quietly; and Miss Maria opened the door.

But whether the young nurse would have been so placid about it, had she known; or whether the young doctor would have permitted it, had they asked him, are two questions that are, perhaps, best answered by themselves. There on the pillows lay the heavy-tortured face, staring at the ceiling with that same mirthless effigy of a grin, and there was the one opened eye that leered at Nancy with the semblance of a wink.

"Girl, was it you that broke into my room below?"

Nancy started in astonishment; this was hardly what she had expected. "No, Mrs. Munger," she answered. "Need I tell you that?"

"There!" exclaimed Miss Maria, as if emphasizing *I told you so.*

"I didn't do it," answered Nancy. "but I think I know who did!"

A long pause; Mrs. Munger's breast heaved with a deep inspiration. "Who?" she queried, and the one word was breathed forth like a choking sigh.

"Sidney Harding—Mr. Gaylord."

"Oh!" cried Miss Maria, unprepared to hear his name, the cry wrung out of her willy-nilly. She half arose from her chair.

THEY had warned Mrs. Munger that any stress of excitement would be fatal. But she lay here now, trifling with the thunderbolts.

A gnarled finger scratched irritably on the coverlid. Miss Maria sat down.

"Who?" inquired Mrs. Munger, after a pause.

Nancy repeated the name; it seemed convincing enough; and Mrs. Munger again breathed deeply. "Huh!" she grunted.

"Judie—isn't that enough? You know they told you you must be very quiet."

Again the thick finger scratched irritably on the counterpane.

"He hasn't shown you what he stole? You don't know anything about it?" she still persisted

Nancy breathed a little desperate sigh. Nothing, it seemed, was there in the world to break down the implacable resolve of that grim and unrelenting spirit—not even the imminence of death.

"Mrs. Munger—no! But won't you answer a question of mine? Won't you please tell me whether you are really my mother? Please," said Nancy, gently; "won't you please tell me?"

Miss Maria got up and stood by the bed. "Ah! Judie—*now!*" she groaned, and held out both her hands in appeal. "Think how I've begged for years!"

The finger scratched once on the coverling, and paused.

A full minute passed, the clock on Mrs. Munger's mantel ticking swiftly, as if with a galloping urgency of haste. But Mrs. Munger took her time. Once her eye opened, looked at Nancy, and closed again. Afterward, the thick eyelid lifted wide enough for a peep at Miss Maria. Mrs. Munger mused a little more.

"Yes; I guess so," she said, as if in answer to a question; and then she looked quietly in Nancy's face. Miss Maria clasped her hands together.

"I'm your mother," said Mrs. Munger, slowly; "I will not deny it now. I'm your mother."

"Oh, my God," said Miss Maria, with great simplicity; and burled her face in her hands.

Nancy, dazed and overwhelmed, stared at her as if she could not believe; yet after all, what else was there to do? She pressed both hands to her cheeks, and looked down at the woman lying on the bed.

"Mother! how could you have treated me so? Mother, how could you do it?"

"Because—" rumbled Mrs. Munger, in a weak, irresolute voice; and then she paused. Her throat rippled with a little spasmodic reflex of swallowing, and when she spoke again it was in a voice that was no concealment of its sincerity and anguish.

"Because, I'd tried to keep it from you. I didn't know what might happen if you found out. I couldn't let you

"But Mother; why were you so unfeeling —so cruel? Why weren't you just a little kind? Don't you see that I could have loved you, then? Oh! how could you treat me so, Mother?"

"Because—" said Mrs. Munger, and licked her lips. "Because," she said again and rolled her eye around. "Why, because I was too—because I—I had to think of my *virtue!*"

"Oh, my God," said Miss Maria, with completeness, and rose unsteadily to her feet.

"I remembered my shame," croaked Mrs. Munger; and said no more.

It was the nurse who brought the situation to a close. Whether by chance, or warned of what was going on, she popped in her head at the door just as Mrs. Munger has made her declaration. Instantly, the further ado, the nurse ordered both Nancy and Miss Maria from the room, and set to work on her patient

But even then Mrs. Munger was not to die. Once again, she had played with the thunderbolts, and juggled them at will; unscathed, she still lived inviolate.

Poor Nancy! For now, after all the ups and downs of hope, life had established itself for her in a rut, as desperately hopeless as it was hardly worth the anguish of traveling such a road. Nancy owned no philosophy to help look on the brighter side. There was no brighter side, of course; and she sat down in a corner of the drawing-room and stared at the pattern of the carpet.

It was a florid, extraordinary weave, selected according to Mrs. Munger's taste. On a field maroon bloomed exotically, incredibly exotic roses of a hue and size unimaginable. Its border was an arrangement of pale green daisies set between lines of magenta; and the lines, gathering in a complicated scrollwork at the corners, swept along beside the wainscot, loudly crying attention from the eye. Unconsciously, one's eye followed the track around the room, released from its thrall only when a piece of furniture broke in on the continuity of that rowdy story. Thus Nancy, poring on the carpet, began to follow its border line with a moody thoughtfulness.

She did not hear the key clicking in the door outside. Nor was she aware afterward of the door slowly opening, and then, as slyly closing. Her glance fixed subconsciously on the scrollwork in the nearest corner, spun dizzily among its arabesques and then darted down the room to the next corner, where it paused long enough to disentangle itself from the curlicues. Subsequently, it skipped along down the wainscot toward the door, and arriving at the portières, came to a full stop of astonishment at the sight of a pair of shoes.

They were men's shoes and in them was a man.

"Ah, my dear, young girl," said Mr. Gaylord, pushing aside the hangings; "how very fortunate to find you here alone."

She started up, her lips parted, her hand flying to her breast. "What do you wish, Mr. Gaylord?" she asked in a voice that was gentle, because she had not been able to raise it above a whisper.

"To see you, my dear. A very good reason, too, I should say." Mr. Gaylord smiled pleasantly, and drew up a chair.

Again with an effort, Nancy spoke. "What is it you wish, Mr. Harding?"

"Ah! my name—yes, of course. My dear, there were many reasons why it was necessary to obscure my real identity under the other name.

"In the first place, one of my position could not afford to mix on terms of equality with the persons I have met here. Rather singular acquaintances Mrs. Munger has—don't you think so? But amusing—amusing! You cannot fancy how much sport I have had in watching them at their social antics."

NANCY intently fixed her eyes on him as he threw back his head to laugh lightly. "You see," he continued, "I had here to watch them, they were so thoroughly entertaining; though, of course, I couldn't permit persons like that to know me. A man in my position couldn't afford it. No, indeed; it would have declassed me among my friends."

Friends, thought Nancy; former friends, perhaps, by whom he was already too well known to suffer any further disparagement. Mr Gaylord beamed anew.

"My dear girl," he murmured abruptly, "I have come to make a reparation. Don't think I haven't seen what has been going on in this house. It has been cruel and shameful—young girl, sweet and unprotected—and then to be treated so. Oh, I think it abominable, shameful—and I wonder that Mrs. Munger has allowed it."

The girl felt her heart leap, drum wildly in her breast, and then subside. "Did you come here to tell me this?" she asked, in a fluttering voice. "Dô you think I'll listen to you—to *you*, mocking me like that, when I know what part you have had in it? Stand aside!"

"I?" interrupted Mr. Gaylord. "I had nothing to do with it! On the contrary, I did my best to prevent it."

Nancy stared, her eyes distended. "You had *nothing* to do with it?" she cried, and felt her heart leap again. "Do you give me your word of honor—" She laughed wildly. What would a creature like her scamp of a father know of a thing like *honor*? "Do you mean to tell me *you* are not responsible?"

Uncle Sidney eyed her in some astonishment. "My dear girl! I refer to my scoundrelly young nephew, and the shameful way he has treated you. You saw, too, how the young rascal tried to assault me when he found I had learned of his villainy."

Nancy stilled an hysterical desire to laugh. Never before had she felt so complete and degrading a horror for the man as that which now begun to steal upon her.

"What *is* it that you mean, Mr. Gaylord —Mr. Harding?" she corrected herself. "Why have you come here to see me? I wish you would tell me at once. You certainly must have some motive for this visit."

(To be concluded)

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The Majolica Jug

(*Continued from Page 9*)

on fifty different kind of clocks—and he invariably released his option.

This condition of affairs existed until the very last moment and even then it was uncomfortably present. On the twenty-fourth day of December, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Joe Eggleton hired a taxi and drove slowly north on Fifth Avenue, his face glued to the window on the right-hand side. He wanted to be sure that he had not missed a single shop. Finally his heart leaped into his mouth.

Hippolyte's—he had failed to ransack Hippolyte's.

In another instant he stood before Hippolyte, the obsequious. He walked up one aisle and down the other, scanning with eagerness Hippolyte's sacred stores.

Then suddenly—*ah sans ô*. It was perched upon a teak-wood stand, carefully hedged in behind less valuable objects. Joe Eggleston felt the blood rush to his face. He could feel his eyes brighten and sparkle with pleasure.

"The very thing," he said to himself. "That's the very trick for Kitty—Hippolyte," he exclaimed.

Hippolyte came.

"What do you want for this, Hippolyte?" he exclaimed.

Hippolyte raised his eyes to heaven.

"Ah," he exclaimed rapturously, "you haf discovered heem. It ees Andreoli—genuine," he said.

"Quick," said Eggleston, "or I may change my mind. What will you take for it, Hippolyte?"

Hippolyte mentioned his price. Eggleston pondered for a moment. He looked about the shop again. Hippolyte's specialty was furniture and tapestries. There were not twenty pieces of porcelain in the place.

"Thundering big price, Hippolyte," said Eggleston. "But I'll pay it."

AN expression of alarm spread over Hippolyte's face "You will be careful of heem, sare," he protested. "You will not slide and slip and fall on thees sidewalk."

"Not much," said Eggleston. "Go on; wrap it up."

As he left the shop he brushed involuntarily against another person coming in. This person was a woman.

"Mr. Eggleston," exclaimed somebody, in a cultured, high-bred voice.

Eggleston started back, shifted his burden and doffed his hat.

"I—bless my soul," he exclaimed, "Mrs. Llewellyn Llandgraf, from the hill. The world is a very small place after all."

"What under the sun, Mr. Eggleston," queried his vis-à-vis, "are you doing in Hippolyte's, I should like to know."

"Oh," said Eggleston, "I just browse around when I get a chance."

Mrs. Llandgraf glanced expressively at the bundle underneath his arm.

"You've been doing something more than browsing, though, this afternoon," she said.

"Fact is," he confessed, "I've been buying Kitty's Christmas present."

"What did you buy?" asked Mrs. Llandgraf.

"No, no," he answered, "that's telling. You drop in to-morrow morning and you'll see. Now," he continued, "that I've given up to you, you tell me what you're doing here at Hippolyte's."

Mrs. Llandgraf smiled and bowed. "I'm buying a Christmas present, too," she said.

"For whom?" he asked; "for Llandgraf?"

Mrs. Llandgraf shook her head. "A five-dollar bill takes care of him," she said. "I'm buying something for myself."

THE next morning at the breakfast table Joe Eggleston produced a huge object that resembled more than anything else a hornets' nest manufactured of brown paper. He placed it in the center of the table.

"My regards," he said.

"Something old?" queried Kitty.

"Something very old," said Eggleston.

Kitty seized a carving knife and immediately began to cut. In a minute she had wrought dire havoc with the huge brown paper parcel. In another half a minute she was standing back against the wall, her heart fluttering.

"Another majolica vase," she exclaimed. "Nothing like it," exclaimed Eggleston in glee. "I knew you'd like it. Kind of knocks you silly, doesn't it? And are you on to it; have you taken it all in? Do you see what it is? It's the mate—the very mate of the other one I gave you. Isn't it bully-looking?"

Kitty's face grew white. She slumped against the wall.

"The mate," she echoed hoarsely.

"Get the other out, dear," said Eggleston, prancing around the table, ever and anon bowing low, paying his respects to the majolica jug. "Get the other out. We'll arrange them in the living-room, then we'll get the neighbors in."

Kitty shivered. "Get the other out," she repeated vaguely. "Have the neighbors in." Her voice was nothing but a tremulous echo of his.

"Yes, go ahead, dear, and get the other out," he persisted.

Kitty started toward the stairs. She did not get there, for there was a hurried ring at the front door and Kitty answered it herself. A blast of wintry air, crisp, sparkling, swept in through the open door, and somebody swept through with it. That somebody was Mrs. Llewellyn Llandgraf, crisp and sparkling, although a bit disgruntled.

With a hasty word of greeting to Kitty she swept past and faced Joe Eggleston.

"Look here, Mr. Eggleston," she said, "I want to have a word with you."

Joe was still making his obeisance to the majolica jug, but he permitted himself to be interrupted. The interruption was a pleasant one.

"As many as you please," he returned.

"Look here," she went on threatenigly, "what brutal thing on your table there?"

"You know what it is," said Joe, his face beaming. "It's a majolica jug."

"You and you're a thief," she persisted, her eyes flashing fire.

"Prove it," said Eggleston.

Mrs. Llandgraf tapped the table with her gloved hand.

"Twenty-five times," she said, "I have been at Hippolyte's just to look at that. Twenty-five times I told Hippolyte not to sell it and he said he wouldn't sell it. I was waiting for my interest, Mr. Eggleston, just waiting for my checks—so I could buy the thing—and I went into Hippolyte's yesterday to close the deal. You were there ahead of me and you got it."

Joe Eggleston kept on smiling.

"I got it," he returned. "Evidently you cried wolf so often that Hippolyte got discouraged. What did you offer him, my dear Mrs. Llandgraf?"

"Nine hundred dollars," she exclaimed

"I paid him one thousand," returned Joe, with the calmness of complete victory.

Kitty burst into this war of words. "A thousand dollars, Joe?" she cried. "You paid him a thousand dollars for that vase?"

"Why shouldn't he," exclaimed the now exasperated Mrs. Llandgraf, "why shouldn't he? That's a genuine Andreoli, Kitty Eggleston; you sixteenth century Andreoli, Mr. Eggleston," she said at length, "come, I won't beat about the bush; I'll give you fifteen hundred dollars for it on the spot."

Eggleston chuckled. "Not on your life," he said, "and I'll tell you why. This is not the only jug of its kind in the world."

"I know it's not," said Mrs. Llandgraf. "It has a mate," said Eggleston.

"I know that," returned Mrs. Llandgraf. "And what's more," said Eggleston, in a final burst of triumph, "we've got its mate."

MRS. LLANDGRAF fell back. She eyed Eggleston with undisguised astonishment. There was something behind that in her face—a palpable sneer; then she trilled forth a cultured, high-bred, derisive giggle.

"You're not, only a thief, Mr. Eggleston," she said, shaking her finger at him, "but you're something worse. You haven't got the mate to that majolica jug, you know you haven't."

"Kitty," said Joe, "there's a dear; run up-stairs and get it and we'll bowl her over."

Kitty, shaking like an aspen, started for the stairs. Then she came back.

"I—we haven't any mate," she faltered. "I knew you'd tell," said Mrs. Llandgraf calmly. "At any rate you have a wife who tells the truth."

"We haven't any mate," echoed Eggleston. "Why, my dear, don't you remember the very first Christmas after our engagement, I gave you one like this?"

Kitty dropped down upon a near-by chair, sobbing.

"You gave it to me," she whimpered, "I remember—and three years afterward—I sold it—to a peddler."

"Sold it!" exclaimed Joe, looking at Mrs. Llandgraf.

"Kitty Eggleston," screamed that lady. "And how much did he pay you for it?"

"Tut — tut — tut — tut — d — dollars —and a half," moaned Kitty Eggleston.

It is due to Eggleston to say that at that moment—if only for a moment—he forgot the presence of Mrs. Llewellyn Llandgraf, and forgot even the majolica jug. Under the eyes of that lady and in the august presence of the jug, he bent over the prostrate Kitty, raised her in his arms and kissed her tears away.

"I'm not going to turn my back," said Mrs. Llandgraf determinedly. "That is very nice. If we had more of that kind of goings on up here on the hill we'd be a better colony, heaven knows."

At the end of a half hour's period of sn hour—for Kitty, Mrs. Llandgraf took up the broken thread of conversation.

"You just keep a still tupper lip, Kitty Eggleston," she said. "Now, Mr. Eggleston, you see I was right and you were wrong. You haven't got the mate—you haven't got this Andreoli a mate."

Joe lifted up the jug and looked upon the bottom of it. "No, you are right," he said, "I haven't. This is one that Kitty sold for two dollars and a half. But," he added, "it *has* a mate."

"Of course it has," said Mrs. Llandgraf. "I told you that I knew it all the time."

"Have you the mate?" asked Eggleston. "I have not."

"Where is it then?" he queried.

"That's something that you don't know and Hippolyte didn't know. Hippolyte doesn't know much, anyway. The mate of that majolica jug is in the possession of the biggest collector in the world—Senator Parkson. He will pay you twenty-five hundred dollars for that Andreoli."

Kitty sprang for the table and clasped the majolica jug to her arms.

"D don't you sell it, honey bee," she cried, "I want it back again."

She was still clinging to it when Mrs. Llandgraf left, and when Joe sat down beside her, she still had it in her arms

"Joe," she whispered in contrition, "you've got two antiques in this house instead of one. One," she added, "is an old majolica jug and the other is a stupid old fool."

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Long as to Sleeve and Wide of Skirt, Are Winter Models

5990—This basque tunic costume is one of the most popular and fashionable models of the season, in serge, broadcloth, gabardine or velvet, alone, or in combination with satin. Two views are presented on this page, one with basque and plaited tunic of dark blue serge, while the long close sleeves and lower part of skirt are of black satin. The second illustration, the center figure at the foot of the page, is developed in dark blue broadcloth, with tunic open in front to show the underskirt of darker velvet. No lining is needed, and high neck with standing collar, or open neck with flare collar may be chosen. While long sleeves are favored, the pattern is perforated for shorter length should this be preferred. The attached two-piece skirt may be in regulation or shorter length, and the straight tunic may be plaited or gathered, in one piece, or in two-piece style open in front. Basque Tunic Costume No. 5990, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch serge, 1½ yard 36-inch satin for sleeves and lower part of skirt, and 1⅛ yard lining; or 3¾ yards 54-inch broadcloth, with 2 yards 36-inch velvet for underskirt. Price, 15 cents.

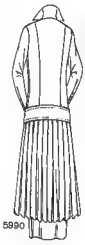
4410–5949–5946—Simply charming is this afternoon toilette of white net or chiffon with blue panne velvet showing the vogue of transparent sleeves, long-waisted effects and full skirts. Just a lining of white satin is the waist, with long sleeves which may be shortened, while the overblouse gives the modish Moyen Age effect. It is worn over a one-piece skirt of which two views are given. In this one, it is gathered at the top and is full-length, while the other illustration shows the skirt shortened in tunic effect, and with the fulness held in around the hips by cord shirrings. The overblouse is part of a set that includes a number of collars. Lining No. 4410, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Overblouse No. 5949, sizes small, medium and large. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5946, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 4 yards 36-inch satin, 3⅛ yards 48-inch net, and 2¾ yards 36-inch velvet.

5958–5970—In this costume is shown the smart plaited skirt that flares out. It is a four-piece model with high waistline, and in regulation, or the modish short length. A bias girdle is provided in the pattern. The lined waist may have high, round, square or V-neck, and long or short sleeves. Waist No. 5958, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5970, about 2½ yards wide, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist. Size 26 requires 5⅛ yards 44-inch material. Price 15 cents.

(*Descriptions continued on Page 56*)

Basque Tunic Costume 5990

Waist 5958
Plaited Skirt 5970



5990

5949

5946

Waist 4410
Overblouse 5949
Gathered Skirt
5946

Basque Tunic
Costume 5990

Waist 5942
Skirt 5946 with
Cord-Shirred Tunic

5958

5970

5942

5946

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Lace, Net or Chiffon

(*For Descriptions see Page 56*)

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Exquisitely Lovely Are the New Evening Gowns

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Surplice Basque 5966
Gathered Skirt 5946

Bodice Waist 5948
Gathered Skirt 5946

Basque 5953
Ruffle Skirt 5936

Surplice Basque 5951
Ruffle Skirt 5936

Surplice Basque 5951
Russian Tunic Skirt 5771

(*For Descriptions see Page 56*)

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Popular Features of the Latest Fashions

5962—Plain almost to severity is this costume of dark blue velvet, but the smart yoke that tops the three-piece skirt, and the plaits at the side, give decided style. The long sleeves are cut in one with the front of the waist and are seamed at the back in raglan effect. An adjustable chemisette offers the choice of high neck and standing collar or open neck with flare collar, and the long sleeves are perforated for shorter length. Costume No. **5962**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 which is about 2¼ yards wide at foot, requires 5 yards 36-inch velvet and ⅝ yard organdy. Price, 15 cents.

5963-4744—A favorite of fashion is the costume formed by combining a redingote of serge or velvet with an accordion-plaited skirt of satin. This model is particularly effective with a short shoulder cape and front-buttoning vest, large armholes, and sleeves that may be of contrasting material, adjusted to the armholes of the underbody. High and open neck are provided for, as well as two styles of long sleeves, plain and bishop; the plain ones perforated for shorter length. The high-waisted accordion-plaited skirt is made with straight lower edge measuring about 2½ yards. Redingote No. **5963**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch material, ⅝ yard lining for underbody. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **4744**, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch satin. Price, 15 cents.

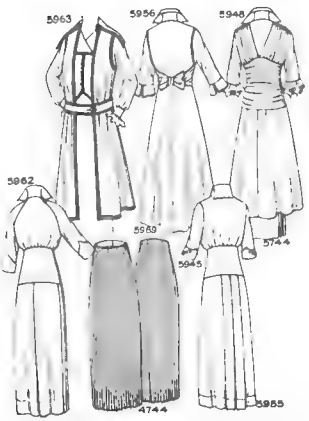
Costume 5962 with Yoke Skirt

Redingote 5963 Accordion-Plaited Skirt 4744

Basque 5956 Circular Skirt 5989

Waist 5945 Yoke Skirt 5955

Bodice Waist 5948 Tunic Skirt 5744



5956-5989—Decidedly attractive are the sleeveless basques with large armholes, showing sleeves of contrasting fabric sewed into a lining. This model fits the bust snugly, but slight fulness relieves any severity of line. The fronts form revers, and are made with an extension girdle. High, round, square and V-shaped neck are provided, as well as long or short plain and long bishop sleeves. Combined is one of the new circular skirts flaring out into considerable width and giving the new bell-shape silhouette. It may be in one or two pieces, with front or back closing, and in regulation or shorter length. Lower-edge width is about 3 yards. Basque No. **5956**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **5989**, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material, with 2¾ yards 27-inch contrasting, and 1 yard lining.

5945-5955—A good-looking "trotteur" frock in plaid, with girdle and revers of satin. The lined waist can be made with high, round or square neck, and full-length or shorter sleeves. The skirt is a three-piece model with two box-plaits at center-back, circular yoke and high waistline. Lower-edge width is about 2¼ yards. Waist No. **5945**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **5955**, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 5⅜ yards 48-inch material, 1⅜ yard 36-inch satin.

5948-5744—A distinctive feature of this waist is the deep bodice that rises to the bust in front. There is an underbody with high, round or square neck, and long plain or bishop sleeves, the plain sleeves perforated for shorter length. The Russian tunic is open in front to display the two-piece underskirt which is about 1⅛ yard wide. Waist No. **5948**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **5744**, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist. Size 26 requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

For a complete assortment of Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, WINTER NUMBER for sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies or 14 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 16 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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New Styles Favor Redingotes and Wider Skirts

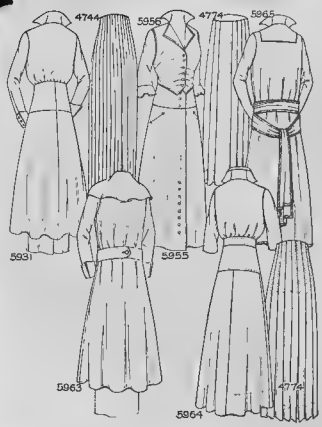
5931—A decidedly new style note is the princess panel at the front of this chic costume of black and white striped velours de laine. It forms the front of the waist, the revers, and extends down into the front gore of the skirt. At the sides and back the fashionable hip yoke is featured, to which is attached a two-piece circular tunic, that flares out into the required fulness. It is mounted on a five-gored skirt in regulation or shorter length, and about 1¼ yard wide at foot. The underbody of the waist can be made with high, round or square neck, and the fashionably long sleeves are perforated for shorter length. Costume No. 5931, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch material, with ⅞ yard lining for underbody, and 1¼ yard for foundation skirt Price, 15 cents

5963-4744 -Nothing smarter for afternoon street wear has been shown this season than the redingote in long lines from neck to hem, and fashioned of putty color broadcloth worn over an accordion-plaited skirt of black satin or charmeuse A new touch is given this redingote by the front-buttoning vest, and the chic cape that ripples over the shoulders. The foundation is an underbody of lining with high or open neck and long plain or bishop sleeves Perforations permit of shorter length plain sleeves. The skirt is high-waisted with straight lower edge, and is about 2¾ yards wide. Redingote No. 5963, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch material, ⅞ yard 27-inch lining. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4744, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5956-5955—Quantly charming are these sleeveless basques of velvet worn over a gumpe lning with long satin sleeves. The fronts of this model are turned back to form revers and are cut with girdle extension that fastens at the back. An adjustable shield with high, round, square or V-neck outline may fill the open neck of the basque. Topped by a circular yoke is the three-piece, high-waisted skirt, with a distinctly new feature in the box-plaits formed at center-back. Regulation and shorter length are provided, and the lower-edge width is about 2½ yards. Basque No. 5956, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 27-inch velvet, 2 yards satin for sleeves, and 1 yard lining. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5955, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4 yards 36-inch velvet or 3 yards 54-inch broadcloth. Price, 15 cents.

5964—A smart feature of this good-looking costume of blue and green check velours is the yoke tunic plaited in front, that may be worn as a skirt as in this view, omitting the four-piece foundation skirt provided in the pattern. Worn as a tunic, it is much fuller than the underskirt, which is about 1½ yard wide, while the tunic which shows the fashionable flare is about 3½ yards wide at the bottom. The waist is quite simple, without lining, and with choice of high, square or V-neck, and long or short sleeves, though the long ones are more fashionable. Costume No. 5964, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires, if made without underskirt, 4 yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

(*Descriptions continued on Page 56*)



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Of Many Types Are Street Wraps

They May Be Long or Short, Straight of Line, or Full and Flaring As Personal Taste Decrees

(*For Descriptions see Page 56*)

For a complete assortment of Coat and Skirt Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, WINTER NUMBER, for sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York. Price of each Pattern on this Page, 15 cents, including Cutting and Construction Guide.

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Practical Costumes for Stout Women

Featuring the More Conservative Models for Women Who Do Not Care for Extreme Styles

(*For Descriptions see Page 57*)

Price of each Pattern on this Page, 15 cents, including Cutting and Construction Guide.

Costume 5960
with Inset Plaits

Costume 5931
with Yoke
Tunic

Costume 5957

Costume 5962
with Yoke Skirt

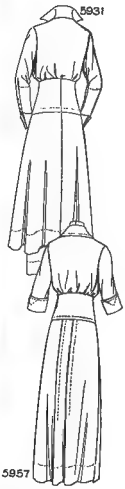
5960

5962

5964

5964

Costume 5964
with Plaited Tunic



5931

5957

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Chic Blouses and New Circular and Plaited Skirts

5874–5993—The separate blouse and skirt always make a strong appeal to the woman who has little money to spend on clothes, as with these a number of combinations are possible, and remnants and short lengths of material may be utilized. The blouse shown here of pink crêpe de Chine, is simple and practical, with long or short sleeves adjusted at lowered shoulder line. Oddly shaped collar and vest of white crêpe give it snap. It is combined with one of the new circular skirts in three-piece style, attached to a circular yoke with raised waistline. The length approved by fashionable women is pictured (though the pattern provides for regulation length as well), and it measures about 2¼ yards at the foot. Waist No. 5874, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Circular Skirt No. 5993, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Waist 5947
with Fan Collar

Waist 5940

5937–5933—Dart tucks on the front of this attractive blouse of white charmeuse throw a soft fulness over the bust which is very becoming, and an adjustable shield takes care of high, round and square neck outlines. Long plain, or bishop sleeves may be worn, the plain sleeves perforated for shorter length. The trend toward plaited skirts is shown in this four-piece model with yoke extending into the front panel. It may be in regulation or shorter length, and measures about 3 yards around the lower edge. Waist No. 5937, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5933, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

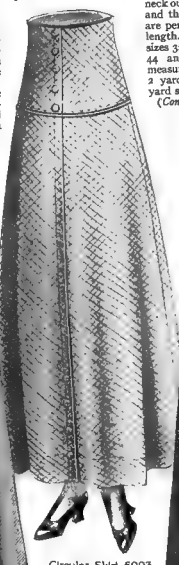
Waist 5874
Circular Skirt
5993 with Yoke

5947—Here is the new fan collar, one of the most becoming of the season's neckwear novelties, that may be worn turned back from the neck as pictured here, or closed over to form a standing collar above which rises a graceful plaiting. Only soft fabrics such as net, organdy or chiffon should be chosen for the plaiting, as it must, to be smart, give an effect of softness and lightness. The blouse itself is daintily pretty fashioned of pale apricot crêpe de Chine, with vest of white corded silk. No lining is required for this simple model which is tucked on the shoulders in front. The long one-piece sleeves are gathered to a band cuff finished with a plaited frill to harmonize with the collar, and are perforated for shorter length. Waist No. 5947, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch material, with 1½ yard plaiting for collar and sleeves. Price, 15 cents.

5940—A snappy little waistcoat of white bengaline gives style to this blouse of shell pink Georgette crêpe, which is mounted on a lining. High, round, square and V-neck outlines are provided, and the long plain sleeves are perforated for shorter length. Waist No. 5940, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch crêpe, 1 yard silk. Price, 15 cents.

(*Continued on Page 57*)

Circular
Skirt 5989



Circular Skirt 5993
with Yoke

Plaited Skirt 5970

Waist 5937
Plaited Skirt 5933 with Yoke

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2P1525—Waist of All-silk Crepe de Chine. Front embroidered to match color of material. Blouse has chic pointed revers. Fastens visibly in front, buttonholed on each side. Standing Robespierre collar of Crepe de Chine held in place by silk moire ribbon. Yoke effect in front formed by cording of Crepe de Chine and similar cording joins full length sleeves to body of waist. Corded turnback cuffs. Colors: black, white, navy blue or flesh color (pale pink. Sizes 32 to 44 bust. Packed in attractive holiday box **$2.98**

12P725—Women's Pure Thread Silk Hose, double soles, heels and toes of real lisle thread. Unbreakable 3-inch garter top of lisle. Black, tan, pink, white, violet, Kelly green, light blue, taupe gray, gold and bronze. Sizes 8½ to 10 Three pair $2.90. Pair **$1.00**

12P743—Men's Pure Silk Hose, heels, toes and soles of four-ply Maco Yarn Black, tan, brown, wine, green, slate, dark gray, violet or navy blue. Sizes 9½ to 11½ Three pair $1.42. Pair **50c**

16P434—Six Linen Handkerchiefs, in fancy box. Each one trimmed in corner with Appenzel embroidery. Box of six **$1.00**

16P448—Six Swiss Handkerchiefs, embroidered in corner, in handsome burnt-wood cabinet, with hand-colored design. Drawer compartment. Complete **$1.00**

16P458—Men's Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched edge; new Longfellow initial. Box of six **$1.25**

16P459—Ladies' Pure Linen Initial Handkerchiefs. Hemstitched edge. Six in box **75c**

17P329—Fichu and Gladstone Collar of White Oriental Lace. Fichu finished with revers of Brussels net trimmed with veining, edged with fluted net ruffles **$1.25**

17P361—Vertex and Gladstone Collar of wide White Oriental lace. Vertex trimmed with Oriental pearl buttons **59c**

20P467—Warm Juliette House Slippers of soft Felt. Flexible leather soles, low heels. Trimmed with felt rosette with chenille pompon. Padded around edge with satin ribbon. Wool lined. Colors: wine, gray or brown. Sizes 2½ to 7 ..... **$1.00**

20P469—Satin Mule of soft French Felt, padded vamp trimmed with silk chenille pompon; soft flexible chrome leather soles. Lamb's wool warm leather inside. Black, red or gray. Sizes 2½ to 8 ..... **75c**

20P523—Soft Vici Kid Slippers with inserts of Patent Leather. Leather sole, flat heel. Black, Brown or black. Sizes 4½ to 11 ..... **$1.50**

21P319—Party Case of Sedan Leather, with gold-plated rouge or powder box, case for eyebrow pencil, Comb, French bevel plate mirror, leather change purse. Rap lining. Secure clasp and leather strap handle. Size 4¼x8½. Black, purple, tan, navy blue or green **$1.98**

21P329—Bag of genuine Walrus Grain Leather, plaited front. Silver-plated filigree frame in oxidized finish. Strap handle. Lined with Crenadine silk, fitted with change purse and round beveled mirror. Size 7x7½ Black only **$1.98**

27P129—Men's Sterling Silver Set; two military brushes, clothes brush and hat brush. Backs of brushes are heavy sterling silver in Empire design, French gray satin finish. Bristles in brush are white and of best quality firmly set in white enamel. Packed in attractive lined box. Complete Set **$7.75**

27P129A—Pair of Military Brushes in lined case (if sold separately) **$3.98**

27P129B—Hat and Clothes Brush in lined case (if sold separately) **$3.98**

27P195—Quadruple Silver-plated Toilet Set of ten pieces. French plate mirror, brush with white bristles set in oxidized. Tortoise shell finished comb with silver back. Nail buffer, cork drawer, cuticle knife, nail file, nail scissors, buttonhook, two glass pomade jars with silver tops, all packed in lined case. French gray satin finish **$7.98**

27P216—Toilet Set of French Ivory, Oval French Bevel Plate Mirror, best quality Hair Brush, Parisian Ivory Comb, Nail Buffer, two Pomade Jars, Nail File and Steel Scissors, in lined case. Set **$5.00**

27P245—Traveling Set in Black Seal Grain Leather Case with pair of military brushes, solid ebony back, soap box, glass tooth brush holder, containing tooth and nail brushes, tooth powder jar. Comb, nail file, clothes brush, hat brush, mirror, cuticle knife and tweezers **$7.98**

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27P768—Solid Gold Tie Clasp, beautifully chased, bright English finish **$1.75**

27P770—Solid Gold Cuff Links for French cuffs, dull Roman finish. Price plain Price with engraved monogram of two or three letters **$2.00**

27P780—Solid Gold Coat Chain, fancy links, bright English finish button with engraved edge. 51 inches long **$3.00**

27P901—Men's Handsome Gold-filled Watch Fob, flexible braided effect. Signet top. Safety catch and chain **$3.50**

27P951—German Silver Bed, unbreakable mesh. Bright finished heavy German silver frame and silver mesh wire strap handle. Size 7x2 inches **$2.95**

27P917—Ladies' Handsome Gold-filled Bracelet. Extra heavy, fancy guard on lock **$3.25**

29P325—Scarf of Belgian Coney Fur, 10 in. wide and 54 in. long. It is finished in triple tab effect, each side having three tabs. Comes in black or dark brown. Lined with guaranteed satin **$4.75**

29P334—Muff of Belgian Coney Fur to match scarf. Lined with satin, 12x14 inches. Has large tab edged with plaited satin, trimmed with silk cord ornament and tassel Black or dark brown **$4.50**

29P334A—Special Price for Set of Scarf 29P325 and Muff 29P334 if bought together **$8.95**

29P388—Scarf of American Marten Fur in black or dark brown. Designed in animal effect with tail and paws over left shoulder, and animal head over right. Other ends finished with tabs and full tails. Lined with satin 50 in. long, 5 in. wide **$4.25**

29P389—Muff of American Marten Fur to match above scarf. Measures 12x13 inches. Lined with satin and trimmed with satin ends. Black or brown **$4.25**

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Basque Tunic Costume 5971

Jacket 5812 Circular Skirt 5978

Moyen Age Costume 5944

Basque Tunic Costume 5971

Moyen Age Costume 5944

Basque Tunic Costume 5971

5971 —Three different views showing the many possibilities of this pattern are illustrated on this page. The first shows basque and tunic of dark blue serge with sleeves, underskirt and trimming bands of black satin, a much-favored combination. The tunic is plaited and extends all around, and a straight girdle defines the low waistline. At the opposite side of the page, the costume is shown in sand-color broadcloth, with gathered tunic slightly open in front and with a sash of the material adjusted around the waist. At the foot of the page the dress is shown again in a combination of niggerhead brown gabardine with brown velvet underskirt. The plaited tunic is open in front, and a sash of self-material is worn. No lining is required for the basque, and long or short sleeves may be chosen. The straight tunic may be in one or two sections, plaited or gathered, and the underskirt is a three-piece model about 1¼ yard wide, while the tunic is about 2½ yards wide. Misses' Costume No. 5971, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material, 1¼ yard 36-inch satin, and 1 yard lining. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design, No. 11788, shown on sash ends, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

5812-5978—This smart suit of midnight blue velvet shows one of the new short jackets with raglan sleeves and flare collar. It is open in front to display a vest of white bengaline. Combined with this is one of the new circular skirts that may be in one or two-piece style, with front or back closing, and measuring about 2½ yards at foot. Jacket No. 5812, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5978, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 4½ yards 36-inch velvet, ½ yard 36-inch bengaline, and 5½ yards fur.

(*Descriptions continued on Page* 57)

For a complete assortment of Misses' Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, WINTER NUMBER; for sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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Dance Frocks and Capes to Cover Them

Moyen Age Costume 5939

Costume 5905 with Double Tunic Girdle 5880

Moyen Age Costume 5939

Rotonde Yoke Cape 5976

5939—Almost every evening gown for young girls is made in Moyen Age effect with flounce or tunic skirt. This costume combines the long Moyen Age basque with a ruffle skirt, the ruffles of which may be carried all the way around as the third figure on the page shows, or they may be cut off straight in front giving a panel effect. While the costume is illustrated in the sleeveless effect that Fashion sanctions for evening wear, a lining is provided with long or short sleeves. The lining also provides high, round, square or V-shaped neck. On the three-piece foundation skirt, which is about 1¾ yard wide, five straight gathered ruffles of lace are mounted. Three illustrations of this dress are given: the first with waist of rose velvet and cream lace flounces on a foundation of satin; on the third figure at the top of the page, the dress is developed in shell pink satin with sleeves of matching chiffon; at the foot of the page, the figure at the right shows a waist of black panne velvet with long sleeves and flounces of black Chantilly lace. Misses' Costume No. *5939*, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 1¾ yard 36-inch velvet, 2¾ yards 36-inch satin and 9 yards lace. Second figure, 6¾ yards 36-inch satin, ¾ yard 45-inch chiffon. Third, 1¾ yard 36-inch velvet, 2⅜ yards 36-inch satin and 10 yards lace. Price, 15 cents.

5905-5880—Exquisitely dainty for young girls is this dancing frock of blue charmeuse with waist drapery and double tunic of princess lace, the tunics mounted on a three-piece foundation skirt lengthened by a flounce about 1⅛ yard wide. Misses' Costume No. *5905*, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 3¾ yards 36-inch satin including girdle, and 5¾ yards lace. Price, 15 cents. Girdle No. *5880*, sizes small, medium and large. Price, 10 cents.

(*Continued on Page 57*)

Yoke Cape 5979

Moyen Age Costume 5939

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Misses' Redingotes, Circular and Plaited Skirts

5950—Especially becoming to youthful figures is the plaited skirt of this smart frock of blue gabardine, with flare collar, revers, and Puritan cuffs of white organdy. The diagonally closing waist is mounted on an underbody with high, round, V or square neck, and long sleeves with perforations for shortening. A yoke cut in one with the front gore is a feature of the four-piece skirt which is about 2¾ yards wide. Costume No. 5950, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5944—The lengthened or Moyen Age waistline, a noticeable feature of the new fashions is attractively depicted in this frock of dark blue velvet, with long sleeves of satin. The foundation is an underbody with high, round or square neck, and long or short plain sleeves, or long bishop sleeves, and a three-piece skirt lengthened by a flounce section about 1¼ yard wide. The outer waist is joined to a straight gathered tunic. Costume No. 5944, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch material, 2¾ yards 27-inch lining. Price, 15 cents.

5935-5460—Very simple of construction is this chemise redingote, cut in one from neck to lower edge, and held in loosely at low waistline by a sash. The large armholes are finished with a braid binding and the sleeves are sewed into the armholes of an underbody. The opening is in front under a plait, while the underbody, with high or round neck and long or short sleeves closes at the back. Below the tunic appears the popular accordion-plaited skirt, made with straight lower edge, about 2¼ yards wide. Redingote No. 5935, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5460, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 10 cents. Costume requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch serge, 2¾ yards 36-inch satin, ¾ yards lining.

5959—There is a perfect craze for these redingote frocks, which are being made up in all sorts of fabrics. This model, to which a short cape adds chic, is of plaid, with sleeves and skirt of black satin. The redingote is mounted on an underbody with high or open neck and long or short sleeves, joined to a three-piece skirt about 1⅛ yard wide. Redingote Costume No. 5959, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch plaid, 2¼ yards 36-inch satin, and 1⅛ yard lining. Price, 15 cents.

(Descriptions continued on Page 57)

For a complete assortment of Misses' Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, WINTER NUMBER; for sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

Costume 5950 with Plaited Skirt

Redingote 5961 Circular Skirt 5978

Chemise Redingote 5935 Accordion-Plaited Skirt 5460

Redingote Costume 5959

Moyen Age Costume 5944

Costume 5932

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Winter Frocks and Coats for Small Girls

Coat 4389 Dress 5934 Coat 5260 Cape Coat 5851

4389—Very comfortable is this double-breasted coat for winter wear with round collar and hood. Coat No. 4389, sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. The 6-year size requires 1¾ yard 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5934—In the popular long-waisted style is this simple little dress of blue serge, with adjustable shield, full-length or shorter sleeves, and two-piece skirt. Dress No. 5934, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5260—A practical feature of this smart coat is the convertible collar which may close to the neck or be turned back to form revers. Coat No. 5260, sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5851—Very fashionable for the little women are these cape coats. This model may button to the neck or roll back to form revers. Coat No. 5851, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 12-year size requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5899—A smart yoke cut in one with the sleeves gives style to this coat of red broadcloth. The lower part of the coat may be rounded up or cut straight. Coat No. 5899, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 12-year size requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5941—Deep cape and large hood are smart features of this coat. Full-length sleeves are provided. Coat No. 5941, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 3¼ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5597—A foundation lining is necessary to attain the blouse effect of this little coat, with attached three-piece skirt. Coat No. 5597, sizes 2, 3, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. The 4-year size requires 1¾ yard 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5901—A chic long-waisted frock with detachable side-plaited skirt. Dress No. 5901, sizes 2, 3, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5678—A side-closing kimono coat and a smart bonnet are included. No. 5678, sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch material for coat, ⅞ yard 27-inch for bonnet. Price, 15 cents.

5943—An attractive frock of brown serge with high or open neck, two-piece plaited skirt and long or short sleeves. Dress No. 5943, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard serge, 1 yard piqué. Price, 15 cents.

Coat 5899 Cape Coat 5941

Coat 5597 Dress 5901 Coat and Hat 5678 Dress 5943

On request we will send the address of the nearest Pictorial Review Pattern Agency in your locality. Patterns and braiding designs may also be ordered by mail from our Principal Offices: 222 West 39th Street, New York; 225 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; 505 North 7th Street, St. Louis; 617 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 83 and 84 North Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.; 116 Bedford Street, Boston; 230 Richmond Street, West, Toronto.

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Designs to Meet Every Doll Need

Girl Dolls' Set 4783

Girl Dolls' Set 5413

Girl Dolls' Dress 4856

Girl Dolls' Redingote Costume 5967

Girl Dolls' Set 4221

Lady Dolls' Dress 5360

Girl Dolls' Dress and Hat 5406

Lady Dolls' Coat 5362

Infant Dolls' Set 5410

Girl Dolls' Dutch Set 5920

Boy Dolls' Dutch Set 5920

Dolls' Set 5938

Girl Dolls' Set 5938

Lady Dolls' Dress 4823

4221—This cunning little dress is intended for girl dolls, and has body and sleeves in one, with straight side-plaited skirt. Rompers are included. Dolls' Set No. 4221, sizes for 18, 20, 22 and 24-inch dolls. The 22-inch size requires for dress 1¼ yard 36-inch material, ⅓ yard for rompers. Price, 10 cents.

4783—Two dresses are provided in this set for girl dolls—a one-piece dress cut in one with short sleeves, and a middy dress. Dolls' Set No. 4783, sizes for 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch dolls. Size 20 requires for one-piece dress 1⅞ yard 27-inch material; for middy dress, 1½ yard 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

5413—A complete street outfit for a girl doll is provided in this set, which includes a smart French dress, a coat and a hat. Dolls' Set No. 5413, sizes for 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch dolls. Size 18 requires ⅞ yard 27-inch material for dress, ⅔ yard for coat, and ⅓ yard for hat. Price, 10 cents.

4856—Below a round yoke, this dress is tucked front and back, and is cut in one with the sleeves. No. 4856, sizes for 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch dolls. Size 20 requires ⅞ yard 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

5967—Just like Mother's redingote costume is this, the redingote arranged over a foundation dress of satin cut in one with long sleeves. Dolls' Redingote Costume No. 5967, sizes for 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch dolls. Size 22 requires ⅞ yard 44-inch serge, ⅓ yard 36-inch satin including hat. Price, 10 cents.

5406—A smart dress for dolly is shown, made with sleeves and long waist in one. A hat is included. Dolls' Set No. 5406, sizes for 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch dolls. Size 18 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

5410—Very dear to the little mother's heart is the baby doll, and this set of clothes will keep the little darling properly clothed. Set No. 5410, sizes for 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch dolls. Size 18 requires for dress 1½ yard, for coat 1 yard, and for cap ⅜ yard 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery 11742, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

(*Descriptions continued on Page 57*)

For a complete assortment of Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, WINTER NUMBER; for sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies at 25 cents a copy Including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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For Many Uses

Overblouse and Collar Set 5949

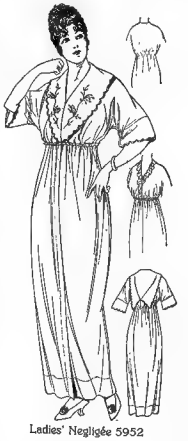
It is much easier to make, and is really a comfortable garment to wear. This model is made with low round neck, and is seamed at the underarm and shoulders. The back is cut with an extension tab that fastens on the front with buttons and buttonholes. On a chemise of white batiste, fine sprays of hand embroidery with buttonholed scallops finishing the edges, form sufficient decoration. The neck fulness may be regulated by washable ribbon drawn through buttonholed slashes and tied in a bow in front, and if desired, the front may be slashed down the center for an opening. There are perforations at the waistline, over which a casing may be adjusted to hold in the fulness. Envelope Chemise No. 5954, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery No. 11728, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

5994—This model features the envelope style of drawers, in two

5949—All the latest novelties in collars are shown in this set for ladies and misses which also includes a chic overblouse with large armholes, round, square or V-neck, and with the lower edge perforated for two styles of rounded outline. This type of overblouse is very popular just now in black, midnight blue, seal brown or mysterious green velvet, with sleeves of self-color chiffon or net. Or if preferred, they may be of cream lace. Net, chiffon or organdy may be used for the collars. Set No. 5949, sizes small, medium and large. Medium size requires for overblouse, 1¼ yard 36-inch material; collar B, ⅜ yard 36-inch material; C, ½ yard 36-inch material; D, ⅛ yard 36-inch material; E, ⅛ yard 44-inch material; F, ⅛ yard 36-inch material; G, ⅛ yard 27-inch material; H, ⅛ yard 27-inch material; I, ⅛ yard 27-inch material and ⅛ yard 44-inch material for collar J. Price, 15 cents.

5952—A charming one-piece negligée is

Envelope Chemise 5954



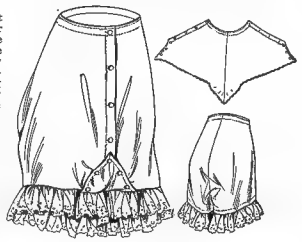
Ladies' Negligée 5952

lengths and finished with ruffle of embroidery or buttonholed scallops. The front edges are hemmed, perforations being allowed in the pattern for the hem turning, and the center-back of the drawers is seamed. Underneath the top edge, a bias casing about one inch wide should be applied, and a tape may be run through here if desired, or it may simply serve as a facing, fastening the front with buttons and buttonholes. Muslin, cambric, longcloth, nainsook, batiste and crêpe de Chine are all adapted for making this model. Envelope Drawers No. 5994, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch material, and 2½ yards embroidery for ruffle; or if made without ruffle, 1⅞ yard required. Price, 10 cents. Scallop No. 11979, 2 sizes, 3 yards of each. Transfer pattern, 15 cents.

The drawers should be carefully reinforced under the buttons and buttonholes so there will be no danger of tearing away the material in fastening or laundering.

pictured here with short sleeves, and in regulation or shorter length. It may be made with or without the revers or hood, and it may be held in at Empire waistline by means of a casing through which ribbon or cord may be run. Negligée No. 5952, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 12073, containing 3 different collar motifs, price, 15 cents. Scallop No. 11661, ⅜ inch wide, price, 15 cents.

5984—Many women prefer the envelope chemise to the ordinary combination of corset cover and drawers.



Envelope Drawers 5994

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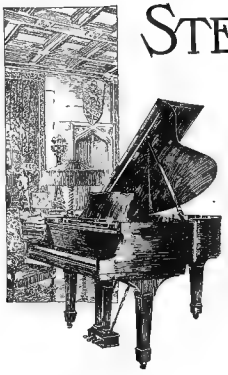

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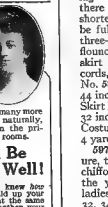

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Write for Samples

Modes of the Season

(*Descriptions continued from Page* 41)

5942–5946—Nothing prettier could be imagined for restaurant or theater wear than this costume combining a waistcoat blouse of old blue velvet with chiffon sleeves, and a skirt of velvet, with cord-shirred tunic of chiffon. The waist is mounted on an underbody of lace with flare collar. The skirt is a one-piece model over a three-piece foundation, in regulation or shorter length, and about 1⅛ yard wide. The tunic is about 2½ yards wide. Waist No. **5942**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **5946**, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 2½ yards 36-inch velvet, 3¼ yards 48-inch chiffon, and 1 yard 36-inch lace.

(*Describing models on Page* 42)

5981—A noticeable style tendency in coats is the flare at the bottom. It is shown in this model which is gathered below a shaped yoke, and the back is in one with the sleeves. Coat No. **5981**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch velours. Price, 15 cents.

5966–5882—New and smart are the surplice basques with a fitted-in effect at the underarm. Long plain or bishop sleeves may be sewed into the armhole of the underbody, or the basque may be sleeveless. Instead of the low neck pictured, an adjustable shield with high, round or square neck may fill the opening. The double tunic skirt of lace looks pretty under the basque of salmon pink satin with tunics banded to match. A three-piece skirt lengthened by a flounce about 1½ yard wide forms the foundation. Basque No. **5966**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **5882**, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 3¾ yards 36-inch satin, and 5¾ yards 36-inch lace flouncing.

5979—The young miss in her teens, as well as her mother may wear this charming cape, of delicate blue satin cloth, with flaring collar of velvet or satin. The fronts may hang straight, or may be rounded off at the lower edge; and instead of the collar shown, high neck with standing collar, or the fashionable Italian collar may be worn. Cape No. **5979**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5881–5946—As are most evening waists nowadays, this model is sleeveless, though a sleeve drapery of net gives a pretty touch. The underbody provides high and several low neck outlines, and there are long sleeves perforated for shorter length. The one-piece skirt may be full-length, or in tunic style over a three-piece foundation lengthened by a flounce 1⅓ yard wide. The outer skirt may be gathered, or shirred on cords, and is 2¼ yards wide. Waist No. **5881**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **5946**, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 2½ yards 48-inch net, 4 yards 36-inch satin and ⅞ yard chiffon.

5976—Combine enveloping the figure, this smart cape is fashioned of blue chiffon velvet, the large collar concealing the yoke. The model is suitable for ladies and misses. Cape No. **5976**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

(*Describing models on Page* 43)

5966–5946—Though there is fulness aplenty in the lace tunic of this evening gown, the surplice basque is fitted snugly and shows a distinctly Moyen Age line. It is sleeveless, as fashion decrees, but two styles of long sleeves, plain and bishop are provided. The tunic may be lengthened to form the outer skirt, omitting the flounce which is about 1⅛ yard wide; outer skirt, about 2½ yards wide. Basque No. **5966**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **5946**, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 4½ yards 36-inch charmeuse, with 2⅜ yards 36-inch lace flouncing.

5951–5936—Plain satin under-skirt of silvery blue, float out the five lace flounces, topped by a surplice basque of blue satin drawn around at low waistline to form its own girdle. Long sleeves of cream lace are adjusted to the lining armhole. The four-piece skirt is about 1⅛ yard wide. Basque No. **5951**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **5936**, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch satin, 1 yard allover and 13 yards 5-inch lace.

5958–5936—Combined with another basque, the ruffled skirt described before is shown in an interesting variation. The basque is of black velvet, the long mousquetaire sleeves, Italian collar and ruffles are of white chiffon. Under the basque is a lining with high, round or square neck, and sleeves which may be long or short. Basque No. **5958**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **5936**, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch velvet, 5⅞ yards chiffon and 2⅜ yards satin.

5951–5771—A back view of this smart basque is presented with long plain sleeves instead of bishop sleeves. It is combined with a Russian tunic skirt about 1⅞ yard wide. Basque No. **5951**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **5771**, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch faille, 3⅛ yards 40-inch lace.

5948–5946—A bodice or girdle so deep it gives the effect of a cuirass is the distinctive feature of this gown. Two styles of waist are possible—one softly gathered front and back; the other, plain with large armholes. The one-piece skirt can be made full-length, or shortened to form a tunic, and may be gathered or shirred. A three-piece model lengthened by a straight flounce about 1⅞ yard wide, forms the foundation. The outer skirt is about 2⅛ yards wide. Waist No. **5948**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **5946**, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch satin and 4⅛ yards 36-inch allover lace.

(*Continued from Page* 45)

5965–4774—The long lines of this redingote look especially well over the plaited skirt worn with it, which is a straight side-plaited model, about 3⅜ yards wide. Redingote No. **5965**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch material, with ⅛ yard contrasting for vest. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **4774**, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 3⅛ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

(*Describing models on Page* 46)

5805–5933—Several new style features are introduced in these models; the coat with one or two-piece circular cape, and the skirt showing the new plaited effect below a close-fitting yoke. It is in regulation or shorter length, and is about 3 yards wide. Ladies' and Misses' Coat No. **5805**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure for ladies. Size 36 requires with one-piece cape, 4⅜ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **5933**, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5883–5989—In the popular redingote effect is this jacket. The accompanying circular skirt may be in one or two pieces, and in regulation or shorter length, with a lower-edge width of about 3 yards. Jacket No. **5883**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **5989**, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2⅜ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5965–5989—A different type of redingote is shown with this skirt, in one piece from neck to hem. The skirt, described above, is in one or two-piece circular model. Redingote No. **5965**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **5989**, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires for two-piece skirt, 2⅛ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5965–5986—This short coat is in kimono shaping with a dart on the shoulder in front, notch or shawl collar, and is combined with the circular skirt described above. Jacket No. **5965**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **5989**, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2⅜ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5955–5955—Another view is given of this redingote combined with a different skirt, a three-piece model with circular yoke below which two box-plaits are arranged at the back. Lower-edge width about 2⅞ yards. Redingote No. **5965**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **5955**, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist. Size 26 requires 3 yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

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Unusually Smart Styles

(Describing models on Page 47)

5960—Simple almost to plainness is this frock of dark blue gabardine, but the plaits at flounce depth give a decidedly up-to-date touch. Unlined, an adjustable shield provides the choice of high, round or square neck, and the long raglan sleeves illustrated may be worn, or they may be shortened if preferred. The front-closing four-piece skirt is attached at high waistline, and may be in regulation or shorter length. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Costume No. 5960, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5962—Distinctive style is given this costume of blue-dotted white challis by a smoothly-fitting yoke below which the skirt hangs in graceful lines. No lining is required for the waist, which long sleeves cut in one with the fronts but seamed at the back in raglan effect. An adjustable chemisette makes allowance for high neck and standing collar, or open neck with flare collar, and the sleeves may be shortened. At high waistline, the three-piece skirt with three-piece yoke is joined. It may be in regulation or shorter length, and is about 2½ yards wide. Costume No. 5962, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5931—Quite a tendency is noted in many of the new models toward a princess effect, the influence of which is apparent in this attractive dress of silk and wool poplin, with panel front extending from the bust to the foot of the skirt. The waist is mounted on an underbody with high, round or square neck, and the fashionable full-length sleeves are provided though they may be cut in shorter length. At high waistline, the five-gored skirt is attached, and a two-piece circular tunic depending from a two-piece circular yoke gives the modish flare. Lower-edge width is about 1¾ yard. Costume No. 5931, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 44-inch material, and 2¾ yards 36-inch lining. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 11004, transfer pattern of 36 motifs, price, 10 cents.

5964—A smart feature of this costume of blue and white striped serge is the plaited tunic, which may be lengthened if desired to form the skirt, omitting the underskirt altogether. Allowance is made for high, square and V-neck as well as long and short sleeves. Under the three-piece plaited tunic which is mounted on a circular yoke, is a four-piece foundation skirt lengthened by a straight flounce section. Width at lower edge of foundation, 1¾ yard; of tunic about 3¾ yards. Costume No. 5964, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5957—A smart waistcoat girdle, oddly-shaped vestee and pleated plaited back gore give snap to this dress of blue and brown plaid. For the open neck illustrated, an adjustable shield with high or round neck is substituted. The sleeves are long and close-fitting, but are perforated for shorter length. The attached three-piece skirt may be in regulation or shorter length, and is about 2 yards wide at the foot. No. 5957, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

(Descriptions continued from Page 48)

5939—Fuller skirts are decidedly the vogue this season, the extra width achieved by plaits, gathers or circular shaping. This smart design is circular, and may be cut in one or two-piece style as preferred, with closing at center-front or back. Width at lower edge about 3 yards. Skirt No. 5939, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires for two-piece skirt 2¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5923—This is the three-piece circular model, attached to a circular yoke, with high waistline, and in regulation or shorter length. Width around lower edge about 2¾ yards. Skirt No. 5923, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5970—Dividing fashionable favor with circular skirts are the pleated models that flare out into the same bell-like silhouette. This four-piece plaited skirt is hung from high waistline, and may be in regulation or shorter length. The bias girdle is an attractive feature. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Skirt No. 5970, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 5⅛ yards 44-inch or 3¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

(Description continued from Page 50)

5944—Two views of this attractive costume are given on page 50; one showing the sash draped around the figure, the other with a straight girdle and sleeves of contrasting fabric to match the underskirt. The long waist is arranged on an underbody with high, round or square neck, and with long or short sleeves. The three-piece foundation skirt is joined at high waistline and is lengthened by a straight flounce section about 1¼ yard wide. The outer waist is seamed to the straight one-piece gathered tunic which may be put on with a heading at the back. Misses' Costume No. 5944, sizes, 14, 16 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 2½ yards 54-inch broadcloth, 1¼ yard 36-inch for sleeves and flounce section, and 2⅜ yards 27-inch lining. Price, 15 cents. The illustration at the top of page 50, shows embroidery design No. 11935 on the waist, while at the foot of the page braiding design, No. 12089, is illustrated. Transfer pattern of either design, 15 cents.

(Descriptions continued from Page 51)

5976—Luxurious comfort is expressed in this enveloping cape of old blue velvet with trimming of skunk. It is mounted on a tiny yoke completely covered by the large collar. Length at center-back 54 inches. Cape No. 5976, for ladies and misses, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 36-inch velvet. Price, 15 cents.

5979—To a smoothly fitted yoke, this cape is adjusted with a shirred heading, and the flare collar makes an adorable frame for the face. The cape may be worn with fronts cut perfectly straight or shortened and rounded off, sloping away to greater depth at the back. Three styles of neck finish are given—high neck with turn-over collar, open neck with flare collar, and the Italian collar pictured. Ladies' and Misses' Cape, No. 5979, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires 3 yards 54-inch material, ½ yard velvet for yoke. Price, 15 cents.

(Descriptions continued from Page 52)

5961-5978—Combined in a stunning costume are the popular redingote and the fashionable circular skirt. The redingote, which may be worn as a suit jacket or a separate coat is in one from neck to lower edge, with the fronts turned back to form revers. In one two-piece style the smart circular skirt may be cut, with front or back closing. It is high-waisted, and measures about 2¾ yards at the lower edge. Misses' Redingote No. 5961, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Misses' Circular Skirt No. 5978, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 3¾ yards 54-inch broadcloth, ½ yard 36-inch faille.

5952—Of many possibilities is this good-looking costume of tête de nègre velvet. An adjustable shield permits of high or round neck. Long sleeves are provided in plain and bishop style, the plain sleeves perforated for shorter length. To the waist is attached a two-piece skirt with three-piece tunic, and if desired the underskirt may be omitted, using the tunic for the skirt as illustrated on page 52. The tunic measures at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Misses' Costume No. 5952, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 4¾ yards 36-inch velvet. Price, 15 cents.

(Descriptions continued from Page 54)

5300—Nothing prettier for the bride doll could be found than this dress with long train. Sizes for 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32-inch dolls. Size 22 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

5302—This charming one-piece coat wrap is in sizes for 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32-inch dolls. Size 22 requires ¾ yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

5920—A set of Dutch clothes providing a dress and hat for the girl doll, and suit and hat for the boy doll, sizes for 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch dolls. Size 18 requires for girl doll's set, 1 yard 36-inch material; for boy doll's set, ¾ yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

5938—In this set there is a dress, a cloak and a fancy hood and knitted hat. Sizes for 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch dolls. Size 22 requires ¾ yard 27-inch material for dress, and ¾ yard for cape and hat. Price, 10 cents.

4823—Quite grown-up indeed is this young lady's dress, with tunic arranged over a two-piece underskirt; sizes for 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch dolls. Size 22 requires 1¼ yard 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

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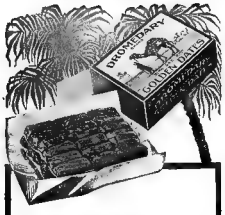

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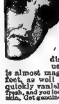

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No. 12090—Just the right touch is given to this collar by the delicate embroidery

No. 11816—Nothing could be more useful than a pair of bathroom slippers of Turkish toweling, and the rambler rose embroidery lifts them above the commonplace. The design, worked in French knots and outline stitch, is dainty. It is illustrated again on the cap of Turkish toweling which could be combined with the bath slippers, though it forms an acceptable gift by itself. Transfer pattern includes embroidery design for cap and slippers, and a size 5 slipper shape. Price, 10 cents.

No. 12115—Sheer batiste makes dainty pillow covers, embroidered in solid, outline and eyelet stitches. The inner square of the one pictured is hemstitched, and a narrow lace edging adds to the decorative effect. The closing is at the back. Transfer pattern of embroidery design, 13x6½ inches, price, 10 cents.

No. 12121—An exquisitely pretty mouchoir case

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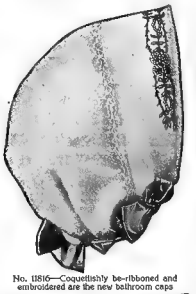
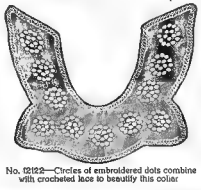


No. 11816—Coquettishly be-ribboned and embroidered are the new bathroom caps

No. 12121—A charming gift, and one that is serviceable is a handkerchief case. The one illustrated is of fine handkerchief linen embroidered in solid satin stitch and finished with buttonholed scallops. Transfer pattern 5x8½ inches, containing four designs, price, 10 cents.

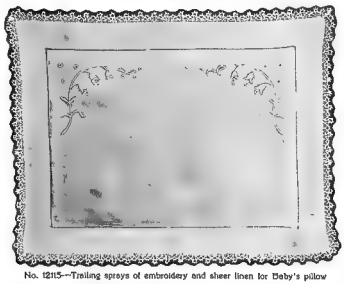
No. 12190—Hand-embroidered handkerchiefs are ever-welcome gifts, and in this pattern two dainty designs are provided, to be worked in solid or French embroidery. Each is 10 inches square, and the pattern includes two transfers of two designs. Price, 15 cents.



No. 12122—Circles of embroidered dots combine with crocheted lace to beautify this collar

No. 12122—A collar that would smarten up any dress is pictured in white batiste, the embroidery taking the form of circles composed of large dots worked solid. Narrow crochet lace makes a pretty finish. Directions for crocheting will be sent by Embroidery Editor on receipt of a two-cent stamp. Transfer pattern, which includes the shape of the collar and the embroidery, price, 10 cents.

The dots should be carefully padded so that the embroidery stands out well in relief from the batiste background.



No. 12115—Trailing sprays of embroidery and sheer linen for Baby's pillow

No. 11816—Embroidery transforms these slippers into things of beauty

The dots should be carefully padded so that the embroidery stands out well in relief from the batiste background.

For a complete assortment of Embroidery Designs see The Embroidery Catalog. Price, 15 cents, at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies, or 20 cents by mail from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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"How fortunate it are to be a bird," says

Hashimura Togo

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Long came one enormalous high hen of serious suffragette appearance who waltz upon scenery with such appearance of bulldoze that all chickens scatter frighdly.

"O suredly such exaggerated hen could lay egg, if not too lazy," I narrate beshly.

"She might, but could she?" require Hon Mrs. "She are a rooster."
I did not say my reply.

WALLACE IRWIN

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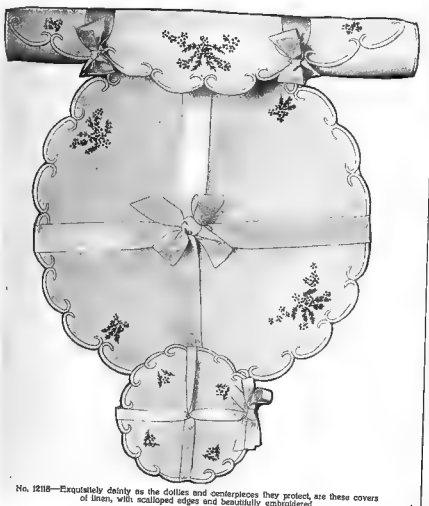


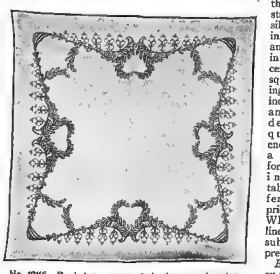
No. 12118—Exquisitely dainty as the doilies and centerpieces they protect, are these covers of linen, with scalloped edges and beautifully embroidered

No. 12118—Essential to the proper care of doilies and centerpieces are covers or holders. This set contains three designs of different sizes. At the top is a strip 22 inches long, that may be applied to a linen roll for the care of centerpieces up to 22 inches in diameter. At the center is a round doily cover 12 inches in diameter for doilies up to the 12-inch size, while the small one below will care for doilies up to six inches in diameter. Transfer pattern containing one design each of 22-inch strip, 12 and 6-inch covers, price, 15 cents.

No. 12119—To any room would this pillow top prove a decorative adjunct

No. 12119—Brown or ecru linen would make the best foundation for the embroidery of this strikingly good-looking pillow cover. It is oblong in shaping, and the embroidery is a conventionalized design worked at each end crosswise. Three shades of blue should be used for the flowers which are embroidered in solid satin stitch with centers of gold color French knots. The stems and leaves are worked in solid satin stitch, in two shades of green, and the dots are in golden brown and a pale gold color silk floss. Transfer pattern of design, 18 inches wide by 14 inches high, price, 10 cents.

No. 12116—Unusually effective is this centerpiece of natural color linen, embroidered in delicate bluebells and leaves. The bluebells are worked in solid stitch in two shades of blue silk floss with a little gold color as relief, and the leaves and stems in green silk, the leaves in solid stitch and the stems in outline. The centerpiece is square in shaping, and is 26½ inches in diameter. Indeed it is quite large enough to form a table-cover for a small living-room table. Transfer pattern, price, 15 cents. White Irish linen may be substituted if preferred.



No. 12116—Bordering a square centerpiece are charming bluebells and leaves

Embroideries on this page by Jutta Hoyberg.

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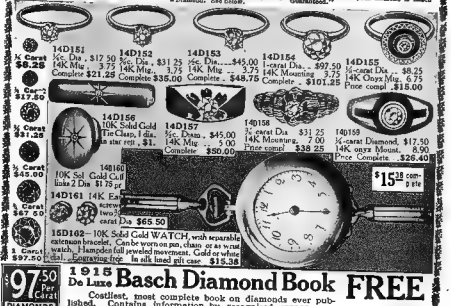
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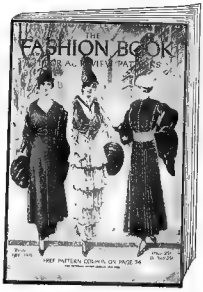

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Smart Winter Clothes for Stout Women

By MARGARET BRYCE

TIME flies in a most appalling manner! Here we are about to discuss winter clothes, though it seems such a short time ago we were busily planning cool frocks for summer festivities. But an occasional nip of frost in the air reminds us that Autumn is almost gone, and emphasizes the need of something warm and comfortable enough to defy all attacks of old Father Boreas. So we will put our heads together in nice, friendly fashion, and see what we can work out that will be practical and becoming.

The New Redingotes

ONE of the hardest questions for me to answer has been the one I have received oftenest—whether a separate coat or a tailored suit would be the more practical? For when the dress allowance is very small, it is impossible to stretch it so that it will cover both needs. This has been a perplexing problem in past seasons; but it is being answered in the most satisfactory way this season by the redingotes which are so smart, and so becoming to women of every sort of figure, slender or plump, short or tall. We can all wear them, thank goodness! And look well in them, too. So for your winter suit jacket, I am going to advise a redingote, and this you can make long enough so that it may be worn as a separate coat as well, over afternoon and evening frocks.

Two particularly smart models are Nos. 5968 and 5965, the former with a plain front-buttoning vest, and a good-looking flare collar. Cape is also included in the pattern, but this should only be worn by women who are quite slender.

The tendency toward round-shouldered effect which so many stout women have, would only be accentuated by a short cape. So no matter how much you like the cape, turn resolutely away from it. The redingote we are discussing is a waist, but being cut on loose straight lines, there is no reason why it could not be used as a coat, making it of material sufficiently heavy, and interlining it for warmth. The other model, No. 5965, is a coat, and is cut on the same straight lines, but the pattern provides for revers in one with the fronts, which turn back to show a surplice vest. The long close sleeves are set in, and the armhole edges of the redingote should be turned under and stitched down onto the sleeve on the outside. In No. 5968, allowance is made for an underbody, and into the armholes of this the sleeves are sewed, leaving the other armholes loose. They may be finished with a facing, or bound with black silk braid.

Materials in Favor

DARK blue serge, gabardine, wool poplin and broadcloth are the materials most in vogue for suits of this character, and the sleeves may be of self-material, or of black satin, with vest to match. Next in fashionable favor are black, a very dark seal brown known as tête de nègre, or niggerhead, taupe, duck green, metal gray, plum and Burgundy.

For afternoon wear velvet and velveteen are very fashionable, but unless there is a practical suit for ordinary wear to save the velvet for "best," I most decidedly advise against the velvet. It is handsome and rich looking, but it shows very plainly, marks of hard service when worn too frequently.

A prayer of thanksgiving is going up from stout women all over the land at the news that wider skirts are really fashionable. So many times we have been told they were coming in, only to be met by the same close-fitting narrow ones. But circular and plaited and gathered skirts are really here, and you will find a number of the newest, smartest models among the December designs. Some of them are advance patterns but they will be on sale by the time you are reading this. Most of the plaited skirts are hung from a yoke which is just what the stout woman needs, and I cannot suggest anything better than Nos. 5933 and 5968, the first with front panel that is an extension of the yoke, while the latter is plaited all around below the yoke. If you prefer a circular model you will like No. 5993, circular below a yoke, and No. 5969, plain circular. All these skirts are in the very latest style and if you make your suit as I have suggested, you will have a copy of an imported model that will stay in fashion for a long time to come.

NOW you will want to know what sort of waists to wear with your suit, and I am glad to be able to tell you of several very attractive designs shown in the December issue. For afternoon wear, nothing prettier could be imagined than No. 5940, in black chiffon, or Chantilly lace over white or flesh color chiffon, and with the oddly shaped revers and vest of white corded silk or charmeuse. Make the flare collar of white lace. The gathers along the shoulders are especially pretty in soft sheer fabrics, and throw a becoming fulness over the bust. Of course you have noticed the tendency toward more fitted effects, but do not on this account drag the material of your waist tightly over your form, nor should you run the risk of getting indigestion by pulling in your corsets in the effort to acquire a slender waist. The natural type of figure is still the fashionable one, and though waists fit more snugly, the waistline is no smaller.

Crêpe de Chine or Georgette crêpe in delicate shell pink, pale lemon color or white would make an attractive waist for more practical service using design No. 5958. The tuck over the shoulder helps to keep a straight line and there is also a slight ease at the shoulder seam. A touch of novelty is given by the sleeve which is gathered to a deep cuff finished by a flaring section. Practical but smart is waist No. 5945, with front-buttoning vest framed in long revers, and the widely popular Directoire or military collar. Be careful to attach this collar at a becoming height. If too high it will be very, very unbecoming. Still another charmingly pretty blouse for taffeta, satin, charmeuse or crêpe de Chine is No. 5947, which features the new fan collar. This you could make of net or chiffon. If you have a short neck, do not wear the plaiting close up to your chin. It will be more becoming if worn to stand away from the neck, with the front turned back to form revers. All these waist patterns make provision for high as well as low neck, and for short as well as the fashionable long sleeves.

Frocks for Every Need

SINCE you can turn your redingote at will from the jacket of a suit into a separate coat, you will be able to wear some of the pretty one-piece and dressy frocks that have been designed with the special needs of the stout woman in mind. Two that are suitable for morning, shopping and all sorts of practical wear are Nos. 5957 and 5960, the first with long or short set-in sleeves, a group of fine tucks on the shoulders, and smart waistcoat girdle. The skirt is a three-piece model, with lap in front, and two tucks at the center of the back gore. No. 5960 features an inset plaited section at each side of the skirt to give greater freedom in walking, and a distinctly new type of raglan sleeve, full-length or shorter as preferred. Full-length sleeves are more fashionable this season, but some women prefer shorter ones in the house. Skirts are worn much shorter, sometimes five inches from the ground, but this is distinctly a style for the slender woman who has pretty feet, which she keeps smartly shod. Stout women look stouter and shorter in very short skirts.

Dark blue, black, very dark brown or taupe serge, wool poplin, panama cloth or gabardine would make serviceable, stylish dresses in either of these models, with collar and girdle of black satin.

More dressy gowns are Nos. 5951, 5962 and 5964. The fashionable hip yoke which is so becoming to the stout woman is featured in all of these. Below the yoke of 5964 is hung one of the new pleated tunics that give the smart wide effect, and this pattern is so arranged that the tunic may be worn over a narrower underskirt, or it may be lengthened to form a skirt, omitting the underskirt altogether. No. 5931 is equally smart and new, with its princess panel front, extending from the revers to the foot of the underskirt, and with hip yoke and flaring tunic at sides and back. The long front line of this dress is especially becoming to women of full figure. For any of these dresses, silk and wool poplin, broadcloth, fine gabardine, satin, silk and wool moiré, or satin cloth, in black, dark tones of brown, Burgundy, blue or green may be selected, with a touch of white in the face or net collar. Another afternoon dress that is very good for the stout woman is No. 5811, which I recommended before. Do not forget, I will gladly answer all inquiries.

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Honor—His and Hers

(*Continued from Page 10*)

girl, she would have been a helpless, blameless victim to attack—but that does not save her from shame.

There is nothing that may be done to a man's body, dead or alive, which thus "dishonors" *him*. His honor has at least a spiritual character; he must in some way be responsible for his own honor or dishonor—except in one particular.

This is one of the most remarkable features of this whole strange game, and constasts in a part of a man's honor being passed over to the woman to keep; lodged, invested, in her—in her body.

A more surprising feat of the imagination can hardly be instanced than this.

Here is man, who has arranged a code of honor for himself which does not apply to woman, a code of honor for woman which does not apply to man. He may do what is outrageous in her eyes without its injuring his honor—or even hers; but this rule does not work both ways. If she does something which, if he did it, would not hurt his honor, lol because she does it, not only is she dishonored but he is!

If a man is licentious, though this in her would be utter shame, his wife may still be an honest woman. But if the wife commits a single error in this field, not only is she instantly lost to all respect—so much so that she loses even the right to a trial by jury—but he, naturally resenting the deadly blow to "his honor," is freed from all the ordinary restraints of civilization and may shoot her like a dog—to "avenge his honor."

And this hideous ancient custom has survived all the progress of civilization, all the growth of law, equity, and jurisprudence, and even the influence of Christianity!

A Christian gentleman of the present time, finding his wife in this sin, may kill her and go free. The law does not absolutely say that he may—but the jury will not convict. Are they not right? Do they not feel a deep sympathy with "the injured husband?" Do they not know that "a man's honor" is dearer than his life—or hers?

Now that women are beginning to turn their awakened minds upon the life about them, there are many things which strike them as deeply strange, and this is one of them.

If a woman commits adultery, well then, she has sinned; she has broken the law, and also the Commandments.

If she is to be punished, let her be tried, like any other criminal. Is not this the right of a common thief? Of the worst murderer? Do not brave sheriffs give their lives (sometimes) to save a wretched negro (guilty, perhaps, of a far worse crime than adultery) from being lynched?

What is this right of intramarital lynching which is so widely recognized? *Who conferred the right?*

Why, he did—man, who exercises it.

Is she not "his"—and may not a man do what he will with his own?

As far as honor lies in chastity, it belongs to woman. All the interest a man has in it, he vests in her, so to speak. It becomes his chastity because she is his—he in his own person does not feel the need of it.

Let us here do justice to that growing school of thought among so many brave, far-seeing men to-day, who do acknowledge the need of chastity in man, the practical possibility of such chastity, the real advantage of it, to their health and vigor as well as their happiness and virtue.

But the great majority of men still hold that this is an exclusively feminine virtue, and related to man only when it affects "his honor."

For women, this limitation of honor has worked heavy disadvantage. Every effort was made in her rearing to keep her "innocent" in this one line, an innocence of such special intensity that it involved total ignorance of all details of sexual immorality —or even of sexual morality. This is as if to be "innocent" of stealing one should not only not be a thief, but not know that there was such a thing as stealing, or property to be stolen.

If successfully reared to marriageable age and handed over, intact in this regard, she was a woman of untouched honor. She was not required to be brave—cowardice is not held dishonor in a woman; nor truthful—lying is not dishonor in a woman. Even to cheat at cards—a man of honor's lowest fall—does not bring ostracism to a woman.

We have deliberately striven, through all our unintelligent past ages, to develop two kinds of honor of quite opposite sorts in the two sexes without the faintest recognition of the effect of blending these qualities in the children.

IN spite of all our high ideals of chastity—for one sex, and our cruelly rigid punishment of failure in this virtue—for one sex, we have cheerfully encouraged quite opposite conduct in the other sex, regardless of the laws of heredity.

Slowly, out of long experience, there is growing a new sense of honor, neither his nor hers, nor peculiar to any profession, but common to all humanity—the honor of a human being—a member of society, which recognizes as the highest duty, the service of the public good.

We can outgrow very many of our old ideas of honor, and develop new ones, more sensible and far more honorable.

The Hanging of the Crane

(*Continued from Page 7*)

Why hadn't she taken her in his arms and defied her to say she did not want him—now that he was there?

She pared the potatoes and put them in water. She cooked the cranberries. She cracked the nuts. Then she searched the children's trunk for their prettiest frocks for the holiday. But when at last there was nothing else she could possibly discover to do, she dropped into a chair and stared the situation in the face. And then—it was too utterly silly of her and she knew it, but she was so tired—the tears just gathered in spite of her.

"I want him back," she said to the Christmas tree. "I want him back!" she looked about the room, where every nook and corner reminded her of him. "You can get back of marriage; it's too big a thing. Or if you do, the whole of the other side is wrong. It leaves its scar—living together. And—and—" she brushed the tears away with a hasty hand. "What difference do a few puny regarrds make? Life goes on just the same. That's the great scheme of the world—Life, and having it together—and home."

Wearily she prepared for bed. And she slept too, regardless of the fact that the pillow beneath her head was wet. But then it had been such a strenuous day.

However, with the first sign of dawn she was up again, a warm, leaping instinct to do and dare, filling her. Christmas Day! Why to have denied the impulse, or subdued it, would have been a sin. So she gathered all her pride in one extravagant handful, as it were, and tossed it away. She could barely wait to finish dressing. Then she flew to the telephone.

"Morningside 0781. . . . Mr. Ridgeway, please. . . . Hello! . . . That you, Dick? Merry Christmas!"

She dropped into a chair before the desk at the sound of his voice. She was laughing, but tears were in her eyes too. They sounded in her voice, as she continued:

"Were you lonely? Did I call you too soon? Just wanted to tell you, Dick, that you simply must come and carve the turkey. Must! How I wiggle things. Will you? . . . Dear, don't speak of last night. . . . I . . . Dick, I'll make it all up to you. You'll see. And you're coming? Sure? . . . Yes. Good-by."

Then flushed and tremulous, she rang off.

Less than an hour later, he came, bringing with him a breath of wintry air that electrified the atmosphere; and made the merrymakers pause in their excitement. But they could do no more than give him a moment's notice, which was just as well. Moreover, the children were so intent on their own affairs, the other two found no difficulty in feeling as if they had the room to themselves.

As Alice looked into her husband's eyes, her own grew luminous. With a little gesture, wonderfully sweet, she held out her hand to him in greeting, then turned up her face.

"That's the only Christmas gift I've got for you," the man breathed huskily as he kissed her.

"That's the only Christmas gift I want," she let him look deep into her eyes. Then she added: "But I have something for you—something *not new*." Her voice hung an instant on the breaking edge. "See—" she picked up a small flat book, gay in its Christmas wrappings of white tissue-paper, seals, and ribbons. "Can you guess? Something we had with us on our honeymoon. Something we read over and over again, then promptly forgot the very time we should have remembered it. Something—"

"Longfellow's 'The Hanging of the Crane,'" the man put his hand out, but not for the book. It fell on her shoulder. "Ah, you remembered! You feel it too!"

A smile flickered on Alice's face. "I felt it *all* the time," she murmured, "even when I did not know what it was I was feeling. And I remember—do you?" And softly she began to quote:

"'The lights are out, and gone are all the guests
That thronged the old farmhouse with merriment and jests
To celebrate the Hanging of the Crane
In the new house.
. . . . . .
For two alone, there in the hall,
Is spread the table round and small;
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lights, and stream divine.
The light of love shines over all;
Of love, that says not mine and thine,
But ours, for ours is changed to mine.'"

"Go on," the man commanded.

"Later when all is still," she whispered. Ridgeway looked at the little ones. "They ought to be ours," he said. "Do you remember the last stanza?"

"Yes. . . . And do you remember," she asked, as she smiled softly at him, "how good it looked seeing ourselves down the years—together—old? Do you remember what you said to me our first evening here?"

"Yes,—I remember," Ridgeway's voice trembled. "And I remember—"

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Kathleen Norris, whose latest novel, "Julia Page," begins in PICTORIAL REVIEW *for January.*

The Story of Julia Page

In the January number of PICTORIAL REVIEW which will be on sale December 10th, begins a new story by that most delightful of story-tellers,

Kathleen Norris

The author of "Mother," "The Treasure," "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne" and "Saturday's Child," needs no special introduction to the magazine readers of America. Her stories have appeared in all the high-grade magazines of large circulation in the United States during the last ten years.

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Mrs. Norris's legion of admirers will find in this story the finest work that Mrs. Norris has produced thus far. This story will begin in

PICTORIAL REVIEW
FOR JANUARY

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Mrs. Norris's story will be followed by another great serial by CORRA HARRIS, author of "A Circuit Rider's Wife," "The Recording Angel," etc. Then will come another great story by SIR GILBERT PARKER, author of "The Right of Way," "The Seats of the Mighty," "By Right of Sword," "The Judgment House," "You Never Know Your Luck," etc., etc. During the next year the readers of PICTORIAL REVIEW will get four great serials, which when published later in book form, will cost $1.50 each. In short we shall offer you, during these next twelve months,

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Alias Private Hobbs

(*Continued from Page 23*)

of letters dumped on Dacres' desk. All of the other letters, mostly unimportant. Dacres opened and read, but the official envelope slipped down and hid itself, like a human fugitive, under the desk.

After half an hour, Dacres closed his desk and left his room; there would be no more desk work on that Christmas eve, or on the blessed Christmas day—so Dacres thought.

Jack was well enough for Evelyn and Dacres to go to the Christmas eve dance, and the admirable Sally Halligan was to stay with the boy. Within five minutes, however, after Evelyn, lovely in her evening gown and diamonds, had kissed Jack good night, and Dacres, almost as handsome in a new uniform as Hobbs was in his private soldiers' tunic, had warned Jack to behave himself and mind Sally Halligan, Jack had arranged things to suit himself.

"You go home right away, Sally Halligan," said Jack, who had inherited a knack of giving orders. "Here's Hobbs and he's going to stay with me and tell me Injun stories, and light up the Christmas tree."

"Not much," answered Hobbs. "I'll tell you all the Indian stories you want, but we won't light up the tree until to-morrow. However, you may go along, Sally."

BEFORE Sally Halligan's mind rose the vision of Private Halligan, lonely on this Christmas eve, so she went home leaving Jack in care of Hobbs.

In the little ballroom, which on Sundays did duty for a chapel, all the resources of the commissary stores had been exhausted to make it bright. An ingenious second lieutenant had created some artificial holly wreaths from green paper and sealing-wax; and the electrician had contrived to spell out in electric lights, "Merry Christmas." Flags were plentiful and the rough walls were concealed by the stars and stripes in all sizes and shapes. The ladies appeared in their best ball gowns, much creased and showing evidences of being packed in trunks for a long time. But all was cheerful, and the gentle and noble and tender Christmas spirit prevailed. Silent young second lieutenants in gorgeous uniforms surrounded the middle-aged matrons and the gawky schoolgirls who constituted the chicken brigade, and begged for dances. Stout ladies, with sons at college, were forced to dissemble, and small girls with pigtails down their backs were great belles. Evelyn Dacres' appearance was the signal for a rush of second lieutenants, and Dacres, with a grin, surrendered her and joined the grizzled husbands and fathers of the belles. The ball, gay in the beginning, grew gayer as the flying hours passed. At midnight the band stopped playing, and the loud booming of the sunrise gun marked the snow-covered world and echoed and reechoed among the ice-clad mountain peaks. Then, a great ring was formed and everybody went around shaking hands with everybody else and smiling and saying "Merry Christmas." The band burst into "Auf Wiedersehen," and the junior lieutenants, each seizing a matron or a member of the chicken brigade around the waist, waltzed off, singing sentimentally,

"My arm around your waist, dear love,
Your little hand in mine,
Your head upon my shoulder, love,"
As 'round in the waltz we twine."

As the first strain of the waltz was heard, Evelyn met her husband in the grand chain and danced off with him. It suddenly struck home to her heart with a chill that the last time she had danced to that waltz had been with the man known as Private Hobbs. Her laughing face grew pale, and when Dacres turned over to a waiting string of junior lieutenants she was so quiet and serious that all the Christmas gaiety seemed to have departed.

Then supper was served, and it became a gay scramble, while terrapin, *pâté de foies gras*, and all the delicacies of the season that could be contained in cans were lavishly provided.

The dance kept up until after four o'clock on Christmas morning, it was such a Merry, Merry Christmas!

IN those hours things were happening at Dacres' quarters. In spite of the charm of Private Hobbs' Indian stories and Christmas tales, Jack had developed a wild yearning to light his Christmas tree.

"It won't do," said Private Hobbs, sternly. "Your mother wouldn't let you do it, and you must know, my little man, that nobody, and especially a soldier's son, should ever do anything against orders."

This quelled the longing in Jack's little heart—for a time. Then sleep came to the boy's wide, bright eyes, so like—so like Evelyn's.

Private Hobbs sat motionless by the bed, but his eyes roved around the walls of the room, lighted softly by the wood fire. Yes, Evelyn was everywhere on the walls. He sat, rigid as a statue of a soldier, but his mind was in a turmoil. All at once, and for the first time, the thought of recrossing the gulf of disgrace came to him. Something—perhaps the words he had spoken to Jack had put life into the ribs of death—his dead honor. Suddenly the dead honor came to life; it was struggling to cast off its grave clothes, to rise from death to life. Oh! it was fighting, fighting, fighting for life, and Dishonor, backed up by Fear and Hatred and all the wicked passions that destroy men, was fighting, fighting, fighting to kill forever, this crushed and bruised Honor.

Private Hobbs knew not how long the raging conflict in his rigid body had lasted, until Jack suddenly begun to stir.

"I'm here, my little man," whispered Hobbs, bending over the boy—*her* boy.

"Tell me a story about the Injun Santa Claus," said Jack—and dropped to sleep immediately.

The devil's children, Disgrace and Dishonor, then rose up in might, and dragged Private Hobbs away from where he could see Evelyn's picture, and hear Honor calling.

"Come back! Come back! I who was dead, now live and call to you!" Private Hobbs, to stifle that cry, got up softly and went away from Evelyn's picture, into Dacres' room across the passage. There, Satan followed him, and pointed straight to the official envelope that had fallen, unseen and unopened by Dacres. Satan, winding his arms about Private Hobbs, persuaded him to pick up the envelope and open it. The loud cries of Honor grew faint.

Out of the envelope fell a printed slip. It read thus:

"Hugh Granville, lieutenant, U. S. A., who was posted as a deserter in 19—. Last seen in the Philippines, but is reported to have been seen at the Army Recruiting Office in Chicago recently. Description: 31 years old, 6 feet tall, weighs about 160 pounds, black eyes and hair. Wore a short beard when last seen. Is remarkable for his handsome appearance. Had the name 'Evelyn' tattooed on his left arm."

Something else remained unseen in the envelope. It was a scrap of paper in Colonel Hardwick's handwriting. "I think you can identify this deserter as your striker."

In the twinkling of an eye, the devil and all his angels invaded the soul of Private Hobbs. Of course, he had only the shade of the shadow of a chance to escape. But Private Hobbs, though a deserter, was a fighting man, and he meant to fight for that poor chance. It would be easy enough to climb the wall at the back of the officers' quarters, where the sentry passed only once in ten minutes. Outside the fort were a few poor houses, huddled together containing the people who follow soldiers. He could hide there until daybreak, which would not be until seven o'clock. Then, there was a chance of getting to the railway station, twenty miles away, where the train passed once a day. He could be easily caught by the wireless, but the wireless apparatus had not been working that day, and might not—yes, might not be working to-day, for it was four o'clock on Christmas morning. It was as dark though as in that midnight when the watching shepherds saw a lovely light and heard the glorious chanting of the Christmas angels.

THE devil then, who had gripped Private Hobbs' hand, reminded him that there was no time to be lost if he meant to take that shadowy chance of escape. Also, Satan mentioned that money would be a necessity if Hobbs tried the slender thread of escape, and that Dacres' pay account had been cashed that day, and was in money lay in a little cabinet in Jack's room. Private Hobbs, much tormented by Satan, rose to obey his commands.

At that moment, Dacres and Evelyn were heard at the front door. Private Hobbs, not meaning to be caught in Dacres' room, slipped across the passage into Jack's room. In his flight, he dropped the official envelope and the beautiful description of himself—for the devil never fights fairly, and always betrays those who trust him.

Private Hobbs heard Dacres go into his own den, for his final cigar, while Evelyn, softly opening Jack's door, entered the warm and fire-lit room.

He had slipped into a little cubby-hole at the back, but the devil had not given him time to wholly close the door. Hobbs saw Evelyn move quietly to the bed, so as not to disturb the sleeping boy. She looked about her in surprise. He saw the question in her eyes—"Where was Jack's faithful Sally Halligan? But Jack was all right, sleeping soundly—that was enough. Sally had perhaps gone away for five minutes and would return.

Evelyn threw off her luxurious white fur cloak, and sat before the blazing fire in a great chair. The warmth, the quiet, overcame her. When Private Hobbs cautiously peeped out, Evelyn's head was lying back in the chair, sound asleep.

Private Hobbs stepped noiselessly into the room, while legions of devils spurring him on. He slipped to the cabinet and opening it, took out a roll of bills—Dacres' pay for that month. The devils cheered him on.

"Clever fellow," they said. The firelight fell upon Evelyn Dacres' white throat, diamonds sparkling and scintillating upon her white neck. "Why not?" asked the devil of cupidity and revenge.

Private Hobbs stepped across the room to Evelyn, and unfastening the necklace put it in his pocket. Evelyn slept peacefully. There was a window in the room, which would let him down quite out of sight of any sentry. Private Hobbs went to the window, and the devil assisting, raised it without a sound and got one leg over the sill. Then, he turned to take one last look at Evelyn. Her face was turned away, and she uttered a little moan, as if she had a painful dream. And then, all at once, every picture of Evelyn in the room seemed to turn from him and moan and sigh. A faint echo of the dying cry of his dead honor came to him and he, one dead honor came to him and he, one leg in the room and one leg outside, while God and the devil fought together for the soul of Private Hobbs.

Evelyn, once more turning in her sleep, shivered as the cold air struck her, and suddenly at that moment, Private Hobbs' dead honor came to life. It drove away in

(*Continued on Page 63*)

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Alias Private Hobbs

(Continued from Page 62)

one instant the devil and all his angels, and sternly ordered Private Hobbs to restore the money to the cabinet and the necklace to Evelyn Dacres' neck. This Private Hobbs did, his resurrected Honor standing over him like an armed man. Next, his new found Honor commanded him to give himself up. He gasped, turned, and reeling like a drunken man, but still noiseless, he crept into the little cubby-hole, and sat down on a stool there; he could no longer stand, and great drops rolled down his ashen face.

There was no more temptation for Private Hobbs. He trembled and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, but the devil and all his angels could not have dragged him away then, even if the way had been wide open before him.

In his agony, Private Hobbs did not know what was going on within the room. He did not see Jack waking and stirring, and sitting up in bed, and at last rising, and with a hearth broom in his guilty little hand, light every candle on the Christmas tree. But Private Hobbs heard a crash and a sudden wild shriek from Evelyn. In another moment he was in the room. The Christmas tree lay blazing on the floor. Beyond it, trapped in a corner, were Evelyn and Jack, clinging together, the flames leaping around the mother clasping her child.

Private Hobbs, a strong man and fearless, dragged the burning tree away from Evelyn and her child, and then, with hands and feet, fought the fire. He tore off his private soldiers' tunic to help in his fight, and then, seizing Evelyn's handsome fur coat, smothered the flames with it. His eyebrows and his hair were scorched, his hands and feet bruised and bleeding, the flames licked off great patches of skin from his face, but still he fought on fearless of all danger.

Across the passageway, Dacres, still studying the Colonel's note, heard something falling heavily and thought it was a mass of snow tumbling from the sloping roof. The despairing cry of Evelyn was lost in a fierce gust of wind that rattled and banged furiously overhead. But suddenly, the pungent odor of fire crept through the chinks and crannies. In another moment, Dacres had dashed across the passage and was in the room.

Private Hobbs was stamping out the last smouldering embers of the Christmas tree, and Dacres, seizing a large pitcher of water, finished the business. It was then that Private Hobbs, coming to "attention" and saluting with his bleeding hand, opened his mouth to speak. But Jack got ahead of him.

"It was all my fault, Dad," cried the culprit, escaping from Evelyn's arms. "Hobbs told me not to touch the tree. But when I waked up, and saw the tree, and Mama asleep, I just couldn't help it! And then Hobbs came in and——"

Evelyn went up to Hobbs, and laying her hand upon his scorched sleeve, said to Dacres,

"He saved us—Jack and me—and look—look how he is burned!"

Dacres, quite incapable of speech, his face working, offered his hand to Hobbs. All the words in the world could not express what Dacres felt at that moment. Instead of taking the outstretched hand, Hobbs folded his arms and said quietly,

"You ought not to shake hands with me, Captain Dacres. I am a deserter. Yonder is my description."

Private Hobbs went and picked up from the floor the description of himself, and handed it to Dacres.

"I can't read it to you, sir," he said, with a depreciatory smile, "it is too flattering. Here's my mark, though!"

He rolled up what was left of his left sleeve, and there, on his arm as strong as a blacksmith's (and as white as a lady's) was the name *Evelyn!* By that time, the struggle in Dacres' mind and soul was like what Hobbs had passed through. Dacres grew deathly pale, and the eyes of the two men met as they had done on the day, months ago, when Hobbs had stood in agony before Evelyn's picture that he had seen on the wall.

"Yes," said Hobbs, answering the question that clutched Dacres by the throat so that he could not speak. "(I was for her—for your wife. She was a slip of a girl then, and I was Lieutenant Hugh Granville. Perhaps, if she had not met you—well, it's nothing but ashes now, just like the Christmas tree."

Outside, in the snow-world, some jolly young officers were going to the club to finish up the evening at five o'clock in the morning. One of them was trolling out in a rich baritone, the refrain of "Auf Wiedersehen."

"My arm around your waist, dear love."

The rest was lost in a burst of laughter, and the group went on, the young officer still singing merrily.

"And you knew him?" asked Dacres of his wife, the story unraveling itself before him.

"Yes, I knew him," answered Evelyn. "To tell would have meant——"

She stopped, but Hobbs finished the sentence for her.

"A military prison for three years for me. She couldn't do it—really, now, Mrs. Dacres couldn't, you know. Her heart was too soft."

"Would you have had me betray him?" asked Evelyn, trembling.

Dacres hesitated a moment, his eyes grew more somber as all of the tragic perplexities of the last few weeks flashed before him. With Evelyn and Jack in the Quarters with him, Dacres had been deeply happy in the ice-bound December days. His love, however, did not make Dacres forget his duty. He was as suspicious as ever of his striker, highly accomplished in things unknown to private soldiers, and particularly awkward and inept in the things those honest fellows all know. But Private Hobbs had given no grounds for anything more than suspicion until this dramatic moment when he stood before Dacres a self-confessed deserter—and all the time Evelyn had known!

"No," he said presently. "You couldn't betray him," and held his arms wide open to his wife, who laid her innocent head on his breast.

Once more was heard the sound of passing men. It was the relief of the guard on its way.

"Now's the time," said Private Hobbs to Dacres. "Just give the word, if you please."

But Dacres could not give the word. And Evelyn, suddenly bursting into a passion of tears, turned to Hobbs and with her little lace handkerchief tried to bind up his bleeding hand. It was so futile that Hobbs laughed. Seeing that Dacres stood still and mute, Hobbs laughed again pleasantly, as men laugh at each other's haltings and ballkings.

"You can't give the word," said Private Hobbs, "so I'll have to give it myself."

He went to the window, raised it and called out,

"Come here, Corporal! You're wanted by Captain Dacres."

Hobbs put down the window, and Jack, who knew something about corporals, went over and joined Hobbs, who stand boldly by Dacres. "They sha'n't touch you, Hobbs," he said, putting a protecting arm around Hobb's legs.

The sound of marching feet was heard in the little passage, and a corporal followed by *two* soldiers halted at the door. It was Hobbs who opened the door.

"I want to give myself up," he explained. "I am Hugh Granville, a lieutenant until I deserted. I ask no mercy of man, but may God forgive me!"

From afar, came a delicate strain of music, growing nearer and clearer, and ringing sweetly in the icy air. The silver trumpets were calling to the dawn. It was the reveille. Private Hobbs, the deserter, folded his arms, and lifting his eyes to Evelyn's picture, said,

"Sunrise! It is near the sunrise!"

COURTS martial are sometimes merciful, especially when the prisoner throws himself on the mercy of the court, and presents the spectacle Hobbs did, limping, his face bandaged, his poor, mutilated hands bound up. Especially when the spectacle includes officers and women, and a little boy whose life and that of his mother have been saved by the accused. In the court-room, with thirteen officers in full uniform with side arms, sitting as a military court, Evelyn Dacres gave her testimony, weeping as she spoke. Jack, who was in the court-room sitting by his father's side, deliberately marched over, and took his place defiantly by the side of Hobbs, grabbing him around the neck, meanwhile. The court martial therefore, was very, very, merciful. Private Hobbs was sentenced to three years' imprisonment—with a recommendation to mercy. This recommendation, and many letters and appeals, caused Private Hobbs' term to be served at Fort Blizzard.

The next Christmas eve, Jack had another Christmas tree—without candles, however. Jack invited his own party, which was very select. It comprised his father and mother, the C. O., Sally Halligan, and Hobbs. Everybody had a Christmas gift from the tree. Hobbs' gift was a big official envelope with a full pardon for Hugh Granville, alias Hobbs.

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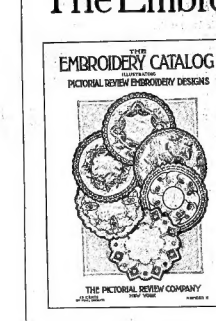

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When Ladd's Ship Came In

(Continued from Page 19)

cook house, thumping the table with his fist. Sam sat beside the table over which his elbows were sprawled and stared fixedly at the back of a novel the reading of which Sternway had interrupted.

"Sam," Sternway declared for the sixth time, "Christmas has got to come to Ladd to-morrow. Get your wits to work," threatened the manager, "or I'll be hanged if you don't get your walk-out to-morrow."

Sam grinned faintly and ran the fingers of both hands through his hair. "I never had a wit I could call my own—but—say—see here! I've got it!" He arose excitedly. "The very thing! We have sugar and molasses and vanilla flavoring. That will make candy. Hi!" he jumped up and cracked his heels together. "Not a prize-winning brand by a long shot, but candy to that kid all right."

"Sam, you're worth more than I had imagined!" cried Sternway, and he dealt Sam a blow on the chest that nearly deprived that individual of breath.

"Then there's dough, and dough makes animals, houses and elephants and camels."

In a few minutes, there was a great fire roaring in the cook-stove, and Sam was at his kneading-board while sugar and water simmered in a kettle.

"You keep that mess from burning," commanded the cook, "and I'll cut out some 'nel'funts.'

Patiently, the manager stood over the hot stove and stirred the sugary mixture watching the progress of the animals with satisfaction, which presently became tempered with anxiety.

"I've hung up a couple of my own stockings," he began finally, doubtfully, "because his are so small, but I'll be hanged if mine even will hold your menagerie. Can't you whittle 'em down some?"

The word "whittle" had a curious effect on Sam. He turned around and stared an instant at Sternway.

"Stockin's nothin'!" he shouted beginning to pull down his rolled-up sleeves. "If you'll break in and get it, it'll beat stockings by a thousand miles. Come on over to Jake's. I saw it before dark through the window."

He seized the kettle over which Sternway was watching and set it on the back of the stove with a thud. "That's all right. The door's got only a padlock on it. You can burst that. Guess it was too big to carry away in the flour sack to his *Kinder*."

The dazed manager stood in front of the door of the whittling German's shack before he understood the drift of Sam's disjointed remarks, but when light dawned on his mental horizon he joyfully broke open the house and committed robbery to the extent of one object which made his eyes shine when he thought of the child hopeful that Christmas would come to-morrow.

It was midnight before the cook retired to the bunk house and the manager to his quarters, but Ladd's Christmas stood complete in a corner of the office, waiting for Ladd to open his sleepy eyes.

It was long past nine o'clock the next morning before they did open. Half a dozen times that child's head laid in at the office door, grinned at the corner, and disappeared. Sternway sat in front of his desk waiting. From his seat he could look through the doorway at the pillow dented by the little tow head of the sleeping child.

Sternway frowned as he looked out of the window at the bunk house which held Ladd's father. He brushed the back of his hand across his eyes, and, turning abruptly to his desk, drew the telephone toward him.

"Connect me with Shedd's Corners," he directed the operator at the end of the lumber company's private wire to Pineville. "It's somewhere near Scranton. Get the post-office there."

"To be quicker will be in even if it is Christmas morning," he muttered as he waited.

Ten minutes later he was asking, "Is this the post-office at Shedd's Corners?"

A bluff, hearty voice answered, "Yes."

"Is this the postmaster?"

"Yes."

"Well—er—do you know a man named Harvey?"

"Very well, if you mean Owen Harvey."

"I don't know his first name—he has a boy with him—Ladd."

"That's Owen all right."

THE manager cleared his throat. "Who and what is he?"

"He was the engineer here in a coal mine, but the mine is shut down now. He left a few weeks ago. He's down on his luck all the way around. Lost his wife, got burned out and caught in this strike, all within two years."

"What sort of a fellow is he?" asked Sternway. "I'm the manager of the Pennsylvania Lumber Company at Central Camp."

"Well, see here. You couldn't hire a more trustworthy chap than Owen Harvey. I'll tell you just how far I trust him and you can judge for yourself. He owes me some money. It's due to-morrow. I had no idea where he was and I haven't a scratch of the pen to show that he owes me. But I'll bet on Harvey. I'll hear from him to-morrow."

There was a pause. Sternway cleared his throat. "How much does he owe you?"

"One hundred."

"Thank you—good-by."

Sternway hung up the receiver and drummed on his desk. "I was born a fool," he muttered, "and I've never outgrown it." He turned and looked again at the sleeping child, and then selecting from a pigeonhole of the desk a long narrow book, picked up his pen.

His task was barely completed when a sleepy voice from the bedroom called, "Father. Where ith my father?"

Sternway bent over the boy. "Hello, Ladd! Christmas has come."

The child's eyes opened widely. He sat up excitedly. "Ith it come to me?"

"It certainly has. It's your Christmas."

Ladd gasped joyfully. "Did fatherth ship come in?"

"Yours came," returned Sternway evasively. "Come and see it."

In the office a door opened and closed softly and there was a sound of creaking tiptoes.

Ladd scrambled to his feet. Standing on the bed he clung to the manager and looked around in big-eyed expectancy. Then his lip began to quiver. "If ithn't here. Where ith it?"

STERNWAY hastily swung the child to his shoulder and marching into the office, nodded at the denisons of the camp gathered in front of the door. But Ladd did not see them. Did not see his father leaning against the wall, his hat drawn low over his forehead. Did not see the jovial, round face of the cook stretched in a wide expectant grin. He saw only the corner where his ship had come in, and with shouts of joy he beat his little bare feet on Sternway's breast until they were planted on the floor beside Sam's biggest wash-tub filled with water. Riding at anchor with flying flag and lofty masts was a wonderful little ship, whittled and carved and fashioned from fresh pine, its deck loaded to the sinking point. With his flannel night-dress flapping about his bare legs and his tousled hair flying, Ladd danced about the tub in a frenzy of joy, clapping his hands, his face flushed and his eyes shining.

The men gathered about. Ladd's father swallowing an obstruction in his throat. His hands still trembled and his face, despite his long sleep, was haggard and worn. At the sight of the preparations made for Ladd's Christmas, and the child's joy, he passed his hand across his eyes and it came away wet.

About the tub of water danced the boy pointing a tiny forefinger.

"Father, thee the nel'funt! An' a horth! Oh! Candy! 'n' there ith a ball!"

Suddenly he paused and looked up wonderingly at Sternway. "Ith it *all* mine?"

Sternway nodded. Leaning over he placed a string in Ladd's hands. "All yours, little man, ship and all. Pull her in now and let's unload her."

Across the wash-tub rode that wonderful Christmas ship, drawn by an agitated little hand, until its prow struck the side of the tub, and the child, speechless now with excitement, unloaded from the deck the sticky candy shapes, pastry elephants with marvelous trunks, camels with unheard of humps and horses with feet larger than their heads. There was a jack-knife which one of the men had donated, and which Sternway decided was a safe toy as the spring was so strong that the child couldn't open it. There was a ball that one of the men who played baseball at home had discovered in one of his pockets. And lastly, there was a red silk necktie which Sam had draped between the masts.

"Wot ith thith?" asked Ladd finally, plucking the last object from the ship. He held up an envelope.

Sternway read the direction aloud. "For Ladd's Father'," adding, "Give it to him, Ladd."

The child hurriedly trailed his night-dress across the floor and thrusting the envelope into his father's hand, raced back to his treasures. Harvey opened the envelope, pulled from within a long slip of paper and read the few words which accompanied it. Something in his face seemed to choke him. He pressed his hand on his face for an instant and abruptly left the room.

It was an hour before he reappeared. The men had had breakfast and were smoking in the bunk house, talking about the "little chap" and the dinner that Sam was preparing. The "little chap," sat beside the tub where he could stop any minute to push the ship about. Over the floor were scattered divers broken members of pastry animals. The red tie was bound around one of the great Dane's ears. The cat, its stump of a tail reduced to a normal size, was creeping slyly about licking up isolated legs and hoofs, humps and trunks. The jack-knife lay on top of Sternway's watch on a chair. That gentleman himself, coatless, was preparing to be a "nel'funt" when the door opened admitting Harvey.

"Father," shouted Ladd, "where ith your thip?"

"It has come in, Ladd," Harvey clutched the envelope as he crossed the room to the desk.

Ladd scrambled to his feet and looked about searchingly for another wash-tub. The eyes of the two men met in an understanding smile.

"Where ith it? Ith is as big as mine?" demanded the child.

Harvey looked at Sternway. "Much bigger," he said in a low tone. "I—I can't thank you——"

"Don't want you to," interrupted Sternway brusquely. "I'll take that advance out of your wages by degrees."

"But you said you had all the men——"

Again the manager interrupted. "I didn't think of another team I'm going to put on the work." He pivoted about and looked at the child. "And, by the way, Harvey," he tried to speak carelessly, "about the boy here. The bunk house and cook house is no place for him. He——" The manager cleared his throat. "He can stay with me. I—I want him here."

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